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THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THE completion of this new edition of Mr. Carlyle's collected Works affords us a favorable opportunity for endeavoring to form some estimate of the literary character of a man who has, perhaps, produced a greater impression upon his generation than any other living writer.

It is unquestionable that the greatness of a man is measured, partly by the range of his knowledge of truth, and partly by the resoluteness of his action on the truth which he knows. But there is no Englishman of the present day whose power appears, at first sight, so remote from those two sources of power as Mr. Carlyle. How, on the one hand, can vigorous practical action be attributed to a man whose life has been spent in writing, and in a kind of writing peculiarly devoid of that speciality and definite purpose which action demands? On the other hand, what system of theoretical knowledge can, even by an

admirer, be attributed to Mr. Carlyle as its founder? What single point of scientific or historical fact has been originally discovered by him? What germinating principle has he hit upon that can colligate and embrace our isolated experiences in a grasp of such tenaciousness that succeeding inquirers may safely employ it in help of their own researches? Granted that he has popularized, made intelligible and picturesque, certain portions of history: it need not be said that Mr. Carlyle's fame and influence has greatly transcended that which any mere popularizer could obtain.

There are, accordingly, those at the present day who hold that Mr. Carlyle's influence has rested on illegitimate grounds; that it has been a deceitful phantasm, a will-o'-the-wisp, luring unstable minds into marshy and unprofitable places. A brilliant writer, a writer of genius, these are words which all will apply to Mr. Carlyle, for these are mere fine words, and do not guarantee any definite opinion on the part of those who utter them; but whether he

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writes that which is true, solid, and needful to be known, this is not on all sides accorded without dispute. This, then, is the point to which we must address ourselves. Can we, in Mr. Carlyle's work, lay bare any solid core, any framework of reality which remains when all the external appendages have been stripped off, and when it is set before the pure undazzled understanding to approve or reject? We hold that there is such; nor do we exclude even his later writings from this opinion, though assuredly it is no *siccum lumen* which streams from the pages of the "Latter-day Pamphlets" and "Shooting Niagara."

First, what is it that Mr. Carlyle has attempted to do? What is it that we have a right to expect from him? He is, above all things, a teacher, a moral and political teacher. He is, indeed, a historian as well; and one of his most remarkable qualities, his power of picturesque narrative, belongs to him solely as a historian. But still it is in the other aspect that he comes forward most prominently.

Now the moral teacher is in a peculiar position. He stands almost precisely in the middle place between the man of action and the man of theory. No man, indeed, is entirely theoretical, no man entirely practical. Even the chemist and the astronomer, though their main office is theoretical, namely, a declaration of facts, yet by preference choose those facts out of their respective sciences which are most subservient to future utility, to future action. They have an eye for the practical, and therefore the title of practical men can not be altogether refused to them. Again, the historian, though his main business is to narrate, is not indiscriminate in his selection of events and periods, but narrates those which seem to him most to touch on the needs of the day; so that he also has a partly practical aim. On the other hand, the statesman and mechanical engineer are chiefly practical, but they can not help having a theoretical bias as well; if they do not accumulate knowledge, and a great deal of knowledge, moreover, for which they have no immediate use, they will be very narrow and feeble statesmen or mechanicians. And thus Watt had in him a great deal of the theorist; Thucydides had in him something of the practical man. But, on the whole, there can be no doubt that the chemist, and astronomer, and historian, belong to the specula-

tive class of men, the statesman and mechanician to the active class.

The moral teacher, however, has at once and at the same time a knowledge to gain, and a work to perform; and he has not the one more than the other. He must know the right path of conduct; but he can not know it unless he brings himself into it. He must teach others this right path; but he can not teach them unless he brings them into it. A purely theoretical knowledge of virtue is no knowledge at all; the true knowledge of virtue is a flame that kindles into energy. To instruct men in goodness is, if the instruction takes effect, identical with making them good: as well could a man know the pain of fire before he ever touched the flame as know the nature of goodness before he felt a good impulse. And thus those philosophers who make morality to consist in the calculation of consequences, in calculating for our happiness, lose the main element of it. They forget that we must have experienced feelings, before we can begin to calculate about those feelings; that unless we are animated and inspired by a virtuous energy to start with, it is perfectly vain to put forward such an energy, and the happiness attending it, as an end to be aimed at.

The greatest moralists have therefore ever taught men to feel and to act, before teaching them to weigh and to calculate. Look at examples. Has Thomas à Kempis, or Bentham turned more men from a selfish to an unselfish life? Is it from his moral theories, or from his delineation of the pure and magnanimous character of Socrates, that Plato gains most power?

This is the first eminent merit we discern in Mr. Carlyle. He has understood and embraced his function truly. With all his breadth of culture, he has never refined himself away into a simple intellectual thinker. He is all on fire, not merely to know what is right, but to have the right done. He ever refuses to confine himself to the office of a theorist. He appeals to the age, to his country, to the men about him, in strong and urgent entreaty: "Do this; do not that." When he treats of the men of his time, or of preceding times, he does not discuss merely whether they have held right opinions, but whether they have acted rightly. Voltaire, Diderot, Fichte—these, whom others carelessly think of as speculatists—Mr. Carlyle insists on dealing

with as men. He knows what an effect a man's life has on his opinions; and hence he refuses to make any divorce between the two. In the midst of many changes that have come over him, this fundamental characteristic has remained. Hence, too, the simple, obvious nature of most of his precepts; for truisms and platitudes, though the bane and abhorrence of the speculatist, have often to be urged in practical life, from the proneness of men to neglect what is most evident. "Work, work;" "speak the truth;" "shun cant;" "have a clear understanding;"—maxims like these form no small part of Mr. Carlyle's ethics.

But yet over the precepts most easy of comprehension he throws a mysterious splendor by reminding men of their universality. From eternity to eternity these remain the same; Nature herself has ordained them; in every time and in every place those prosper who obey them, those fall into ruin who disobey them. These are the Eternities, the Immensities, of which he speaks so much; nay, they are even the divine Silences, for the force and vigor of these truths lie not in their being spoken, but in their being acted upon. These are the "unwritten and sure laws of the gods, that were not born to-day or yesterday, but live forever, and no man knows whence they came," of which Sophocles speaks. These are what Moses describes; "the commandment which I command thee this day . . . is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? neither is it beyond the sea. . . . But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." Taking these laws as his rule and standard, Mr. Carlyle throws himself into the broad life of his own age and of other ages; narrating, criticising, preaching, advising, with reverence or with scorn, with laughter or with anger; passing in review statesmen, soldiers, writers, even quacks and impostors. To none is he indifferent.

We are dealing here with the general line Mr. Carlyle has proposed to himself, and not with his special successes or failures in that line; and we hold that his type of moral teaching is the truest. Every thing that he writes bears the impress of humanity; he is of our own flesh and blood, not a machine for calculating results. Whatever may be Mr. Carlyle's er-

rors, it can never be said of him that he lacks the material of human nature; he lays a broad and solid foundation, whatever may be the eccentricities of the building.

And in his earlier writings it is plain that he is merely laying a foundation, and no more. That trenchant and aggressive style, which has been his best known quality of late, was then wholly absent from him. He examines; he does not yet judge.

A wide impartiality throughout characterizes the "Miscellanies." The attitude is that of one who waits; of one who does not yet know the truth, the perfect and highest course open to man; and who, as not knowing it, surveys with the serenity of suspended force all who come professing to have the truth to impart. Such an attitude has a peculiar charm. When we know a person's final conclusions, when he has told us all that he has to impart, we may indeed feel grateful to him, but we feel also that we know the limits of that for which we are grateful. But in the yet undeveloped germ there lies an infinite possibility; there is no saying to what height such a germ may grow, in what directions and forms it may unfold itself; and an eager curiosity gathers around this first working, which can not attend on the perfectly developed plant. This is the beauty of childhood; but it is a beauty which belongs to all those who, being past childhood, yet know and feel that they are in a state of growth and not of completion.

And certainly, Mr. Carlyle did not affect completion at the time when he wrote his "Miscellanies." Then, he was content to receive all the figures of history or literature on the unruffled surface of a mind that could afford to be generous, that was not wedded to any exclusive hypothesis of its own, that could admire without falling down to worship, and sympathize where strong admiration was impossible. Consider the following widely different characters: Burns, Novalis, Johnson, Boswell, Hume, Voltaire, Louis XVI. In including the last-named we are considering the "French Revolution" as well as the "Miscellanies;" and indeed they stand side by side, belonging, as they do, to the same period of Mr. Carlyle's life. How few are there who could have discerned something to love and esteem in all the

seven men whose names we have set down! How vast is the interval between the German transcendentalist and the strong common sense of Johnson! How opposed are they alike to the intellectual coldness of Hume! And if all these three have the kinship of genius, the commonplace unmarked character of Louis XVI. affords no such reason why Mr. Carlyle should trace his fortunes with sympathy. No one who reads the "Miscellanies" and the "French Revolution" attentively will deny that the breadth of sympathy displayed therein is one of the rarest qualities ever exhibited by any man. We are not saying that all Mr. Carlyle's judgments, even here, are perfect. Most people will think that he rates Burns too high; and a Frenchman would probably consider that he gave inadequate recognition to the universality of Voltaire. But these defects of a luxuriant nature are trivial when compared with the sterility of ordinary historians and moralists, who can do nothing but barrenly admire or condemn, and have not the patient care which follows a man through the changing scenes of his fortunes, marking at once the internal nature that made him act as he did, and the external consequences, good or bad, that flowed from his act. The cold impartiality of Hallam, so much praised, has no doubt its value; it keeps alive the sense of justice, so much needed among men; but it is not to be named by the side of that warm intelligence which apprehends, not merely the upshot of a man's life, but the whole course of it.

Of all the characters to whom it was difficult to render justice, but to whom Mr. Carlyle has rendered justice, Boswell is perhaps the most worthy of notice. Our readers will doubtless remember Lord Macaulay's essay on Croker's edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," in which editor, author, and hero meet alike with castigation from that brilliant pen. Of all the persons whom Lord Macaulay ever satirized, there is none on whom a fuller measure of his contempt fell than on Boswell. Here are a few of his sentences:

"Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; . . . such was this man, and such he

was content and proud to be. Every thing which another man would have hidden, every thing the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal." —*Macaulay's Essays*. ("Works," vol. v. pp. 514, *segg.*, ed. 1866.)

Surely it might have occurred to Macaulay that to attribute extraordinary excellence to pure weakness and folly as its cause was, at the very least, paradoxical! Would it have been an unwholesome doubt of his own perspicacity if he had modified the sharpness of his sweeping sentences? Deliberately we say that Mr. Carlyle shows not merely greater insight, but far greater soberness of mind, than Lord Macaulay when he writes—

"Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed in such a degree were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every one; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the

very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the brag-gadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted 'Corsica Boswell,' round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without saying and doing more than one pretentious ineptitude; all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. . . . Unfortunately, on the

other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. The man, once for all, had an 'open sense,' an open loving heart, which so few have: where excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and could not but walk with it,—if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, better so than not at all. It has been commonly said, The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him. Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein. . . .

The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated scholar, dwelling in Temple Lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honoring noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom, by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a

most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtier-ships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Crooker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world: from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from its fountain, descends. James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit; but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken."—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*, ("Works," vol. ix. pp. 33, *seqq.*)

There is no lack, here, of keenness to see the weaknesses of Boswell. Keenness, indeed, was hardly necessary in such a case; but yet a person of less strength than Mr. Carlyle, had he undertaken to defend Boswell at all, would have somewhat shrunk from the forcible and picturesque delineation of his faults. But not for a moment, not in one single point, does Mr. Carlyle shrink. He gives the full aspect, as it might appear to the most hostile observer, of the gluttony, the vanity, the coxcombry, of the man whose cause he is advocating. And this would appear still more manifestly had we space to quote more at length from his essay. It is not without appreciating and representing the whole that may be said against Boswell that he gives that good element in him—that element so easy to overlook, so certain to be overlooked by all but the most generous natures, and yet an element which no mind of even moderate generosity will refuse to acknowledge when once it is pointed out—the element of love, and admiration, and humility. Few but Mr. Carlyle would have cared to prove the existence of these qualities in Boswell: that he did care to do so, that he had that rare gratitude which consents to blunt the edge of its satire, would of itself be sufficient demonstration of uncommon fineness of nature.

It is curious, again, to compare the criticism of Johnson himself by Mr. Carlyle with that by Macaulay. We are far from saying here that the advantage, as in the former case, lies wholly on Mr.

Carlyle's side; for Macaulay had a genuine respect for Johnson, which, considering the extreme difference of their opinions, did him great credit; and the vivacity with which he moves the laughter of the reader against Johnson is good-humored, and not intended to arouse contempt. On the other hand, there is something elephantine in Mr. Carlyle's essay; it harps too much on general ideas, on the excellence of hero-worship, on the infinity of duty; on the evil of cant; nor is it possible to help suspecting that Johnson would have but imperfectly reciprocated Mr. Carlyle's feeling to himself, had he had the opportunity of doing so. But still the very defects of Mr. Carlyle arise from an excess of generosity. If he is ever wearisome, it is because he is at such labor to explain why he admires Johnson so much; it is because he has such regard for every token of a noble mind. Nor, again, is he blind to Johnson's limitations; his applause is not indiscriminate. An admirer and sympathizer, he is at the very farthest possible distance from being a follower or imitator.

Here are two passages, one from Macaulay's essay, the other from Mr. Carlyle's, which may serve as a specimen of the different way in which the two writers treat their subject. First, let us quote Macaulay:

"The roughness and violence which he" [Johnson] "showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the impertinence of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be 'eo imitior quia toleraverat,' that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a

kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection."—*Macaulay's Essays*. ("Works," vol. v. p. 525.)

There is the common-sense view of Johnson; a view neither bitter nor unjust, but not seeking to penetrate beneath the obvious exterior. Mr. Carlyle is not content with this; he endeavors to prove that Johnson was intrinsically polite and courteous, though he does not, of course, deny the frequency with which the exercise of these qualities was hidden under a rough show:

"In Johnson's 'Politeness,' which he often, to the wonder of some, asserted to be great, there was indeed somewhat that needed explanation. Nevertheless, if he insisted always on handing lady-visitors to their carriage; though with the certainty of collecting a mob of gazers in Fleet street—as might well be, the beau having on, by way of court-dress, 'his rusty brown mourning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers, a little shriveled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose.' In all this we can see the spirit of true politeness, only shining through a strange medium. Thus again, in his apartments, at one time, there were unfortunately no chairs. A gentleman who frequently visited him whilst writing his "Idlers," constantly found him at his desk, sitting on one with three legs; and on rising from it, he remarked that Johnson never forgot its defect; but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support; taking no notice of its imperfection to his visitor—who, meanwhile, we suppose, sat upon folios, or in the sartorial fashion. 'It was remarkable in Johnson,' continues Miss Reynolds, (*Renny dear*), 'that no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence. Whether this was the effect of philosophic pride, or of some partial notion of his respecting high-breeding, is doubtful. That it *was*, for

one thing, the effect of genuine politeness, is nowise doubtful."—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*. ("Works," vol. ix. p. 101.)

That this passage comes from a deeper and more patiently inquiring mind than Macaulay, will not be questioned. It was written, certainly, by one who did not fear to challenge, and (if need were) to contradict the first obvious appearance of a matter—an eminent and necessary characteristic of all discoverers of hidden truth. Of such a characteristic it is the necessary complement that the possessor of it should be liable to paradox and oneness. And yet we do not think that the charge of paradox will be brought against the passage we have quoted, or that, indeed, anywhere in these "Miscellanies," Mr. Carlyle has forgotten, or swerved from, that basis of common sense and common experience on which we all stand. He never, here, lays aside the practical consideration that he is addressing himself to readers of the nineteenth century—to readers who have already a certain stock of knowledge, which it is useless to ignore and irrational to despise, however largely he may himself be capable of adding to it. It claims and obtains the respect of his readers on the ground that he has a respect for them—that he can enter into their opinions, curiosities, desires. As an instance of his so doing, let us refer to his treatment of the German philosophers—philosophers who were seldom then mentioned but with derision, and whom Mr. Carlyle, in his later phases, has seen fit to discard as containing nothing worthy of attention. It was a better mind, in these earlier days, which led him, not to profess himself their disciple, not to accept their opinions or any special phase of them in the lump, but to hold them out as examples of sincere and profound inquiry, as well worthy of the study on the part of all who look into the difficult parts of speculation. Thus of Kant he says: "Perhaps among all the metaphysical writers of the eighteenth century, including Hume and Hartley themselves, there is not one that so ill meets the conditions of a mystic as this same Immanuel Kant." And again, very pertinently: "It is true, a careless or unpretending reader will find Kant's writing a riddle; but will a reader of this sort make much of Newton's 'Principia,' or D'Alembert's 'Calculus of Variations?' " Of Fichte he speaks in terms of enthusias-

tic admiration. Of the works of the mystic Novalis he says that they are "an unfathomable mine of philosophical ideas, where the keenest intellect may have occupation enough; and in such occupation, without looking further, reward enough." He defends Coleridge, as a man "able to originate deep thoughts," and "having more intellectual insight than other men," and affirms that his works are "like living brooks, hidden for the present under mountains of froth and theatrical snowpaper, and which only at a distant day, when these mountains shall have decomposed themselves into gas and earthly residuum, may roll forth in their true limpid shape, to gladden the general eye with what beauty and everlasting freshness does reside in them." Again, not confining himself to the German school, he says of Dugald Stewart: "We regard his discussions on the nature of Philosophic language, and his unwearied efforts to set forth and guard against its fallacies, as worthy of all acknowledgment." While opposing Locke, (in his "Essay on the State of German Literature,") he opposes him without bitterness or animosity.

It is needless to remark that Mr. Carlyle was not at this time, any more than afterwards, the adherent of any philosophical or scientific system. Thus, while he says of Kant's system, "We would have it studied and known, on general grounds, because even the errors of such men are instructive"—he never for one moment thinks of entering into its several parts. Minute analysis was never one of his characteristics. But if he never had the power of philosophical analysis, he had then a breadth of feeling and a tolerance, truly philosophical. It is the union of this with picturesque and animated description that constitutes so signal an evidence of power in his early writings; for though there is no discordance between these qualities there is great difference, and they are generally found in very different characters. To illustrate them both, take almost at random a passage from the "French Revolution." Here is one, descriptive of the Reign of Terror; first, of the victims, then, of the multitude:

"Another row of Tumbrils we must notice; that which holds Elizabeth, the sister of Louis. Her trial was like the rest; for plots, for plots. She was among the kindest, most innocent of women. There

sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; expressing toward her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the scaffold, Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes thanked this Marchioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. 'Ah, Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete!' 'Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart.' Thus they: at the foot of the scaffold. . . .

"The spring sends its green leaves and bright weather, bright May, brighter than ever: Death pauses not. Lavoisier, famed Chemist, shall die and not live. Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life, to finish some experiments: but 'the Republic does not need such'; the axe must do its work. . . . Condorcet has lurked deep, these many months; Argus-eyes watching and searching for him. His concealment is become dangerous to others and himself; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, in thickets and stone-quarries! And so at the village of Clamars, one bleared May morning, there enters a Figure, ragged, rough-bearded, hunger-stricken; asks breakfast in the tavern there. He is haled forthwith, breakfast unfinished, toward Bourg-la-Reine, on foot; he faints with exhaustion; is set on a peasant's horse; is flung into his damp prison-cell: on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter; Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear; the notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights in a theatre, which you are snuffing out.

"Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, in civic ceremony, which they call 'Souper Fraternel,' Brotherly Supper? Along the Rue Saint-Honoré, and main streets and spaces, each Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy maximum has yielded him, to the open air; joins it to his neighbor's supper; and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and what due modicum of cut-glass and other garnish and relish is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars. See it, O Night! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hobnobbing to the reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, the Citoyens, in frugal Love-feast, sit there. Night in her wide

empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of Brotherhood *not* come! It is come, it shall have come, say the Citoyens, frugally hobnobbing. Ah me! these everlasting stars, do they not look down like glistening eyes, bright with immortal pity, over the lot of man!"—*French Revolution*. ("Works," vol. iv. pp. 325 *seqq.*)

Let this passage be attentively considered, and several things will appear from it. First, that Mr. Carlyle has no special party spirit in relation to the French Revolutionists, or to their opponents. Not, of course, that he can be devoid of the natural feelings of men toward events so terrible. He, like another man, can blame the original selfishness of the French nobility—can sympathize with their after-sufferings, in many cases heroically endured—can feel horror at the crimes of a Robespierre and a Marat. But these are not, to him, the whole; he can even look with a certain calmness upon these elements of the tragedy, knowing that there lies behind all these another and greater force. This tremendous revolution, as it was not itself the product of individual wills, but the outburst of a suffering nation, so did not either owe its horrors to the wickedness of individual men. The leaders in it were indeed, in the greater number of instances, wicked men; but they were also, with few exceptions, small and vain men. It is paying them too much honor to consider them the real causes of those events of which they were the immediate authors. And so Mr. Carlyle represents the matter. His eye does not rest on them; he looks beyond for a greater cause.

What is that cause? It is ignorance—the mutual ignorance on the part of men of each other's feelings, tempers, designs. When the different ranks in society stand aloof from each other, the error may at first seem small; but their ignorance of each other's lives is like a dangerous gas, at first stifling all good efforts, and afterwards bursting out into a destructive flame, when the smallest spark of suspicion falls upon it. A small moral obliquity, conjoined with a vast ignorance, is the source of the widest calamities.

Now, we do not know any history whatever in which this great fact of human ignorance, with its enormous consequences, is so fully understood and exemplified as in Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution."

Consider, in the passage above quoted, his description of the citizens at their festivities; he shows you these men, in their private relations, when they are engaged in matters at the level of their comprehension, much like other men; they are not fiends—they have affections, duties, pleasures. And yet the awfulness of the situation is never absent from his thoughts. He shows you the minds of men, in all other respects inconceivably separated from each other, alike in this respect, that they seemed in the midst of black un-mixed chaos; as if a new order of things had begun, in which all old experiences were wiped out—in which the extravagance of a line of conduct was no proof that it might not be the very line to lead to safety. And the chaos which men saw was intensified by the very fact that they saw it. All this Mr. Carlyle describes; and his description is most true, most impartial, most serviceable to all who desire to understand men.

The only narrowness that we can find in these early writings is a tendency to disparage, not all successful men, but those whose success was based on qualities perfectly intelligible to the crowd, and who, therefore, had little apparent failure to undergo. This is most apparent in the case of Sir Walter Scott. Scott, says Mr. Carlyle, had no inward struggles—no fervent aspirations after the highest good; and he contrasts him not favorably with the Hindoo Ram-dass, who "had lately set up for godhood," and who said that he "had fire in his belly to consume the sins of the world." "Ram-dass," says Mr. Carlyle, with some wit, "had a spice of sense in him." But we venture to affirm that Scott was by no means without that "spice of sense" as well; Scott knew perfectly that to reform the world was a much-needed, but he also knew that it was a most difficult task. He knew that to reform the world, you must not take the rest of the world to be fools and yourself the only wise man; on the contrary, as Mr. Carlyle himself has said elsewhere, that the best way of reforming the world was to be continually reforming yourself. There is, as Mr. Ruskin has shown, an undercurrent of sorrow and self-introspection in Scott's writings which it is touching to trace. No doubt, Scott was not a speculative or logical thinker; but this is not the ground of Mr. Carlyle's attack.

In the same way Mr. Carlyle disparages Byron; and, forgetful of his great superiority in intellectual grasp and breadth of view, sets him down as inferior to Burns. He is offended by the wild chaotic element in Byron; but such an element is the necessary seed-ground of genius, which must mould its own forms, and can not accept them traditionally in the lump, however much we may lament that so powerful a mind should have remained to the end in these dark solitudes of spirit.

We have dwelt much on the sympathetic element in Mr. Carlyle's early writings, because we think it is not in general sufficiently noticed as belonging to him. It did indeed, from the first, cover, and at last has been entirely overborne by, a deeper characteristic—a sarcastic and censorious indignation. And it is of this deepest quality of his nature that we now wish to trace the growth.

Mr. Carlyle's censoriousness was at first comparatively latent, because it was directed mainly upon *himself*. His moralizings turned inwards, and not outwards. Through all his earlier essays are scattered hints, involuntarily uttered, respecting the limits which necessity sets against the desires of man, and the resignation with which it is fit that we should acquiesce in these limits. Doubtless, he had met with sorrow; yet he never affects to despise the things, whatever they were, of which he had been disappointed. He is neither a cold-blooded moralist, nor is he a mere Stoic. He has been called, and not altogether untruly, the typical antagonist of Byron; but he is so typical an antagonist, precisely because he is so similar to Byron. He feels the immeasurable longing for happiness which Byron felt; like Byron, he rejoices in the beauty and delight of external things—a delight which is so often wasted and missed by us. But Mr. Carlyle feels this longing, this delight, only to repudiate it; to repudiate it as a principle of life. Yet, feeling as he does the intensity, the immeasurableness of the thing which he repudiates, he can not be content without something infinite and immeasurable on the other side to set over against it, and by which to overcome it—an infinite and sure *peace* to set over against the infinite but uncertain *happiness* which is what Nature gives us. As long as he was consciously in search of this first principle of emotion and action, so long were his

utterances guarded and moderate. But at last he believed himself to have found what he sought. The passage in which he imparts this discovery is contained in the chapter in "*Sartor Resartus*," entitled "The Everlasting Yea." It is necessary to quote it:

"There is in man a higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! . . . Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him. . . .

"Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort can not be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: 'Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

"May we not say, however, that the love of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: when your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open. . . . The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

"But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is Light."—*Sartor Resartus*. ("Works," vol. i. p. 184 *seqq.*)

This is the central passage in Mr. Carlyle's writings, as indeed "*Sartor Resartus*" is the central work: to it every thing which precedes converges; from it every thing which succeeds diverges. After writing this, he felt himself enabled to criticise men and events *freely*.

The impressiveness of the passage will be felt, we think, by all; but at any rate by those who study it in connection with what has gone before. We have, however, two remarks to make on it; one with reference to what it contains, another with reference to what it does not contain. Mr. Carlyle says here, "Love God." Has

he ever said this a second time? Our belief is that he has not; however often he has since bidden men worship, or fall down in wonder before, the Unnamable, the Eternities, the Immensities. The change is noticeable: it is, to say the least, singular that a principle should be laid down with such emphasis, and never referred to afterwards.

But secondly, a first principle ought not merely to be true, but complete. Now Mr. Carlyle has frequently asserted, and with the strongest emphasis, that the Eternal Powers reward and punish men. He has likewise asserted that they hate. Do they then, also, love? He leaves us in the dark on this point. We, therefore, think it expedient to inquire this of him. If they do not love, what reason can he assign for this inhumanity in the deepest depths of nature? If they do love, do they love all, or only some? And what is the proof, sign, or trace of their love? Does it lie in the material success of those whom they love? If not, in what?

These questions, which Mr. Carlyle has omitted to consider in his works, we now propose to him, and invite his notice of them. Our own answers we do not, at present, give; nevertheless, if required, we have them.

We now come to Mr. Carlyle's later writings; and we must own that there seem to us in them many and great defects. In saying this, we are not unmindful of the power manifested in them, which is not unworthy of the promise of his early days; nor do we fail to see many deep and piercing truths. But that they can satisfy the mind which seeks for secure scientific truth, or for a secure basis for action,—this, indeed, we can not believe. We know well what allowance has always to be made for the possibility of misunderstanding in criticising the works of a man of genius. If we regarded Mr. Carlyle as unintelligible, we should never venture to say that he was defective. It is because he seems to us entirely intelligible, that we venture to declare him faulty.

It is worth considering how far he has carried out his own principles, which, after all, are worth nothing unless acted on. He said, "Love God;" and we presume he would not exclude from the meaning of this maxim that other maxim, "Love men." Now nothing is more marked in his later writings than the absence of tenderness:

admiration there is, but not love. There is no spontaneous trust in them; no willingness to believe that what is not seen may be excellent, that actions and dispositions at first sight questionable may be susceptible of explanation, or at any rate of palliation. He is Rhadamantine—inexorable: as soon as a thing appears, it is stamped by him with black or white; and the white marks are very rare indeed.

He also bade men "act;" and, for the third thing, he bade them "seek light;" that is, clearness of knowledge. How then has he carried out these maxims? He has certainly gained a good deal of clear knowledge in the historical line; and he has exhibited as much vigor of action as any man can exhibit in the way of writing. Nor is there any thing to be said against his conduct in these respects, though something against his consistency, considering the opposition which he has continually affirmed to exist between talk and action. But the real mischief lies here: For all knowledge, for all action, experience is required; principles, however sound, will do nothing by themselves. Now the field of experience to which Mr. Carlyle's faculty led him was one; the field of experience to which his desires led him was another, and a very different one. His faculty lay in the treatment of all which is deep in feeling, and vivid in external presentation. He might have been an unrivaled historian. But his desire was to exert a strong practical influence on mankind; and his defect in the cool patient understanding, in appreciation of the material mechanism of society, was a fatal barrier against his exerting such an influence. Of the qualities of a statesman he has none. There is not, we will confidently affirm, one single political proposal of his own, in the whole compass of his writings, that is even intelligible, let alone its being feasible or good; scarcely is there an instance of his supporting an intelligible political proposal framed by another. His writings are full of generous political feeling, and contain many considerations that may be made use of by a statesman; but of practical proposals, there is an absolute void. That he should have thought himself capable at all of entering on this field was a mistake, and a mistake not without pernicious consequences.

The error, however, was unavoidable. The desire, yet the incapacity, for action

was too powerful in Mr. Carlyle to be restrained; what he could not effect himself he was compelled to inculcate upon others. This vehement urgency chafes and mutters beneath the surface even of his earlier writings. He chides the temper, he rebukes it, he represses it; but it is there. In vain does he say that "no wise man will endeavor to reform a world; the only sure reformation is that which each begins and perfects upon himself." Mr. Carlyle, in spite of all disclaimers, was bent upon reforming a world. In vain does he take Goethe for his model—the creative, impersonal, tranquil, universal poet. These qualities did not by nature belong to Mr. Carlyle; and he could not assume them. The volcanic fires burst out at length through all the green smoothness of their covering.

Moreover, there is in him a spirit of self-antagonism, of revulsion from his own nature, and, above all, from those parts of his own nature which might seem to be derived from habit or externally imposed argument or principle, that had no little to do with his rejection of his earlier temper of sympathy, and his assumption of the very reverse. To be *natural* and *sincere* has ever been the maxim that he has most earnestly inculcated; yet there is some danger in such a maxim, for all goodness is, in a certain sense, not natural to man. In his own case, the result has been, that his writings are full of extraordinary anomalies.

Nothing does he reprobate more than self-consciousness; yet he is most self-conscious. Rarely can he write five pages without reference to himself. "Sauer-teig," "Teufelsdröckh," "Gathercoal," "Crabbe," "Smelfungus," these, and many more, are all so many aliases of Mr. Carlyle. The reader could well dispense with some of these masquerading shades, whose varying garbs ever give vent to one well-known hollow yet bitter voice, a compound of Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and mocking philosophers in one. He preaches loudly and imperatively; yet his favorite maxim is, "Speech is silver, silence is golden." Poetic himself, and the panegyrist of numerous poets, he ends, like Plato, with condemning poets utterly. "Volcanic" is one of his best known epithets of dislike; is it not just to apply it to himself? He declares that the French Revolution was a divine revelation; yet

he is the avowed opponent of democracy. With the reverse intention of Balaam, he went up to the mountains to bless the progress of advancing civilization, and, lo! he was compelled to curse it altogether. These are some of his most remarkable inconsistencies; and the root of it is a something in his character, not without kinship to humility; but the humility of a haughty and self-confident spirit.

Further, this spirit of rebuke and prophecy was in part inherited by him from others. To begin with, it is national: the *perfidium ingenium Sotorum* has long been celebrated; and the mantle of the Covenanters has fallen upon Mr. Carlyle. His tone and principles, his loves and his hatreds, even down to minute instances, bear no small affinity to those which marked that most stubborn and most intense of religious sects. And through the Covenanters he is not ambiguously connected with the old Hebrews. With these he feels himself at one. Rarely does he refer to the New Testament; rarely does he think of saints and martyrs, the souls that died in patience, without anger, without honor, without even the effort for an outward victory. But the old prophets and judges, who assumed the rule, and led armies, and denounced the evil-doer, and punished the enemies of God, are ever in his thoughts. Consider the following passages, whether as regards their reference or their character:

"There is one valid reason, and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason, which ancient piety could well define: That you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him; that you may do justice to him. This is your one true aim in respect of him, aim thitherward, with all your heart and all your strength and all your soul; thitherward, and not elsewhere, whither at all!"

"God Himself, we have always understood, hates sin, with a most authentic, celestial, and eternal hatred. A hatred, a hostility inexorable, unappeasable, which blasts the scoundrel, and all scoundrels ultimately, into black annihilation and disappearance from the sum of things. The path of it as the path of a flaming sword: he that has eyes may see it, walking inexorable, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible, through the chaotic gulf of Human History, and everywhere burning, as with

unquenchable fire, the false and dead-worthy from the true and lifeworthy; making all human history, and the biography of every man, a God's Cosmos, in place of a Devil's Chaos. So is it, in the end; even so, to every man who is a man, and not a mutinous beast, and has eyes to see."

"The saddest condition of human affairs, what ancient prophets denounced as 'the Throne of Iniquity,' where men 'decree injustice by a law:' all this, with its thousandfold outer miseries, is still but a symptom; all this points to a far sadder disease which lies invisible within."

"Like the valley of Jehoshaphat, it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead-men's bones, this false modern world; and no rapt Ezekiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see."

All these are from the "Latter-day Pamphlets." The substance of such passages as these we shall discuss presently; meanwhile, let there be observed, first, the intensely active spirit which they manifest. There is no patient waiting in them, no quiet sympathy. All is the zeal for action. And, secondly, let it be observed, there is no reasoning in them. When Mr. Browning tries to represent St. John, he makes him argue—a most fundamental error; for not in the whole of the Old and New Testament, except in the Epistles of St. Paul, who had a Greek education, is there a single instance of argument, as we understand the word. Everywhere there is the most intense, the most undoubting affirmation. And Mr. Carlyle has by nature this quality; by virtue of it, and by virtue of his zeal for action, he is Hebraic.

Do we blame Mr. Carlyle for thus urging men to action? Far from it; he does well and rightly in doing so. But we blame him for this, that in his zeal for this one element he has wholly lost sight of all the other elements of a noble character. For thought, for systematization, except so far as it is conducive to immediate brilliant action, he now cares not. For the imagination which apprehends the beauty of material things he cares not. For the inward struggles of the spirit, contending against selfish desires and striving to fashion itself according to the Eternal Will, he cares not. For the germination

of great thoughts and great desires out of nothingness into that incomplete and immature existence which is the lot of almost all things at first, he cares not. All these things, of which his early writings are full, are in his later writings unmentioned, discarded, forgotten. Action, and the intellect which immediately determines action, is all that he admires.

What a contrast is this to the enthusiastic praise and sympathy which he once bestowed on such an immature, mystical, unformed writer as Novalis! What a contrast to Mr. Carlyle's own character! For he is in himself not in the least like those whom he admires. He is no vigorous, resolute, active man; nor (with all his illuminating flashes of insight) is continuous clearness, well-defined purpose, a character of his mind. He is constitutionally weak; never, he said once on a public occasion, had he written a book without making himself ill by writing it. He is meditative, deep-thinking; his very impetuosity is no mark of a practical nature. And yet it is this man who not only takes upon himself the office of exhorting men to be practical, but who has actually inspired numerous followers, some of them most distinguished and able men, with an enthusiasm for action always intense, and oftentimes good, sound, and effective.

It is no paradox to say that the contrast between Mr. Carlyle's own temperament and the temperament which he admires is at once the cause of his influence, and a proof of the great though partial strength of his nature. If Prince Bismarck or Mr. Bright were to issue addresses exhorting men to leave off theorizing and stick to practice, the exhortation would not carry with it any special weight. It would be replied to them, that they have not known the theoretical side of life. This reply can not be made to Mr. Carlyle. He, a thinker, and many would add, a mystic, deliberately, sets thought below action. He describes, with all the resources of an extensive knowledge and a brilliant imagination, the splendors of the power which displays itself in mighty events, on the great arena of kingdoms; he shows how poor a figure the mere speculatist cuts when brought face to face with these pressing crises of change and peril, how soon he is overthrown before the man who has the ready wit to understand the emergency. And yet in the midst of this, he never

seems actuated by any over-measure of indignation against the theorists; he has the air of knowing them to the bottom; he accompanies them to the limit of their efforts, and rather pities than condemns their failure.

Such teaching as this was not calculated to produce any strong effect on men who were already practical and energetic; for, on the one hand, it did not meet any want or defect of their minds, and, on the other hand, it was not definite enough to help them in particular measures. But it produced the strongest effect on those who were naturally theorists. It pointed out to them a new possibility, an Eldorado of the spirit, a vision of mighty characters exerting themselves in accordance with the profoundest laws; for to the success of the man of action they tacitly superadded that truth of meditated design which they themselves instinctively aimed at. Let us not say that Mr. Carlyle did a small or poor work in thus rousing thinkers to the desire of action, in inspiring them with a magnificent hope of realized results. The work was great, and will endure. The deliberate omissions alone are evil and pernicious.

Does Mr. Carlyle forget his own sayings about the Silences? It is in silence that the foundation of great things is laid, in the meditative vision, unbroken by inroads from without. But the Silences of late years must complain of neglect on the part of their former worshiper. Or, if he himself has now and then turned his relenting eyes back on them, he has led his followers to far different altars, to those of Force and Strength, under whose hands the benefactors of mankind now, as of old, fare but badly. The exquisite and lucid genius of Mr. Ruskin has been hurried away into subjects which he has not provided, with which he deals as an infant deals with the first seen phenomena of the world. That eloquent historian, Mr. Froude, has in an evil hour been induced to mount the prophetic tripod, and to deliver oracles respecting that demigod, Henry VIII., which awaken in the passers-by feelings of mingled astonishment and amusement. And all this, because Mr. Carlyle has chosen to consider that the only virtue existent is that single virtue of which he himself is absolutely devoid, the virtue of practical ability.

Further; not only does Mr. Carlyle

overrate the value of the mere practical intellect, but he does not even always know this quality when he sees it. He mistakes vividness of insight in particular points of a career for a clear purpose running through the whole. Take, for example, his admiration of Cromwell. That great man is a man whom we do not wish to condemn utterly; he had magnanimous impulses in his heart, and strong intellect in his head; if he was at times cruel, he was far less wantonly so than many generals of his own and succeeding times, who have been esteemed most highly—as, for instance, Turenne; if he aggrandized himself, it may be pleaded for him that his doing so secured a breathing space of settled government for the country, in circumstances when there was great risk of anarchy. We are as unwilling as Mr. Carlyle to believe that his religious sentiments, expressed in his most private letters, and with every appearance of sincerity, were delusive and hypocritical. His portrait bears in it no meanness, or cowardice, or vice; it indicates a character, at any rate, straightforward and genuine. As Englishmen, we can not but be proud of his imperial patriotism, of his unhesitating bearing toward foreign powers. But something more than this has characterized the great statesmen of the earth—Solon, Cæsar, the Barons of the Magna Charta. Their work remained when they themselves were dead, and was the basis of legislation for centuries; that of Cromwell vanished into mist as soon as ever his strong hand was withdrawn. He instituted no system into which the spirit of the nation might flow, preserving itself by its own vigor; he accomplished no enduring work; he stood above those whom he governed, and did not amalgamate himself with their efforts. But of all this Mr. Carlyle thinks nothing: he looks at the immediate splendor, not at the permanent result.

It is precisely the same with respect to his treatment of intellectual systems. No one need be reminded what keen remarks Mr. Carlyle can make about the foundations of such systems; as when he compares the metaphysician to the "Irish saint who swam across the Channel carrying his head in his teeth," adding, "that the feat has never been repeated;" or when he satirizes the Utilitarians by putting to them the problem, "Given a world

of Knaves, to deduce an Honesty from their united action?"—But he can not put truths together, fit them in with each other, harmonize them. In his early works, this is simply a defect on his own part; in his later works it becomes also an offence towards others, whose complex thinkings he despises without even endeavoring to comprehend them.

Take, for example, his treatment of Coleridge. Coleridge is not a specially systematic thinker, as compared with some others; he did not weld his speculations together with the iron bonds of Spinoza or Kant; and in appearance he is even more unsystematic than he is in reality; for his indolent temper and sickly health caused him too often to write in a nerveless, unpointed style, that disguised the real excellence of his thoughts; and many of his best sayings are mere fragments. But still there is a true sequence in all that he writes; he had formed to himself a full, broad, and not inharmonious conception of the world in which we live, and our duties in it, though, no doubt, he might have worked it out much more clearly in detail, and expressed it in a much more convincing manner than he did. This, then, was precisely the case to bring out Mr. Carlyle's weak side. Coleridge's faults are very manifest in him; he seizes on the obscure and inadequate expression, and derides even the physical weakness of utterance of the philosopher; and again he feels his own superiority to Coleridge in the practical application of truths, in the power of bringing them to bear, in the strong and incisive enforcement of them, on the consciences of men. But he fails to observe wherein Coleridge is superior to himself; the faculty of logical systematization is one which Coleridge has, and, if we consider the variety of his mind, has in no mean degree; Mr. Carlyle has it not.

In the "Life of Frederick the Great" the same fault is discernible. The French Revolution had been a happy subject for Mr. Carlyle; here little or no understanding of complex organizations was required; rather it was the very triumph of the historian to show how all organizations fell prone and shattered before that tremendous flood—to exhibit the living force of human instinct as victorious over all the bonds that would have confined it. But, in "Frederick the Great," Mr. Carlyle has

to prove a point; and at proofs he is never good. He has asserted that Frederick was a hero, a surpassingly great man; and he has to show reason why we should think so, too. His failure is absurd. What he does show is, that Frederick was a surpassingly great soldier; a very different proposition. To substitute one of these propositions for the other is justly deemed immoral, since it makes material force the test of greatness. And the very faint reprobation with which Mr. Carlyle visits that audacious act of Frederick's, the *ἀρχὴ κακῶν*, his seizure of Silesia, increases the impression of the immorality of the book. Nevertheless, we believe that the idea, which Mr. Carlyle in a dim manner had conceived as the central point of his history, was not immoral. Frederick the Great does differ from such monarchs as Louis XIV. and Gustavus Adolphus in this, that his victories had a real permanent result; they were the starting-point of a nation; and whereas France was ruined by Louis XIV., Prussia must date her career of solid and splendid development from the time of Frederick. This fact certainly points to Mr. Carlyle's conclusion; but it only points to it; it by no means proves it. And, indeed, there is very much to be said on the other side. It might plausibly be argued, that the spur and stimulus of victory was in any case much more likely to be beneficial to the slow German temper than to the quick eagerness of the French. But we are not called upon to argue the matter here; we need only observe that whenever Mr. Carlyle gets beyond the mere battles of Frederick, his inadequacy is complete and surprising.

And yet this very "History of Frederick the Great" supplies clear evidence that the deficiency of Mr. Carlyle in continuous and methodical reasoning results from choice, and not from inability. Nothing can be better, as a lucid summary of a long period of history, than his account of the gradual amalgamation of the intensely complex elements out of which the Prussian Monarchy was founded. Nor do we know any history in which battles and military campaigns are so adequately described, with such power of seizing the salient points and impressing them on the reader. No words of praise can be too high for his description of such battles as those of Leuthen and Torgau. Having

once read them, it is impossible to forget them. And it is clear, from Mr. Carlyle's character, why he shows this power of method in his military narrations, and nowhere else. Conquests and victories are brilliant and blazing things, and carry their results on the face of them; the region of doubt, of obscurity, of under-currents of purpose and character, of slow, scarce-recognized development, does not exist in respect of them; it is possible to apprehend them completely, and not partially. Political and social history is precisely the reverse of this: the historian, if he is to be just, can not always be clear of his judgment; many points are necessarily uncertain; a nation, unlike an army, contains throughout its extent large tracts of utter darkness, large tracts of what is still more difficult to deal with, the twilight of semi-obscurity. And this is what Mr. Carlyle will not tolerate, will not even recognize, and therefore utterly fails in dealing with.

Nay, more: he is even angry that such is the case, and imputes it as a fault to the statesmen of his own day that they can not take the command of a nation as a general does of his army, and lead it, with unwavering step, to some end, the nature of which he does not precisely specify, but which he dimly feels to be something divine and transcendental. And here we approach that doctrine which is the centre of his political teaching—a doctrine which he himself supposes to be very much more than this—which he gives us as the worthy outcome and perfect flower of the meditations of a lifetime. This is his celebrated doctrine of hero-worship, to which we, indeed, can by no means assign the rank claimed for it by its author. It seems to us a torso, wrought indeed by the hand of genius, and bearing the marks of a chisel that struck fire from the stone in its working, but rude, misshapen, maimed, deformed. And though we are aware that in this gigantesque image Mr. Carlyle intends something far beyond the bounds of mere politics, we shall for the present, for the sake of greater definition, confine ourselves to its political significance. We shall, in short, consider the hero as leading men not simply or chiefly by spiritual influence, but also by material force. It is thus that Mr. Carlyle has of late best loved to contemplate him—as the sword of God, in the splendor of out-

ward action, ruling and chastising the nations.

Now we must guard ourselves against being supposed to assert that this doctrine of hero-worship is, on the political or any other side, *untrue*. That is not our charge against it. Let us, however, before going further, state as briefly as possible what it is. Mr. Carlyle's exposition of it may be put pretty much as follows: He desires, first, that the action of a state should be resolute, and directed with clear purpose. But, next, he sees that it is impossible to have a perfectly clear purpose perfectly carried out, except under the guidance of one man, who both conceives and executes. Nothing can be more true; for though many men may nominally be actuated by a single purpose, there will always be differences in the way of conceiving that purpose which will blur and weaken the action. Hence Mr. Carlyle demands a head or governor of a state in whose mind the full purpose of the state, which by others is conceived imperfectly and inadequately, should represent itself completely, as in a mirror; he demands that the effort of all persons should be to recognize this man, or the man who comes nearest to this ideal, to set him at their head, obey him themselves, and provide him with sufficient force to put down those who, from their selfish and partial view, oppose themselves to his wiser plan. He is specially indignant with those who think that a nation can be guided infallibly into the right course by the machinery of Parliaments or Congresses, or by any device which makes the final decision to rest with a majority of the nation, simply because they are the majority, without any effort to obtain the judgment of those who are most competent to decide. He demands that there shall be in every case a clear and wise design; and he insists that the wisest design can in its full compass be only comprehended by the one Wisest Man, whom all other men must call to the helm of the state. More than this; he would have, in every portion of society, the inferior natures avowedly guided by the higher, as these would be guided by those higher than themselves, till the whole culminated in that single man whom all the rest judged to be most eminent among them.

Now let it be observed that this theory is not, as it is often represented to be, a theory of mere despotism. There is a vast

difference between saying that all nations should use their utmost endeavors to gain a Head, a Wisest Man, in whom they can trust; and saying that every nation which is governed by a single strong despot has a government which can be approved of. The theory does not even say that every nation should immediately choose for itself a single individual as its head; but only that this is the ideal state of things. Secondly, it is at the very farthest possible distance from any theory that would sanction castes, or the hereditary domination of an aristocratical class, or even the hereditary descent of a monarchy from a king to his descendants; for instance, take the following passage from the "Latter-day Pamphlets:"

"This question always rises as the alpha and omega of social questions, What methods the Society has of summoning aloft into the high places, for its help and governance, the wisdom that is born to it in all places, and of course is born chiefly in the more populous or lower places? For this, if you will consider it, expresses the ultimate available result, and net sum-total, of all the efforts, struggles and confused activities that go on in the Society; and determines whether they are true and wise efforts, certain to be victorious, or false and foolish, certain to be futile, and to fall captive and caittiff. How do men rise in your Society? In all Societies, Turkey included, and I suppose Dahomey included, men do rise; but the question of questions always is, What kind of men? Men of noble gifts, or men of ignoble?"—*Stump Orator*.

No republican could express more strongly that cardinal doctrine of republicanism—the essential equality of rights in men, born in whatever rank.

But, thirdly, in spite of Mr. Carlyle's sense of the importance of unity of purpose in the head of the state, he is well aware that his Hero, or Wisest Man, will need the advice, information, and assistance of others who are inferior to himself. And thus Parliaments have a place in his system; for, though he has written much against Parliaments as they actually are, it is erroneous to imagine that he would assign them no function whatever. This will be apparent from the following passages in the "Latter-day Pamphlets:"

"To King Rufus there could no more natural method present itself, of getting

his affairs of sovereignty transacted, than this same. To assemble all his working Sub-Kings about him; and gather in a human manner, by the aid of sad speech and of cheerful, what their real notions, opinions, and determinations were. No way of making a law, or of getting one executed when made, except by even such a General Consult in one form or another. Naturally, too, as in all places where men meet, there established themselves modes of proceeding in this Christmas *Parliamentum*. . . . So likewise, in the time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself in Two Houses; and Borough Members and Knights of the Shire were summoned up to answer, Whether they could stand such and such an impost? and took upon them to answer, 'Yes, your Majesty; but we have such and such grievances greatly in need of redress first'—nothing could be more natural and human than such a Parliament still was. And so, granting subsidies, stating grievances, and notably widening its field in that latter direction, accumulating new modes, and practices of Parliament greatly important in world history, the old Parliament continued an eminently human, veracious, and indispensable entity, achieving real work in the centuries."—*Parliaments*.

And so in the following passage from the same pamphlet, which is one of the few pieces of long well-sustained argument in Mr. Carlyle's writings:

"Votes of men are worth collecting, if convenient. True, their opinions are generally of little wisdom, and can on occasion reach to all conceivable and inconceivable degrees of folly; but their instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human; these, hidden under the noisy utterance of what they call their opinions, are the unspoken sense of man's heart, and well deserve attending to. Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay do not neglect, if you have opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say. One thing the stupidest multitude at a hustings can do, provided only it be sincere: Inform you how it likes this man or that, this proposed law or that. . . . Beyond doubt it will be useful, will be indispensable, for the King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions legisla-

tive and administrative; what they will assent to willingly, what unwillingly; what they will resist with superficial discontents and remonstrances, what with obstinate determination, with riot, perhaps with armed rebellion. To which end, Parliaments, free presses, and such like, are excellent; they keep the Governor fully aware of what the people, wisely or foolishly, think. Without in some way knowing it with moderate exactitude, he has not a possibility to govern at all. For example, the Chief Governor of Constantinople, having no Parliament to tell it him, knows it only by the frequency of incendiary fires in his capital, the frequency of bakers hanged at their shop lintels; a most inferior *ex-post-facto* method!"

It will be seen that in spite of Mr. Carlyle's prepossession for his supreme ruler, he is well aware that parliaments and peoples have a power of their own, which on occasions they may justifiably use, even against their monarch. And with this admission Mr. Carlyle's theory may be said to close.

There is really nothing to be said against it. It is all true; it may all be granted at once. Let Mr. Carlyle proceed; we wait for his next step. He gives it. *Take your hero, and put him at the head of affairs.* Here we demur. We have accepted Mr. Carlyle's view as an ideal; but it is an ideal, as we shall immediately show, which, though it may indirectly guide us, can not be taken as a direct aim for our efforts. There is one important preliminary necessity. Mr. Carlyle has surely forgotten the first sentence of Mrs. Glasse's invaluable receipt for cooking a hare, "*First catch your hare.*" In giving us a receipt for the salvation of society, which receipt has a *hero* for its principal ingredient, he is bound, we submit, to give us information on this primary point: *How are we to catch our hero.* Should we elect him by a plébiscite? Is it to the Prime Minister that we must hand over the absolute command of the national forces? or, perchance, is it too bold a guess that it is in Chelsea that the hero is to be found? Will Mr. Carlyle accept the post himself?

To speak seriously; a hero, a man who reaches to the height and length and breadth of his generation; who dominates by right of genius the intellect and will of his contemporaries, is the gift of Heaven.

It is not by our wishing that he will come, neither will he depart from us because we may be unwilling to accept him. The age, the nation, which has such a man is happy above other ages and nations; yet the age or nation that has him not may have much of honest worth, and may be loved by us equally, though admired less. And far better is it for the age and nation that has him not to acquiesce in its own inferiority, and not set up a spasmodic strain for a phantasm of heroism.

This is what is so pernicious in the practical result of Mr. Carlyle's teaching; he has *forced* himself and others to find a hero where heroism was not. It can not be a genuine aim for a nation in our period of the world's history, or, indeed, at any period, to *try* to find a man to whom they may submit absolutely. If such a man comes, well and good; but let us find him spontaneously, and not because we are told that we must find him. It is even salutary to be very skeptical about one who comes forward guaranteed to be such a man. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is too much the natural instinct of the world already, to add to it that additional sanction which is implied in setting it up as a principle of morality. Is the lending an enthusiastic support to a man of brilliant ability, whose views command so large a following as to render opposition useless, a virtue so extraordinarily difficult of acquirement? Are the mass of men so unduly suspicious of their leaders? Have the Prussians been too obstinately antagonistic to Prince Bismarck? Was not Louis Napoleon for eighteen years undisputed master of France? Has it been unknown in England that a Prime Minister should be, for a time, autocratic? Parliaments, and nations as well, are in truth so perfectly aware of their inherent weaknesses, which Mr. Carlyle is never weary of bringing forward, that they lend an even too ready ear to any man who has a clear and resolute design.

We should say that the very reverse doctrine needed to be inculcated from that which Mr. Carlyle inculcates. Men have to be taught to turn aside from a plausible unity of purpose, which is common enough, and to contemplate instead the complexity and variety of interests which fill a land like ours, and of which only a small part can be thoroughly known by the most comprehensive, earnest, and industrious inquirer.

How easy is it to be ignorant! How easy to be unjust from pure ignorance, without a touch of malevolence! Let us study what exists, with all the faculties of our understanding, and do what little we can to amend it; this is the most heroic thing that we can do for our own part, and the only possible way of recognizing a true hero in another. The inevitable result of our following Mr. Carlyle's advice would be that we should get a hero of mere physical force, who would compel whether he had or had not intelligence to judge that compulsion was beneficial. Such a man is not a great man. A great mind must abstain from action in matters which it has not scientifically proved and got hold of from the root, and much of such abstinence is required even of the strongest intellects. Wise government comes first, strong government only second. However much it is true that a wise governor may sometimes have to compel his people to obey him, it is yet indispensable that we should be satisfied that the governor is wise before we can approve of such compulsion. This prodigious step, that we must be satisfied that we have a man at our head whom we can trust on all points even against our own judgment, Mr. Carlyle takes as a mere nothing. According to Homer, the god Neptune crossed the Ægean Sea at three strides; but if we poor mortals attempted to do the same, we should assuredly get drowned.

The truth is, the real force and vitality of Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship does not lie in his recommendation of the hero, as the one single ruler, at all. This is a mere accident; it is a more picturesque state, it is indeed a better state, when one man gathers into himself all the instincts of the nation and directs them; but it is not a transcendently better state, there is nothing of necessity about it. The real force of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine lies in his preference of men to institutions; in his insistence on the living energy of mind as superior to any external thing, or indeed to all external things put together. Some people think that, just as Mr. Babbage's machine grinds out logarithms, so our excellent Constitution will grind out for us all that is desirable and advantageous. Others, and a more numerous class, think at any rate virtue and energy can not be of so much importance as they used to be:

that we can not do without them altogether will be conceded, but they think that our institutions supply their place in a measure, in a certain degree. Now Mr. Carlyle rightly judges, that so far from the progress of society diminishing the importance of virtuous and energetic *men*, it renders them even more important. Indeed, he goes (and we join with him in going) even further; it is not a question simply of more or less importance; it is even the one end of society (and therefore of infinite importance) to produce virtuous and energetic men, and to commit the highest functions to the most virtuous and most energetic. But yet institutions have a value, conserving where they can not create, and guiding where they can not animate; and Mr. Carlyle, in his later writings, has forgotten this. Further, it has to be remembered that institutions which are full of meaning and value to one man, may be meaningless and valueless to another; of this fact Mr. Carlyle shows no recognition whatever; he would have each individual judge absolutely for himself about them. We deny the right of any individual to judge upon such matters, except he has first made himself acquainted with the feelings and experience of society at large upon them.

Thus while we are not at war with Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship as a theory, with his practical application of it we are wholly and entirely at variance. But one thing more remains to be said. What has surprised most people in Mr. Carlyle's later career is, not simply that he has advocated this doctrine, but that he has advocated it with such fanatical and almost terrifying intensity. He declares that we walk in a "nightmare wilderness, a wreck of dead men's bones, a false world." Why? we ask. Evils enough and to spare there are in the world around us; but was it a better state of things when the Black Death swept away half the population of England? or when William the Conqueror laid waste with fire and sword all England north of the Humber? We shall not think so without very much more reason than Mr. Carlyle, or any one, has ever given for our thinking so. Or, if it be some deep moral blindness in the age to which Mr. Carlyle refers, we seek in vain through his writings for that light which alone can reveal, and by revealing, dispel, the darkness. But our persuasion, our strong persuasion is,

that this despondency lies in Mr. Carlyle's own nature alone. Far are we from accusing him of personal vanity; it is not against such a man that such an accusation can be brought. But he suffers, we think, from not having realized his own idea; he has had a vision, a Utopia, before his eyes, which has never been brought into actuality. To speak the plain truth, he has wished *himself* to be the hero of this modern age; not, we repeat, from vanity, but because he has felt in himself somewhat of the power to be so—some what, but not the whole requisite power. The amorphous, vast, gigantesque productions of his later years have resulted from the strain to bring out that which he was unable to bring out. The discordant elements have been too much for his power of combination; he has let slip now one thread, now another thread, of the intricate skein that needs unraveling; and at last, in sheer despair, he has turned his eyes to the *sword*, which, if it can not solve, can cut the knot. In this despair we do not join; and, indeed, we deem it unworthy to join in it, for any one who has not been worn out with delayed and frustrated hope. In such an one we can only lament it, and think it mistaken. Just as Bacon said in respect of discoveries, that they are "*temporis partus non ingenii*;" so it is with the laws and principles which are the welfare of society. Those who first anticipate them seldom see them in their fullness; and if they imperatively demand to see them in their fullness, they will only suffer themselves, in the recoil of failure upon their own minds.

We have said nothing hitherto of that feature in Mr. Carlyle which first strikes and astonishes the casual reader—his style; yet it is a feature which it is impossible to pass over. It is a style which sacrifices clearness in the central idea to vividness in particular points; and this is a characteristic which no brilliance can prevent from being a signal fault. So great a fault is it that not only Mr. Carlyle's reader, but Mr. Carlyle himself, is at times prevented, by the eccentricities of his style, from knowing what the real thing is which he means to impress. He flings out a crowd of ideas pell-mell; but each separate idea is left to take its chance by itself; there is no subordination in the motley assemblage. This is not good; and of all causes none has been so power-

ful as this in hindering that complete success which Mr. Carlyle by his capacity was qualified to attain. For there has been a certain amount of willfulness, and (to say the truth) even of affectation in it; he will often prefer an uncouth and unusual phrase where an ordinary word would express the meaning without the smallest shadow of a difference. This may seem a small matter, but it is precisely in small matters that people ought to conform to the common usage. To differ invests them with an artificial and unnatural importance.

We must now part with this remarkable writer. Without disguising what seem to us his faults, we have spoken of him throughout as a man of extraordinary power. Seldom is it possible to make a criticism on him that he has not himself, to some extent, anticipated and forestalled; in the depths of his own mind, he guards himself against the erroneous deductions that others draw from him. With all his antagonism to his age, he is never arrogant or self-complacent; he can admire

and reverence. He for the most part appears one-sided, but he is many-sided; in his impatience and desire for incisiveness he lays such emphasis on that aspect of the truth which he is insisting on, that for the moment he forgets the others. The most spiritual of modern historians, he has been mistaken, not without his own fault, for an admirer of mere physical force. Penetrated to his inmost heart with sympathy for the poor, he has been mistaken, again not without his own fault, for an advocate of their high-handed oppression. To conclude, there is no man who so resolutely goes to the reality of things, determining to make men see what is, through all the veils and forms in which it is wrapped; but he fails in putting his facts together, in deducing from them a tenable design or detailed scheme of action. If there is any point in this article in which we have misunderstood him, or forgotten somewhat that would have defended him against our criticisms, this has not been from want of recognizing the honor due to his genius.

[From the *Quarterly Review*.]

THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

[THE following American tribute to the memory of Thackeray was written long ago—its date being May, 1864, the darkest hour of the Civil War. The sad associations of those days of sorrow and other circumstances prevented it from being sooner given to the world; and in the eight years which have intervened, love and veneration for the great novelist have gone on in growth. This Memorial is now published with the full consent of the author.*]

MR. THACKERAY (who that has heard him, with sweetness of voice unequalled, speak of Mr. Joseph Addison, and Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Fielding, and Mr. Atterbury; who that has read "Henry Esmond," or "The Virginians,"—will find fault with me for so describing him?) came to Philadelphia on his first visit to America in the month of January, 1853. My impression is that he brought very few letters of personal introduction, and was rather careless of what may be called "social success," though anxious about the work he had in hand—his course of lectures on the English Humorists—and, as he used to say, "the dollars he wished

to make, not for himself, but for his little girls at home." With or without letters, he soon made friends, on the hearts of whom the news of his death has struck a sharp pang. As one of them, I venture to jot down a few memories of him who is gone.

The lectures were very successful. There are two classes of people in every American microcosm—those who run after celebrities, and those, resolute not to be pleased, who run, as it were, against them. All were won or conquered by his simple naturalness; and, as I have said, the lectures were a great success.

My personal relations to him happened

* The author of the Memorial is Mr. William B. Reed of Philadelphia, once well known throughout our Eastern Empire as United States' Minister in China in Lord Elgin's time. He in-

trusted the MS. to a friend, whose pleasure in its perusal last winter in America, first suggested to Mr. Reed its publication in this country.—*Editor Blackwood's Magazine*.

to become very intimate. He seemed to take a fancy to me and mine, and I naturally loved him dearly. He used to come to my house, not the abode of wealth or luxury, almost every day, and often more than once a day. He talked with my little children, and told them odd fairy tales; and I now see him (this was on his second visit) one day in Walnut Street walking slowly along with my little girl by the hand—the tall, gray-haired, spectacled man with an effort accommodating himself to the toddling child by his side; and then he would bring her home; and one day when we were to have a great dinner at the club given to him, and my wife was ill, and my household disarranged, and the bell rang, and I said to him, "I must go and carve the boiled mutton for the children, and take for granted you do not care to come;" and he got up, and, with a cheery voice, said, "I love boiled mutton and children too, and I will dine with them," and we did; and he was happy, and the children were happy, and our appetite for the club dinner was damaged. Such was Thackeray in my home.

I met him once at the house of a friend, and there happened to be an odd collocation at the table. There was a guest, a man of brilliant talent, of mature age, and high education, measured at least by our American standard, who was marked by two peculiarities—his remarkable physical resemblance to Thackeray, and the fact that, although upwards of fifty years of age, born and bred in Kentucky, he had never before crossed the Alleghanies, and never until that very day seen a ship or any square-rigged vessel. They—the bright backwoodsman, who had never looked upon the ocean, and the veteran Londoner, who had made a voyage from India before the days of steam, and had seen a fat man in white clothes and a big straw hat at St. Helena called "Buona-parte"—were a charming contrast. The year 1863 carried both to their graves—one in Kensal Green, and the other on the banks of the Ohio.

It was a bright moonlight night on which we (Thackeray and I) walked home from that dinner; and I remember well the walk and the place, for I seem to localize all my associations with him, and I asked him what, perhaps, he might have thought the absurd question, "What do you honestly think of my country? or

rather, what has most struck you in America? Tell me candidly, for I shall not be at all angry or hurt if it be unfavorable, or much elated if it be not." And then his answer, as he stopped, (we were walking along Penn Square,) and, turning round to me, said: "You know what a virtue-proud people we English are. We think we have got it all to ourselves. Now that which most impresses me here is, that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic virtues as gentle; the English language, though the accent be a little different, with its home-like melody; and the Common Prayer Book in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by any thing else." And so I sincerely believe he was.

There was a great deal of dining out while "the great satirist," as we used to address him, was here; but although always genial, I do not think, according to my recollection, he was a brilliant conversationist. Those who expected much were often disappointed. It was in close private intercourse he was delightful. Once—it was in New-York—he gave a dinner, at which I was a guest, to what are called "literary men,"—authors, and lawyers, and actors, (two very accomplished ones, and most estimable gentlemen—one still living,) and editors, and magazine men. Then he made what seemed to be an effort. He talked for the table. He sang some odd post-prandial songs; one in a strange sort of a "recitative" about Dr. Martin Luther. But as I have said, it was an effort, and I liked him better at home and alone. It was on this occasion, or rather on our return journey to Philadelphia, that, on board the steamboat, (here again am I localizing,) he spoke to me of domestic sorrows and anxieties too sacred to be recorded here. And yet it was this man whom vulgar-minded people called heartless! As he thus talked to me, I thought of lines of tenderness, often quoted, which no one but he could have written:

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!

I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place, but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
There's no one now to share my cup."

It is no part of this little Memorial to

refer to what may be called his public relations and his success as a lecturer. I merely record my recollection of the peculiar voice and cadence; the exquisite manner of reading poetry; the elocution, matchless in its simplicity; his tranquil attitude—the only movement of his hands being when he wiped his glasses as he began and turned over the leaves of his manuscript; his gentle intonations. There was sweet music in his way of repeating the most hackneyed lines, which freshened them anew. I seem still to hear him say,

“And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.”

Or, in his lecture on Pope,

“Lo! thy dread empire, chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all!”

But to resume my personal recollections. He was too sincere a man to talk for effect, or to pay compliments; and on his first visit to America, he seemed so happy, and so much pleased with all he met, that I fancied he might be tempted to come and for a time live amongst us. The British Consulate in Philadelphia became vacant, the incumbent, Mr. William Peter, dying suddenly; and it seems from the following note, written at Washington, that I urged him to take the place if he could get it. I give the note exactly as it was written, venturing even to retain the names of those whom he kindly remembered; and Philadelphians of the old school will smile at the misspelling of the name of the founder of the Wistar parties of our ancient days.

“MR. ANDERSON'S MUSIC STORE, PENNS AVENUE, (1853.)
Friday.

“MY DEAR REED: I withdraw the Mr. as wasteful and ridiculous excess, and gilding of refined gold, and thank you for the famous autograph and the kind letter inclosing it, and the good wishes you form for me. There are half-a-dozen houses I already know in Philadelphia where I could find very pleasant friends and company; and that good old library would give me plenty of acquaintances more. But, home among my parents there, and some few friends I have made in the last twenty-five years, and a tolerably fair prospect of an honest livelihood on the familiar London flagstones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the Park, and

the pleasant society afterwards; and a trip to Paris now and again, and to Switzerland and Italy in the summer, these are little temptations which make me not discontented with my lot, about which I grumble only for pastime, and because it is an Englishman's privilege. Own now that all these recreations here enumerated have a pleasant sound. I hope I shall live to enjoy them yet a little while before I go to ‘*nox et domus exilis Plutonia*,’ whither poor, kind, old Peter has vanished. So that Saturday I was to have dined with him, and Mrs. Peter wrote, saying he was ill with influenza; he was in bed with his last illness, and there were to be no no more Whister parties for him. Will Whister himself, hospitable, pigtailed shade, welcome him to Hades? And will they sit down—no, stand up—to a ghostly supper, devouring the *ἰφθιμους ψυχας* of oysters and all sorts of birds? I never feel pity for a man dying, only for survivors, if there be such passionately deploring him. You see the pleasures the undersigned proposes to himself here in future years—a sight of the Alps, a holiday on the Rhine, a ride in the Park, a colloquy with pleasant friends of an evening. If it is death to part with these delights, (and pleasures they are, and no mistake,) sure the mind can conceive others afterwards; and I know one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these pleasures; quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here) to put his hands into that of the summoning angel, and say, “Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the divine goodness calls us!” We must be blind-folded before we can pass, I know; but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of *their* father should fail them. I thought myself a dead man once, and protest the notion gave me no disquiet about myself—at least, the philosophy is more comfortable than that which is tingured with brimstone.

“The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerously as you of Philadelphia. Here the audiences are more polite than numerous, but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners. Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish—our minister, ever so often—the most hospitable of envoys. I have seen no one at all in Baltimore, for

it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charlestown, not to New-Orleans, which is too far; and I hope you will make out your visit to Washington, and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New-York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the best ballad-singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed and your brother, and Wharton, and Lewis and his pretty young daughter; and believe me ever faithfully yours, dear Reed,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

The "famous autograph" was, if my memory does not mislead me, a letter of Washington, for which he had expressed a wish, and which I gladly gave him; and the plan of coming to America, as will be seen, though at first rejected, seems to have taken root in his mind.

Thackeray left us in the winter of 1853, and in the summer of the year was on the Continent with his daughters. In the last chapter of "The Newcomes," published in 1855, he says: "Two years ago, walking with my children in some pleasant fields near to Berne, in Switzerland, I strayed from them into a little wood; and coming out of it presently told them how the story had been revealed to me somehow, which for three-and-twenty months the reader has been pleased to follow." It was on this Swiss tour that he wrote me the following characteristic letter, filled with kindly recollections of convivial hours in Philadelphia, of headaches which he had contributed to administer, and of friends whose society he cherished. On the back of this note is a pen-and-ink caricature of which he was not conscious when he began to write. It is what he alludes to as "the rubbishing picture which I didn't see." The sketch is very spirited, and, as a friend to whom I have shown it reminds me, evidently is the original of one of the illustrations of his grotesque fairy tale of "The Rose and the Ring," written, so he told a member of my family years afterwards, while he was watching and nursing his children, who were ill during this vacation ramble.

"NEUFCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND, July 21, 1853.

"MY DEAR REED: Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him: and as with tailors, so with men; I

pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now in consequence have a little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa*, dinners right and left, parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed! I see you (after that little supper with McMichael) on Sunday, at your own table, when we had that good Sherry-Madeira, turning aside from the wine-cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often, [meaning my own private cavity,] that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is.

"Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents; then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour, and it has really been a pleasuring tour. We spent ten days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again; and have been five days in Switzerland now; not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How pleasant! How great and affable, too, the landscape is! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes—the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder; but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company; keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there now people sweating in Mayfair routs? The European continent swarms with your people. They are not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper at Basle the other night with their knives down their throats. It was awful! My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say, 'My dear, your great-grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steel to her wittles. It's no *crime* to eat with a knife,' which is all very well; but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't.

"Will you please beg McMichael, when

Mrs. Glynn, the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakspeare in your city, to call on her, do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache to-morrow morning. By Jove! how I like people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental, than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belabored your [Here the paper was turned and revealed the sketch. At the top is written: "Pardon this rubbishing picture; but I didn't see, and can't afford to write page 3 over again."] country with praise in private that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth, but the great point to try and dig into the ears of the great stupid virtue-proud English public is, that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, Mrs. Malaprop says.

"I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me I am too old for story-telling; but I want money, and shall get 20,000 dollars for this, of which (D.V.) I'll keep fifteen. I wish this rubbish (the sketch) were away; I might put written rubbish in its stead. Not that I have any thing to say, but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton, and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again.—Good-by, my dear Reed, and believe me ever sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY."

The next year, 1854, was a year of sorrow to me and mine. But for the sympathy which, in that overpowering grief, I had from my friend, I should not allude to it. My only surviving brother, Mr. Henry Reed, in company with his wife's sister, visited Europe, saw, and were kindly treated by Mr. Thackeray; and on their return voyage, on the 24th September, perished in the shipwreck of the Arctic. Thackeray had known my brother in this country, and duly estimated what I may be pardoned for describing as his gentle virtues and refined and scholar-like tastes. He measured, too, the anguish which, even

at this lapse of time—now nearly ten years—freshens when I think of it, and which then bowed a whole family to the earth. It was in reply to my letter announcing that all hope of rescue or escape was over, and that "a vast and wandering grave was theirs," that in November he wrote to me the following. It is an interesting letter, too, in this that it mentions what may not be known on the other side of the Atlantic—that he had had some transient diplomatic visions.

"ONSLow SQUARE, BRomPTon, November 8.

"MY DEAR REED: I received your melancholy letter this morning. It gives me an opportunity of writing about a subject on which, of course, I felt very strongly for you and for your poor brother's family. I have kept back writing, knowing the powerlessness of consolation, and having I don't know what vague hopes that your brother and Miss Bronson might have been spared. That ghastly struggle over, who would pity any man that departs? It is the survivors one commiserates of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He seemed to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind. But that loss, what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God—for what purpose can he go but to to meet the divine love and goodness? I never think about deploring such; and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more Pater Noster? So we say, and weep the beloved ones whom we lose all the same with the natural selfish sorrow; as you, I daresay, will have a heavy heart when your daughter marries and leaves you. *You* will lose her, though her new home is ever so happy. I remember quite well my visit to your brother—the pictures in his room, which made me see which way his thoughts lay; his sweet, gentle, melancholy, pious manner. That day I saw him here in Dover Street, I don't know whether I told them, but I felt at the time that to hear their very accents affected me somehow. They were just enough American to be national; and where shall I ever hear voices in the world that have spoken more kindly to me? It was like being in your grave, calm, kind old Philadelphia over again; and behold!

now they are to be heard no more. I only saw your brother once in London. When he first called I was abroad ill, and went to see him immediately I got your letter, which he brought and kept back, I think. We talked about the tour which he had been making, and about churches in this country—which I knew interested him—and Canterbury especially, where he had been at the opening of a missionary college. He was going to Scotland, I think, and to leave London instantly, for he and Miss B. refused hospitality, etc.; and we talked about the memoir of Hester Reed which I had found, I didn't know how, on my study-table, and about the people whom he had met at Lord Mahon's—and I believe I said I should like to be going with him in the Arctic. And we parted with a great deal of kindness, please God, and friendly talk of a future meeting. May it happen one day! for I feel sure he was a just man. I wanted to get a copy of "Esmond" to send by him, (the first edition, which is the good one;) but I did not know where to light on one, having none myself, and a month since bought a couple of copies at a circulating library for 7s. 6d. apiece.

"I am to-day just out of bed after another, about the dozenth, severe fit of spasms, which I have this year. My book would have been written but for them, and the lectures begun, with which I hope to make a few thousand more dollars for those young ladies. But who knows whether I shall be well enough to deliver them, or what is in store for next year? The secretaryship of our legation at Washington was vacant the other day, and I instantly asked for it; but in the very kindest letter Lord Clarendon showed how the petition was impossible. First, the place was given away; next, it would not be fair to appoint out of the service. But the first was an excellent reason, not a doubt of it. So if ever I come, as I hope and trust to do this time next year, it must be at my own cost, and not the Queen's. Good-by, my dear Reed, and believe that I have the utmost sympathy in your misfortune, and am most sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY."

The copy of "Esmond" was for my wife, who had expressed her liking for it beyond all his works. It came the next year thus inscribed:

"With the grateful regards of
W. M. THACKERAY.

LONDON, October, 1855."

And is now among the most cherished volumes in our library.

In the winter of 1855, Mr. Thackeray made his second and last visit to this country, and gave us the first fruits of his new lecture experiment, "The Georges." I met him in New-York and heard his "George IV."—to my mind the least agreeable of the course—delivered before a literary society in Brooklyn. He thence came to Philadelphia, and renewed his old intimacies and associations. His friends were glad to see him, and he them. The impression we all had was that two years had oldened him more than they should have done; but there was no change in other respects. "The Georges" were, if possible, a greater success than "The Humorists;" though I confess I had, and have, a lurking preference for the genial communion with Steele and Fielding, (his great favorites,) and Swift and Sterne, (his aversions,) to the dissection of the tainted remains of the Hanoverian Kings. But there was in one of these lectures a passage familiar to every listener and every hearer which I reproduce here, not merely from an association presently to be referred to, but because it seems to me in transcribing it that I have the dead again before me, and hear a sweet voice in the very printed words:

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission. before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Disposer of life, death, happiness, victory. O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue. O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together, as we stand by this royal corpse and call a truce to battle? Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost!—Oh let him pass—He hates
him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn
grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful
march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pa-
geant, his pride, his grief, his awful trage-
dy!"

Was it this, or was it the other passage
about the Princess Amelia and the old
King praying for returning reason, which
Thackeray referred to in the following
note, written to me from Baltimore, in
answer to one sending an adverse criticism
in a small newspaper of Philadelphia?

"BALTIMORE, January 16, 1856.

"MY DEAR REED: Your letter of the
9th, with one from Boston of the 8th, was
given to me last night when I came home.
In what possible snow-drift have they been
lying torpid? One hundred thanks for
your goodness in the lecture, and all other
matters; and if I can find the face to read
those printed lectures over again, I'll re-
member your good advice. That splendid
crowd on the last lecture night I knew
would make our critical friend angry. I
have not seen the last article, of course,
and don't intend to look for it. And as I
was reading the George III. lecture here
on Monday night, could not help asking
myself, 'What can the man mean by say-
ing that I am uncharitable, unkindly—that
I sneer at virtue?' and so forth. My
own conscience being pretty clear, I can
receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with
calmness—remembering how I used to lay
about me in my own youthful days, and how
I generally took a good tall mark to hit at.

"Wicked weather, and an opera com-
pany which performed on the two first lec-
ture nights here, made the audiences
rather thin; but they fetched up at the
third lecture, and to-night is the last; after
which I go to Richmond, then to go fur-
ther south, from Charleston to Havana
and New Orleans; perhaps to turn back
and try westward, where I know there is a
great crop of dollars to be reaped. But to
be snow-bound in my infirm condition! I
might never get out of the snow alive.

"I go to Washington to-morrow for a
night. I was there and dined with Cramp-
ton on Saturday. He was in good force
and spirits, and I saw no signs of packing-
up or portmanteaus in the hall.

"I send my best regards to Mrs. Reed

and your sister-in-law, and Lewis and his
kind folks, and to Mac's whisky-punch,
which gave me no headache: I'm very
sorry it treated you so unkindly.—Always
yours, dear Reed.

"W. M. THACKERAY."

The allusion in this letter to the printed
lectures recalls a little incident which was
very illustrative of his generous temper, and
is not unlike "the pill-box with the guin-
eas," which I have seen lately in some lit-
erary notices. It was this: On his return
to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1856, from
the south and west, a number of his friends
—I as much as any one—urged him, un-
wisely as it turned out, to repeat his lectures
on "The Humorists." He was very loath
to do it, but finally yielded, being, I doubt
not, somewhat influenced by the pecuniary
inducements accidentally held out to him.
A young bookseller of this city offered him
a round sum—not very large, but, under
the circumstances, quite liberal—for the
course, which he accepted. The experi-
ment was a failure. It was late in the
season, with long days and shortening
nights, and the course was a stale one, and
the lectures had been printed, and the au-
diences were thin, and the bargain was
disastrous, not to him, but to the young
gentleman who had ventured it. We were
all disappointed and mortified; but Thac-
keray took it good-humoredly: the only
thing that seemed to disturb him being his
sympathy with the man of business. "I
don't mind the empty benches, but I can
not bear to see that sad, pale-faced young
man as I come out, who is losing money
on my account." This he used to say at
my house when he came home to a frugal
and not very cheerful supper after the lec-
tures. Still the bargain had been fairly
made, and was honorably complied with:
and the money was paid and remitted,
through my agency, to him at New York.
I received no acknowledgment of the re-
mittance, and recollect well that I felt not
a little annoyed at this; the more so, when,
on picking up a newspaper, I learned that
Thackeray had sailed for home. The day
after he had gone, when there could be no
refusal, I received a certificate of deposit
on his New York bankers for an amount
quite sufficient to meet any loss incurred,
as he thought, on his behalf. I give the
accompanying note, merely suppressing the
name of the gentleman in question. There

are some little things in this note—its blanks and dates—to which a fac-simile alone would do justice:

April 24.

"MY DEAR REED: When you get this, . . . remummum-ember me to kick-kick-kind ffu-ffu-friends . . . a sudden resolution — to — mummum-morrow . . . in the Bu-bu-baltic.

"Good-by, my dear kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I didn't think of going away when I left home this morning; but it's the best way.

"I think it is best to send back 25 per cent to poor —. Will you kindly give him the inclosed; and depend on it I shall go and see Mrs. Best when I go to London, and tell her all about you. My heart is uncommonly heavy: and I am yours gratefully and affectionately.

"W. M. T."

And thus, with an act and words of kindness, he left America never to return.

It was during this visit to the United States that, as he told me, the idea of his American novel, "The Virginians," was conceived; and I have reason to think that some of the details in the story were due as well to Mr. Prescott's "Crossed Swords" as to conversations with me at a time when my mind was full of historical associations and suggestions, and when to think of my country's story was matter of pride and pleasure. In the letter of November, 1854, on my brother's death, Mr. Thackeray speaks of "The Memoirs of Hester Reed," which he had found on his study-table. This was a little volume, privately printed a few years before, containing the biography of my paternal grandmother, Esther de Berdt, a young English girl, who had made the acquaintance of her American lover when, in the colony times, he was a student in the Temple. They married—came to this country: he became a soldier of the Revolution, and she, sharing her husband's feelings and opinions and trials, died, still a young woman, in the middle of the war. As I have said, Esther Reed was my father's mother. Mr. Thackeray seemed pleased with the genuineness of the little book, and talked often of it. The names "Hetty" and "Theodosia," (the latter, I believe, in his family also,) which appear in "The Virginians," are to be found in my homely narrative of revolutionary times. One other suggestion I trace in "The Virginians." I recollect in one of our rambles

telling him of a book which he did not seem to know: and I can hardly say that it is to my credit that I did—"The Memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun." We spoke of the dispute as to its genuineness, (its authenticity as a record of the intrigues of a courtier of Louis XV. there was no reason to doubt,) and I called his attention to the fact, very creditable to my countrywomen of ancient days, that while Lauzun's life, not only in France, where it was natural enough, but in England, was a continuity of atrocious licentiousness, with his victims, names revealed as only a Frenchman of that day was capable of doing, the moment he lands in America, accompanying Rochambeau's army to Rhode Island, the wicked spirit seems rebuked by the purity and simplicity of American women; and though he mentions the names of several ladies whom he met, there is not a word of indecorum or whispered thought of impurity. This idea the reader will find stated in "The Virginians" thus:

"There lived during the last century a certain French duke and marquis who distinguished himself in Europe, and America likewise, and has obliged posterity by leaving behind him a choice volume of memoirs, which the gentle reader is specially warned not to consult. Having performed the part of Don Juan in his own country, in ours, and in other parts of Europe, he has kindly noted down the names of many court beauties who fell victims to his powers of fascination; and very pleasing, no doubt, it must be for the grandsons and descendants of the fashionable persons among whom our brilliant nobleman moved, to find the names of their ancestors adorning M. le Duc's sprightly pages, and their frailties recorded by the candid writer who caused them. In the course of the peregrinations of this nobleman he visited North America, and, as had been his custom in Europe, proceeded straightway to fall in love. And curious it is to contrast the elegant refinements of European society—where, according to Monseigneur, he had but to lay siege to a woman in order to vanquish her—with the simple lives and habits of the colonial folks, amongst whom the European enslaver of hearts did not, it appears, make a single conquest. Had he done so, he would as certainly have narrated his victories in Pennsylvania and New England as he described his successes in this and his own

country. Travelers in America have cried quite loudly enough against the rudeness and barbarism of Transatlantic manners; let the present writer give the humble testimony of his experience, that the conversation of American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure."

"The Virginians" appeared in monthly numbers while I was absent on my mission to China in 1858, and there I read it. In the tone of, I hope pardonable, egotism in which I have thus far written, I transcribe an entry in the little diary I kept in the East for the amusement of my wife and family at home:

"Friday, July 23, Shanghai.—Read today No. VII. of 'The Virginians.' I still like it though I fear my friend Lord Chesterfield will fare badly. I don't care what is said about old Q., or any of the Selwyn party. In one of his letters (this I have lost or mislaid, or some felonious author-graph-hunter has purloined it) to me long ago, Thackeray, when he was projecting 'The Virginians,' told me he should use 'Esther de Berdt;' and now see his heroines are 'Hetty' and 'Theodosia,' and from the same rank of life—almost the only pure one then—to which my 'Hetty' belonged. But what beautiful heart-stirring things one meets in his books! I can't help copying one: 'Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless or tender heart or two, and reckon among the blessings which Heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thy own heart, and try to make it worthy theirs. On thy knees—on thy knees, give thanks for the blessings awarded thee! All the blessings of life are nothing compared with that one—all the rewards of ambition, pleasure, wealth, only vanity and disappointment, grasped at greedily, and fought for fiercely, and over and over again found worthless by the weary winners. But love seems to survive life, and to reach beyond it. I think we take it with us past the grave. Do we not still give it to those who have left us! May we not hope that they feel it for us, and that we shall leave it here in one or two fond bosoms when we also are gone?' You will think I have very little to do or record to have time to make so long extracts; but I could not help it, for the magic words touched me."

On my appointment to China, Thacke-

ray was among the first to congratulate me, at the same time begging me—as he seemed to take for granted that my route to the East would be what, by an odd misnomer, is called the "overland"—to stop with him in London. I went, however, by the Cape of Good Hope, and it was not till my return in the spring of 1859 that we met again. From Malta, or some point on the Continent, I wrote to ask him, having due regard to economy, my party being numerous, and to the odor of official station which still hung round me, to get me suitable lodgings in London, and the following perfectly characteristic note was the answer:

"MAURIGY'S HOTEL, 1 REGENT STREET,
WATERLOO PLACE, April 2, 1859.

"MY DEAR REED: This is the best place for you, I think. Two bishops already in the house. Country-gentlefolks and American envoys especially affect it. Mr. Maurigy says you may come for a day at the rate of some ten guineas a week, with rooms very clean and nice, which I have just gone over, and go away at the day's end if you disapprove.

"This letter [referring to one inclosed] is about the Athenæum, where you may like to look in. I wrote to Lord Stanhope, who is on the committee, to put you up.

"I won't bore you by asking you to dinner till we see how matters are, as of course you will consort with bigger wigs than yours always,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

No "bigger wigs" came between us. During my fortnight in London—for I was hastening home after two years' absence—we saw him nearly every day. He came regularly to our quarters, went with me to the Athenæum—that spot of brilliant association—where he pointed out the eminent men of whom I had heard and read; and then he would go to his working-table in the Club Library and write for the "Cornhill." He would carry my son, a young man just of age, off with him to see the London world in odd "haunts." I dined with him twice: once at his modest house in Onslow Square, where we had the great pleasure of seeing his daughters; and once at Greenwich, at a bachelor's dinner, where I made the acquaintance, since ripened into intimacy, of another friend, who I am sure will excuse this distant allusion to him. We looked out on the Park, and the river where the Great Eastern was lying before

her first voyage, and talked of America and American associations, and of the chance of his coming again. And our last dinner was over. I left London on the 30th April, 1859. Mr. and Miss Thackeray were at the Euston Square station to say farewell. He took my son aside, and to his infinite confusion handed him a little *cadeau*, which I hope he will always cherish with pride for the sake of the giver. "We parted with a great deal of kindness, please God, and friendly talk of a future meeting. May it happen one day; for I feel sure he was a just man."

My pious duty is nearly done. On my return to America our correspondence naturally enough languished: each was much occupied; he with drudgery which was exhausting and engrossing. I often received kind messages and sometimes apologies. After the Civil War began, no letter passed between us. I had not the heart to write, and I don't believe he had; for I reject with emphasis the idea that his gentle nature could feel aught but horror at this war of brethren—"brothers speaking the same dear mother tongue." His American novel and his pictures of life in ancient days at Castlewood on the Potomac, show this abundantly. He had been in the South and met Southern ladies and gentlemen, the highest types of American civilization. This I may say now in their hour of suffering and possible disaster. He had visited Southern homes and shared Southern hospitality.

As recently as February, 1862, in one of his fugitive essays, he referred to an incident of our days of sorrow, and thus embalmed his affectionate regard for a distant friend on whom the hand of arbitrary power was, or was supposed to be, laid. I have reason to believe the reference was to a gentleman long a resident of Savannah.

"I went to the play one night, and protest I hardly knew what was the entertainment which passed before my eyes. In the next stall was an American gentleman who knew me. . . . And the Christmas piece which the actors were playing proceeded like a piece in a dream. To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbor presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America—the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome, and the most delightful hospitality—was a prisoner in Fort Warren on charges by which his life might be risked. I think it was the most dismal Christmas piece these eyes ever looked on."

One other memorandum I did receive from my friend. In the summer of 1863 an Anglo-Indian officer brought me the following note written on one of the little book-slips used in the Reading-Room of the British Museum.

"At sight pay any kindness you can to the bearer, Major F. Goldsmith, and debit the same to your old friend,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

My little Memorial is finished. I have written it, in a frame of mind distracted by all that in these last few days has been going on around me, with two objects: one, to embalm, I trust not unpleasantly to any one, the memories I happen to have of a friend who was dear to me; the other, to try by a desperate intellectual effort to throw aside, if but for a moment, (and the date will show why I feel so,) the burden of consciousness that bloody deeds are now doing which will bring new sorrow into many a home.

May 14, 1864.

[From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

GAMBLING SUPERSTITIONS.

It might be supposed that those who are most familiar with the actual results which present themselves in long series of chance-games would form the most correct views respecting the conditions on which such results depend—would be, in fact, freest from all superstitious ideas respecting chance or luck. The gambler who sees every system—his own infallible system included—foiled by the run of events,

who witnesses the discomfiture of one gamester after another that for a time had seemed irresistibly lucky, and who can number by the hundred those who have been ruined by the love of play, might be expected to recognize the futility of all attempts to anticipate the results of chance combinations. It is, however, but too well known that the reverse is the case. The more familiar a man becomes with the

multitude of such combinations, the more confidently he believes in the possibility of foretelling—not, indeed, any special event, but the general run of several approaching events. There has never been a successful gambler who has not believed that his success (temporary though such success ever is, where games of pure chance are concerned) has been the result of skillful conduct on his own part; and there has never been a ruined gambler (though ruined gamblers are to be counted by thousands) who has not believed that when ruin overtook him he was on the very point of mastering the secret of success. It is this fatal confidence which gives to gambling its power of fascinating the lucky as well as the unlucky. The winner continues to tempt fortune, believing all the while that he is exerting some special aptitude for games of chance, until the inevitable change of luck arrives; and thereafter he continues to play because he believes that his luck has only deserted him for a time, and must presently return. The unlucky gambler, on the contrary, regards his losses as sacrifices to insure the ultimate success of his "system," and even when he has lost his all, continues firm in the belief that had he had more money to sacrifice he could have bound fortune to his side forever.

We propose to consider some of the most common gambling superstitions,—noting, at the same time, that like superstitions prevail respecting chance events (or what is called fortune) even among those who never gamble.

Houdin, in his interesting book, *Les Tricheries des Grecs dévoilées*, has given some amusing instances of the fruits of long gambling experience. "They are presented," says Steinmetz, from whose work, *The Gaming-Table*, we quote them, "as the axioms of a professional gambler and cheat." Thus we might expect that, however unsatisfactory to men of honest mind, they would at least savor of a certain sort of wisdom. Yet these axioms, the fruit of long study directed by self-interest, are all utterly untrustworthy.

"Every game of chance," says this authority, "presents two kinds of chances which are very distinct—namely those relating to the person interested, that is the player; and those inherent in the combinations of the game." That is, we are to distinguish between the chances proper to the game, and those depending on the

luck of the player. Proceeding to consider the chances proper to the game itself, our friendly cheat sums them all up in two rules. First: "Though chance can bring into the game all possible combinations, there are, nevertheless, certain limits at which it seems to stop: such, for instance, as a certain number turning up ten times in succession at roulette; this is possible, but it has never happened." Secondly: "In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer we are to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn up. This is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed *the maturity of the chances*," (and he might have added that the belief in this elementary theory had ruined thousands.) "Hence," he proceeds, "a player must come to the table not only 'in luck,' but he must not risk his money except at the instant prescribed by the rules of the maturity of the chances." Then follow the precepts for personal conduct: "For gaming prefer roulette, because it presents several ways of staking your money—which permits the study of several. A player should approach the gaming-table perfectly calm and cool—just as a merchant or tradesman in treaty about any affair. If he gets into a passion it is all over with prudence, all over with good luck—for the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player. Every man who finds a pleasure in playing runs the risk of losing.* A prudent player, before undertaking any thing, should put himself to the test to discover if he is 'in vein' or in luck. In all doubt he should abstain. There are several persons who are constantly pursued by bad luck: to such I say—*never play*. Stubbornness at play is ruin. Remember that Fortune does not like people to be overjoyed at her favors, and that she prepares bitter deceptions for the imprudent who are intoxicated by success. Lastly, before risking your money at play, study your 'vein,' and the different probabilities of the game—termed, as aforesaid, the maturity of the chances."

* This naïve admission would appear, as we shall presently see, to have been the fruit of genuine experience on our gambler's part: it only requires that, for the words "runs the risk," we should read "incurs the certainty," to be incontrovertible.

Before proceeding to exhibit the fallacy of the principles here enunciated—principles which have worked incalculable mischief—it may be well for us to sketch the history of the scamp who enunciated them,—so far, at least, as his gambling successes are concerned. His first meeting with Houdin took place at a subscription ball, where he managed to fleece Houdin “and others to a considerable amount, contriving a dexterous escape when detected. Houdin afterwards fell in with him at Spa, where he found the gambler in the greatest poverty, and lent him a small sum—to practice his grand theories.” This sum the gambler lost, and Houdin advised him “to take up a less dangerous occupation.” It was on this occasion, it would seem, that the gambler revealed to Houdin the particulars recorded in his book. “A year afterwards Houdin unexpectedly fell in with him again; but this time the fellow was transformed into what is called a ‘*demi-millionnaire*,’ having succeeded to a large fortune on the death of his brother, who died intestate. According to Houdin, the following was the man’s declaration at the auspicious meeting: ‘I have,’ he said, ‘completely renounced gaming: I am rich enough; and care no longer for fortune. And yet,’ he added proudly, ‘if I now cared for the thing, how I could break those bloated banks in their pride, and what a glorious vengeance I could take of bad luck and its inflexible agents! But my heart is too full of my happiness to allow the smallest place for the desire of vengeance.’” Three years later he died; and Houdin informs us that he left the whole of his fortune to various charitable institutions, his career after his acquisition of wealth going far to demonstrate the justice of Becky Sharp’s theory that it is easy to be honest on five thousand a year.

It is remarkable that the principles enunciated above are not merely erroneous, but self-contradictory. Yet it is to be noticed that though they are presented as the outcome of a life of gambling experiences, they are in reality entertained by all gamblers, however limited their experience, as well as by many who are only prevented by the lack of opportunity from entering the dangerous path which has led so many to ruin. These contradictory superstitions may be called severally—the gambler’s belief in his own good luck, and his faith in the turn of luck. When he is

considering his own fortune he does not hesitate to believe that on the whole the Fates will favor him, though this belief implies in reality the *persistence* of favorable conditions. On the contrary, when he is considering the fortunes of others who are successful in their play against him, he does not doubt that their good luck will presently desert them, that is, he believes in the *non-persistence* of favorable conditions in their case.

Taking in their order the gambling superstitions which have been presented above, we have first of all, to inquire what truth there is in the idea that there are limits beyond which pure chance has no power of introducing peculiar combinations. Let us consider this hypothesis in the light of actual experience. Mr. Steinmetz tells us that, in 1813, a Mr. Ogden wagered 1000 guineas to one that “seven” would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair) and strange to say his opponent threw “seven” *nine times running*. At this point Mr. Ogden offered 470 guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined, (though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance.) He cast yet once more, and threw “nine,” so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

Now here we have an instance of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded before or since. Before those throws had been made, it might have been asserted that the throwing of nine successive “sevens” with a pair of dice, was a circumstance which chance could never bring about, for experience was as much against such an event as it would seem to be against the turning up of a certain number ten successive times at roulette. Yet experience now shows that the thing is possible; and if we are to limit the action of chance, we must assert that the throwing of “seven” *ten* times in succession is an event which will never happen. Yet such a conclusion obviously rests on as unstable a basis as the former, of which experience has disposed. Observe, however, how the two gamblers viewed this very eventuality. Nine successive “sevens” had been thrown; and if there were any truth in the theory that the power of chance was limited, it might have been regarded as all but certain that the next throw

would not be a "seven." But a run of bad fortune had so shaken Mr. Ogden's faith in his luck (as well as in the theory of the maturity of the chances) that he was ready to pay 470 guineas (nearly thrice the mathematical value of his opponent's chance) in order to save his endangered thousand; and so confident was his opponent that the run of luck would continue that he declined this very favorable offer. Experience had in fact shown both the players, that although "sevens" could not be thrown forever, yet there was no saying when the throw would change. Both reasoned probably that as an eighth throw had followed seven successive throws of "seven," (a wonderful chance,) and as a ninth had followed eight successive throws, (an unprecedented event,) a tenth might well follow the nine, (though hitherto no such series of throws had ever been heard of.) They were forced as it were by the run of events to reason justly as to the possibility of a tenth throw of "seven,"—nay, to exaggerate that possibility into probability; and it appears from the narrative that the strange series of throws quite checked the betting propensities of the bystanders, and that not one was led to lay the wager (which according to ordinary gambling superstitions would have been a safe one) that the tenth throw would not give "seven."

We have spoken of the unfairness of the original wager. It may interest our readers to know exactly how much should have been wagered against a single guinea, that ten "sevens" would not be thrown. With a pair of dice there are thirty-six possible throws, and six of these give "seven" as the total. Thus the chance of throwing "seven" is one sixth, and the chance of throwing "seven" ten times running is obtained by multiplying six into itself ten times, and placing the resulting number under unity, to represent the minute fractional chance required. It will be found that the number thus obtained is 60,466,176, and instead of 1000 guineas, fairness required that 60,466,175 guineas should have been wagered against one guinea, so enormous are the chances against the occurrence of ten successive throws of "seven." Even against nine successive throws the fair odds would have been 10,077,595 to one, or about forty thousand guineas to a farthing. But when the nine throws of "seven" had been made,

the chance of a tenth throw of "seven" was simply one sixth as at the first trial. If there were any truth in the theory of the "maturity of chances," the chance of such a throw would of course be greatly diminished. But even taking the mathematical value of the chance, Mr. Ogden need in fairness only have offered a sixth part of 1001 guineas, (the amount of the stakes,) or 166 guineas 17s. 6d., to be off his wager. So that his opponent accepted in the first instance an utterly unfair offer, and refused in the second instance a sum exceeding by more than three hundred guineas the real value of his chance.

Closely connected with the theory about the range of possibility in the matter of chance combinations, is the theory of the maturity of the chances—"the most elementary of the theories on probabilities." It might safely be termed the most mischievous of gambling superstitions.

As an illustration of the application of this theory, we may cite the case of an Englishman, once well-known at foreign gambling-tables, who had based a system on a generalization of this theory. In point of fact the theory asserts that when there has been a run in favor of any particular event, the chances in favor of the event are reduced, and, therefore, necessarily, the chances in favor of other events are increased. Now our Englishman watched the play at the roulette table for two full hours, carefully noting the numbers which came up during that time. Then, eschewing those numbers which had come up oftenest, he staked his money on those which had come up very seldom or not at all. Here was an infallible system according to "the most elementary of the theories of probability." The tendency of chance-results to right themselves, so that events equally likely in the first instance will occur an equal number of times in the long run, was called into action to enrich our gambler and to ruin the unlucky bankers. Be it noted in passing, that events do thus right themselves, though this circumstance does not operate quite as the gambler supposed, and can not be trusted to put a penny into any one's pocket. The system was tried, however, and instead of reasoning respecting its soundness, we may content ourselves with recording the result. On the first day our Englishman won more than seven hun-

dred pounds in a single hour. "His exultation was boundless. He thought he had really discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' Off he went to his banker's, and transmitted the greater portion of his winnings to London. The next day he played and lost fifty pounds; and the following day he achieved the same result, and had to write to town for remittances. In fine, in a week he had lost all the money he won at first, with the exception of fifty pounds, which he reserved to take him home; and being thoroughly convinced of the exceeding fickleness of fortune, he has never staked a sixpence since, and does all in his power to dissuade others from playing."*

It may appear paradoxical to say, that there is chance that results right themselves—nay, that there is an absolute certainty that in the long run they will occur as often (in proportion) as their respective chances warrant, and at the same time to assert that it is utterly useless for any gambler to trust to this circumstance. Yet not only is each statement true, but it is of first-rate importance in the study of our subject that the truth of each should be clearly recognized.

That the first statement is true will perhaps not be questioned. The reasoning on which it is based would be too abstruse for these pages; but it has been experimentally verified over and over again. Thus, if a coin be tossed many thousands of times, and the numbers of resulting "heads" and "tails" be noted, it is found, not necessarily that these numbers differ from each other by a very small quantity, but that their difference is small compared with either. In mathematical phrase, the two numbers are nearly in a ratio of equality. Again, if a die be tossed, say, six million times, although there will not probably have been exactly a million throws of each face, yet the number of the throws of each face will differ from a million by a quantity very small indeed compared with the total number of throws. So certain is this law, that it has been made the means of determining the real chances for an event, or of ascertaining facts which had been before unknown. Thus, De Morgan relates the following story in illustration of this law. He received it "from a distinguished naval officer, who was once em-

ployed to bring home a cargo of dollars."

"At the end of the voyage," he says, "it was discovered that one of the boxes which contained them had been forced; and on making further search a large bag of dollars was discovered in the possession of some one on board. The coins in the different boxes were a mixture of all manner of dates and sovereigns, and it occurred to the commander, that if the contents of the boxes were sorted, a comparison of the proportions of the different sorts in the bag, with those in the box which had been opened, would afford strong presumptive evidence one way or the other. This comparison was accordingly made, and the agreement between the distribution of the several coins in the bag and those in the box, was such as to leave no doubt as to the former having formed a part of the latter." If the bag of stolen dollars had been a small one, the inference would have been unsafe, but the great number of dollars corresponded to a great number of chance trials; and as in such a large series of trials the several results would be sure to occur in numbers corresponding to their individual chances, it followed that the numbers of coins of the different kinds in the stolen lot would be proportional, or very nearly so, to the numbers of those respective coins in the forced box. Thus in this case the thief increased the strength of the evidence against him by every dollar he added to his ill-gotten store.

We may mention, in passing, an even more curious application of this law, to no less a question than that much talked of, but little understood problem, the squaring of the circle. It can be shown by mathematical reasoning, that, if a straight rod be so tossed at random in the air as to fall on a grating of equidistant parallel bars, the chance of the rod falling through depends on the length and thickness of the rod, the distance between the parallel bars, and the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter. So that when the rod and grating have been carefully measured, it is only necessary to know the proportion just mentioned in order to calculate the chance of the rod falling through. But also, if we can learn in some other way the chance of the rod falling through, we can infer the proportion referred to. Now the law we are considering teaches us that if we

* From an interesting paper entitled "*Le Jeu est fait*" in *Chambers's Journal*.

only toss the rod often enough, the chance of its falling through will be indicated by the number of times it actually does fall through, compared with the total number of trials. Hence we can estimate the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter, by merely tossing a rod over a grating several thousand times, and counting how often it falls through. The experiment has been tried, and Professor de Morgan tells us that a very excellent evaluation of the celebrated proportion (the determination of which is equivalent in reality to squaring the circle) was the result.

And let it be noticed in passing that this inexorable law—for in its effect it is the most inflexible of all the laws of probability—shows how fatal it must be to contend long at any game of pure chance, where the odds are in favor of our opponent. For instance, let us assume for a moment that the assertion of the foreign gaming bankers is true, and that the chances are but from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in their favor. Yet in the long run, this percentage must manifest its effects. Where a few hundreds have been wagered the bank may not win $1\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{1}{2}$ on each, or may lose considerably; but where thousands of hundreds are wagered, the bank will certainly win about their percentage, and the players will therefore lose to a corresponding extent. This is inevitable, so only that the play continue long enough. Now it is sometimes forgotten that to insure such gain to the bank, it is by no means necessary that the players should come prepared to stake so many hundreds of pounds. Those who sit down to play may not have a tithe of the sum necessary—if only wagered once—to insure the success of the bank. But every florin the players bring with them may be, and commonly is, wagered over and over again. There is repeated gain and loss, and loss and gain; insomuch that the player who finally loses a hundred pounds, may have wagered in the course of the sitting a thousand or even many thousand pounds. Those fortunate beings who “break the bank,” from time to time, may even have accomplished the feat of wagering millions during the process which ends in the final loss of the few thousands they may have begun with.

Why is it, then, it will be asked, that this inexorable law is yet not to be trusted? For this reason simply, that the mode of

its operation is altogether uncertain. If in a thousand trials there has been a remarkable preponderance of any particular class of events, it is not a whit more probable that the preponderance will be compensated by a corresponding deficiency in the next thousand trials than that it will be repeated in that set also. The most probable result of the second thousand trials is precisely that result which was most probable for the first thousand—that is, that there will be no marked preponderance either way. But there *may be* such a preponderance; and it may lie either way. It is the same with the next thousand, and the next, and for every such set. They are in no way affected by preceding events. In the nature of things, how can they be? But “the whirligig of time brings in its revenges” in its own way. The balance is restored just as chance directs. It may be in the next thousand trials, it may be not before many thousands of trials. We are utterly unable to guess when or how it will be brought about.

But it may be urged that this is mere assertion; and many will be very ready to believe that it is opposed to experience, or even contrary to common sense. Yet experience has over and over again confirmed the matter, and common sense, though it may not avail to unravel the seeming paradox, yet can not insist on the absurdity that coming events of pure chance are affected by completed events of the same kind. If a person has tossed “heads” nine times running, (we assume fair and lofty tosses with a well-balanced coin,) common sense teaches him, as he is about to make a tenth trial, that the chances on that trial are precisely the same as the chances on the first. It would indeed have been rash for him to predict that he would reach that trial without once failing to toss “head;” but as the thing has happened, the odds originally against it count for nothing. They are disposed of by known facts. We have said, however, that experience confirms our theory. It chances that a series of experiments have been made on coin-tossing. Buffon was the experimenter, and he tossed thousands of times, noting always how many times he tossed “head” running before “tail” appeared. In the course of these trials he many times tossed “head” nine times running. Now, if the tossing “head” nine times running rendered the chance of toss-

ing a tenth head much less than usual, it would necessarily follow that in considerably more than one half of these instances Buffon would have failed to toss a tenth head. But he did not. We forget the exact numbers, but this we know, that in about half of the cases in which he tossed nine "heads" running, the next trial also gave him "head;" and about half of these tossings of ten successive "heads" were followed by the tossing of an eleventh "head." In the nature of things this was to be expected.

And now let us consider the cognate questions suggested by our sharper's ideas respecting the person who plays. This person is to consider carefully whether he is "*in vein*," and not otherwise to play. He is to be cool and businesslike, for fortune is invariably adverse to an angry player. Steinmetz, who appears to place some degree of reliance on the suggestion that a player should be "*in vein*," cites in illustration and confirmation of the rule the following instance from his own experience: "I remember," he says, "a curious incident in my childhood which seems very much to the point of this axiom. A magnificent gold watch and chain were given toward the building of a church, and my mother took three chances, which were at a very high figure, the watch and chain being valued at more than 100*l*. One of these chances was entered in my name, one in my brother's, and the third in my mother's. I had to throw for her as well as myself. My brother threw an insignificant figure; for myself I did the same; but, oddly enough, I refused to throw for my mother on finding that I had lost my chance, saying that I should wait a little longer—rather a curious piece of prudence" (read, rather, superstition) "for a child of thirteen. The raffle was with three dice; the majority of the chances had been thrown, and 'thirty-four' was the highest." (It is to be presumed that the three dice were thrown twice, yet "thirty-four" is a remarkable throw with six dice, and "thirty-six" altogether exceptional.) "I went on throwing the dice for amusement, and was surprised to find that every throw was better than the one I had in the raffle. I thereupon said, 'Now I'll throw for mamma.' I threw thirty-six, which won the watch! My mother had been a large subscriber to the building of the church, and the priest said that my winning the watch

for her was quite *providential*. According to M. Houdin's authority, however, it seems that I only got into '*vein*,'—but how I came to pause and defer throwing the last chance has always puzzled me respecting this incident of my childhood, which made too great an impression ever to be effaced."

It is probable that most of our readers can recall some circumstance in their lives, some surprising coincidence, which has caused a similar impression, and which they have found it almost impossible to regard as strictly fortuitous.

In chance games especially, curious coincidences of the sort occur, and lead to the superstitious notion that they are not mere coincidences, but in some definite way associated with the fate or fortune of the player, or else with some event which has previously taken place—as a change of seats, a new deal, or the like. There is scarcely a gambler who is not prepared to assert his faith in certain observances, whereby, as he believes, a change of luck may be brought about. In an old work on card-games the player is gravely advised, if the luck has been against him, to turn three times round with his chair, "for then the luck will infallibly change in your favor."

Equally superstitious is the notion that anger brings bad luck, or, as M. Houdin's authority puts it, that "the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player." At a game of pure chance good temper makes the player careless under ill-fortune, but it can not secure him against it. In like manner, passion may excite the attention of others to the player's losses, and in any case causes himself to suffer more keenly under them, but it is only in this sense that passion is unlucky for him. He is as likely to make a lucky hit when in a rage as in the calmest mood.

It is easy to see how superstitions such as these take their origin. We can understand that since one who has been very unlucky in games of pure chance, is not antecedently likely to continue equally unlucky, a superstitious observance is not unlikely to be followed by a seeming change of luck. When this happens the coincidence is noted and remembered; but failures are readily forgotten. Again, if the fortunes of a passionate player be recorded by dispassionate bystanders, he will not appear to be pursued by worse luck than his

neighbors; but he will be disposed to regard himself as the victim of unusual ill-fortune. He may perhaps register a vow to keep his temper in future; and then his luck may seem to him to improve, even though a careful record of his gains and losses would show no change whatever in his fortunes.

But it may not seem quite so easy to explain those undoubted runs of luck, by which players "in the vein" (as supposed) have broken gaming-banks, and have enabled those who have followed their fortunes to achieve temporary success. The history of the notorious Garcia, and of others who like him have been for awhile the favorites of fortune, will occur at once to many of our readers, and will appear to afford convincing proof of the theory that the luck of such gamblers has had a real influence on the fortunes of the game. The following narrative gives an accurate and graphic picture of the way in which these "bank-breakers" are followed and believed in, while their success seems to last.

The scene is laid in one of the most celebrated German Kursaals.

"What a sudden influx of people into the room! Now, indeed, we shall see a celebrity. The tall light-haired young man coming toward us, and attended by such a retinue, is a young Saxon nobleman who made his appearance here a short time ago, and commenced his gambling career by staking very small sums; but, by the most extraordinary luck, he was able to increase his capital to such an extent that he now rarely stakes under the maximum, and almost always wins. They say that when the croupiers see him place his money on the table, they immediately prepare to pay him, without waiting to see which color has actually won, and that they have offered him a handsome sum down to desist from playing while he remains here. Crowds of people stand outside the Kursaal doors every morning, awaiting his arrival, and when he comes following him into the room, and staking as he stakes. When he ceases playing they accompany him to the door, and shower on him congratulations and thanks for the good fortune he has brought them. See how all the people make way for him at the table, and how deferential are the subdued greetings of his acquaintances! He does not bring much money with him, his luck is too great to require it. He

takes some notes out of a case, and places maximums on *black* and *coulour*. A crowd of eager hands are immediately outstretched from all parts of the table, heaping up silver and gold and notes on the spaces on which he has staked his money, till there scarcely seems room for another coin, while the other spaces on the table only contain a few florins staked by skeptics who refuse to believe in the count's luck." He wins; and the narrative proceeds to describe his continued successes, until he rises from the table a winner of about one hundred thousand francs at that sitting.

The success of Garcia was so remarkable at times as to affect the value of the shares in the *Privilegirte Bank* ten or twenty per cent. Nor would it be difficult to cite many instances which seem to supply incontrovertible evidence that there is something more than common chance in the temporary successes of these (so-called) fortunate men.

Indeed, to assert merely that in the nature of things there can be no such thing as luck that can be depended on even for a short time, would probably be quite useless. There is only one way of meeting the infatuation of those who trust in the fates of lucky gamblers. We can show that, granted a sufficient number of trials,—and it will be remembered that the number of those who have risked their fortunes at *roulette* and *rouge et noir* is incalculably great—there must *inevitably* be a certain number who appear exceptionally lucky—or, rather, that the odds are overwhelmingly against the continuance of play on the scale which prevails at the foreign gambling tables, without the occurrence of several instances of persistent runs of luck.

To remove from the question the perplexities resulting from the nature of the above-named games, let us suppose that the tossing of a coin is to determine the success or failure of the player, and that he will win if he throws "head." Now if a player tossed "head" twenty times running on any occasion it would be regarded as a most remarkable run of luck, and it would not be easy to persuade those who witnessed the occurrence that the thrower was not in some special and definite manner the favorite of fortune. We may take such exceptional success as corresponding to the good fortune of a "bank-breaker."

Yet it is easily shown that with a number of trials which must fall enormously short of the number of cases in which fortune is risked at foreign Kursaals, the throwing of twenty successive heads would be practically insured. Suppose every adult person in Britain—say 10,000,000 in all—were to toss a coin, each tossing until “tail” was thrown; then it is practically certain that several among them would toss twenty times before “tail” was thrown. Thus, it is certain that about five millions would toss “head” once; of these about one half, or some two millions and a half, would toss “head” on the second trial; about a million and a quarter would toss “head” on the third trial; about six hundred thousand on the fourth; some three hundred thousand on the fifth; and by proceeding in this way—roughly halving the numbers successively obtained—we find that some eight or nine of the ten million persons would be almost certain to toss “head” twenty times running. It must be remembered that so long as the numbers continue large the probability that *about* half will toss “head” at the next trial amounts almost to certainty. For example, about 140 toss “head” sixteen times running; now it is utterly unlikely that of these 140, fewer than 60 will toss “head” yet a seventeenth time. But if the above process failed on trial to give even one person who tossed heads twenty times running—an utterly improbable event—yet the trial could be made four or five times, with practical certainty that not one or two, but thirty or forty, persons would achieve the seemingly incredible feat of tossing “head” twenty times running. Nor would all these thirty or forty persons fail to throw even three or four more “heads.”

Now if we consider the immense number of trials made at gambling tables, and if we further consider the gamblers as in a sense typified by our ten millions of coin-tossers, we shall see that it is not merely probable but absolutely certain that from time to time there must be marvelous runs of luck at *roulette, rouge et noir, hazard, faro*, and other games of chance. Suppose that at the public gaming-tables on the continent there sit down each night but one thousand persons in all, that each person makes but ten ventures each night, and that there are but one hundred gambling nights in the year—each supposition falling

far below the truth—there are then one million ventures each year. It can not be regarded as wonderful, then, that among the fifty millions of ventures made (on this supposition) during the last half century, there should be noted some runs of luck which on any single trial would seem incredible. On the contrary, this is so far from being wonderful that it would be far more wonderful if no such runs of luck had occurred. It is probable that if the actual number of ventures, and the circumstances of each, could be ascertained, and if any mathematician could deal with the tremendous array of figures in such sort as to deduce the exact mathematical chance of the occurrence of bank-breaking runs of luck, it would be found that the antecedent odds were many millions to one in favor of the occurrence of a certain number of such events. In the simpler case of our coin-tossers the chance of twenty successive “heads” being tossed can be quite readily calculated. We have made the calculation, and we find that if the ten million persons had each two trials the odds would be more than 10,000 to 1 in favor of the occurrence of twenty successive “heads” once at least; and only a million and a half need have a single trial each, in order to give an even chance of such an occurrence.

But we may learn a further lesson from our illustrative tossers. We have seen that granted only a sufficient number of trials, runs of luck are practically certain to occur; but we may also infer that no run of luck can be *trusted* to continue. The very principle which has led us to the conclusion that several of our tossers would throw twenty “heads” successively, leads also to the conclusion that one who has tossed heads twelve or thirteen times, or any other considerable number of times in succession, is not more (or less) likely to toss “head” on the next trial than at the beginning. *About half*, we said, in discussing the fortunes of the tossers, would toss “head” at the next trial: in other words, *about half* would fail to toss “head.” The chances for and against these lucky tossers are equal at the next trial, precisely as the chances for and against the least lucky of the ten million tossers would be equal at any single tossing.

Yet, it may be urged, experience shows that luck continues; for many have won by following the lead of lucky players.

Now we might at the outset, point out that this belief in the continuance of luck is suggested by an idea directly contradictory to that on which is based the theory of the maturity of the chances. If the oftener an event has occurred, the more unlikely is its occurrence at the next trial—the common belief—then contrary to the common belief, the oftener a player has won, (that is, the longer has been his run of luck,) the more unlikely is he to win at the next venture. We can not separate the two theories, and assume that the theory of the maturity of the chances relates to the play, and the theory of runs of luck to the player. The success of the player at any trial is as distinctly an event—a chance event—as the turning up of ace or deuce at the cast of a die.

What then are we to say of the experience of those who have won money by following a lucky player? Let us revert to our coin-tossers. Let us suppose that the progress of the venture in a given county is made known to a set of betting men in that county; and that when it becomes known that a person has tossed "head" twelve times running, the betting men hasten to back the luck of that person. Further, suppose this to happen in every county in England. Now we have seen that these persons are no more likely to toss a thirteenth "head," than they are to fail. About half will succeed and about half will fail. Thus about half their backers will win and about half will lose. But the successes of the winners will be widely announced; while the mischances of the losers will be concealed. This will happen—the like notoriously does happen—for two reasons. First, gamblers pay little attention to the misfortunes of their fellows: the professed gambler is utterly selfish, and, moreover, he hates the sight of misfortune because it unpleasantly reminds him of his own risks. Secondly, losing gamblers do not like their losses to be noised abroad; they object to having their luck suspected by others, and they are even disposed to blind themselves to their own ill-fortune as far as possible. Thus, the inevitable success of about one half of our coin-tossers would be accompanied inevitably by the success of those who "backed their luck," and the success of such backers would be bruited abroad and be quoted as examples; while the failure of those who had backed the other half,

(whose luck was about to fail them,) would be comparatively unnoticed. Unquestionably the like holds in the case of public gambling-tables. If any doubt this, let them inquire what has been heard of those who continued to back Garcia and other "bank-breakers." We know that Garcia and the rest of these lucky gamblers have been ruined; they had risen too high and were followed too constantly for their fall to remain unnoticed. But what has been heard of those unfortunates who backed Garcia after his last successful venture, and before the change in his luck had been made manifest? We hear nothing of them, though a thousand stories are told of those who made money while Garcia and the rest were "in luck."

In passing, we may add to these considerations the circumstance that it is the interest of gaming-bankers to conceal the misfortunes of the unlucky, and to announce and exaggerate the success of the fortunate.

We by no means question, be it understood, the possibility that money may be gained quite safely by gambling. Granting, first, odds such as the "banks" have in their favor; secondly, a sufficient capital to prevent premature collapse; and thirdly, a sufficient number of customers, success is absolutely certain in the long run. The capital of the gambling-public doubtless exceeds collectively the capital of the gambling-banks; but it is not used collectively; the fortunes of the gambling-public are devoured successively, the sticks which would be irresistible as a faggot, are broken one by one. We leave our readers to judge whether this circumstance should encourage gambling or the reverse.

It is also easy to understand why in the betting on horse-racing in this country and others, success ordinarily attends the professional bettor, rather than the amateur, or, in the slang of the subject, why "the ring" gets the advantage of "the gentlemen?" Apart from his access to secret sources of information, the professional bettor nearly always "lays the odds" that is, bets against individual horses; while the amateur "takes the odds," or backs the horse he fancies. Now if the odds represented the strict value of the horse's chance, it would be as safe in the long run to "take" as to "lay" the odds. But no professional bettor lays fair odds, save by mistake. Nor is it difficult to get the ama-

teur to take unfair odds. For "backing" is seemingly a safe course. The "backer" risks a small sum to gain a large one, and if the fair large sum is a little reduced, he still conceives that he is not risking much. Yet, (to take an example,) if the true odds are nine to one against a horse, and the amateur sportsman consents to take eight to one in hundreds, then though he risks but a single hundred against the chance of winning eight, he has been as truly swindled out of ten pounds as though his pocket had been picked of that sum. This is easily shown. The total sum staked is nine hundred pounds, and at the odds of nine to one, the stakes should have been respectively ninety pounds and eight hundred and ten pounds. Our amateur should, therefore, only have risked ninety pounds for his fair chance of the total sum stated. But he has been persuaded to risk one

hundred pounds for that chance. He has therefore been swindled out of ten pounds. And in the long run, if he laid several hundreds of wagers of the same amount, and on the same plan, he would inevitably lose on the average about ten pounds per venture.

In conclusion, we may thus present the position of the gambler who is not ready to secure fortune as his ally by trickery. If he meets gamblers who are not equally honest, he is not trying his luck against theirs, but, at the best (as De Morgan puts it) only a part of his against more than the whole of theirs. If he meets players as honest as himself he must, nevertheless, as Lord Holland said to Selwyn, "be—in earnest and without irony—*en vérité le serviteur très humble des événements*, in truth the very humble servant of events."

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THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

BY RICHARD PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

THE death of the great astronomer to whom more than to any other we owe the interest with which astronomy is studied in our time, invites us to some reflections on the value of such study, and on the special purposes which it is best fitted to subserve. I wish particularly to note that I am not here about to examine the utilitarian aspect of the science. No one is likely to dispute the assertion that in our highly utilitarian age the practical application of astronomy subserves highly important purposes. The whole system of commerce, for example, depends on the accuracy with which the astronomers of Greenwich and other national observatories note the apparent motions of the stars. The survey of land districts can not be efficiently carried out without astronomical observations and a careful consideration of astronomical principles. And besides a number of other instances in which astronomy is directly applied to practically useful purposes, it is only necessary to consider how many and what important interests depend on the commercial relations between different countries, and on the careful survey of the earth's surface, to see that astronomy holds almost as high a position among the useful sciences as among those which relate

chiefly to the extension of our knowledge. But, as I have said, it is not of the utilitarian aspect of astronomy that I wish to speak. I purpose to consider the study of astronomy as a means of mental training—whether as affording subjects of profitable contemplation; or as offering problems the inquiry into which can not fail to discipline the mind; or, lastly, as suggesting the actual application of methods of observation by which at once the patience and ingenuity of the observer may be exercised, his knowledge extended, and his mind supplied with fresh subjects for study.

For whatever those may think who have not familiarized themselves with the teachings of astronomy, there can be no question that the highest place is given by astronomers themselves to those rather who have advanced our knowledge of astronomical facts—whether by careful observation or by judicious theorizing—than to those who have applied astronomy most successfully to practical purposes. If we take the names which are most highly honored by astronomers, and consider why they are honored, we shall see that this is so. I suppose that practical astronomy, as it is now known to us, would have had no existence but for the re-

searches of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton. It is true that the same amount of labor devoted to the simple observation of the celestial movements might very well have resulted in making astronomers quite as confident both in prediction and retrospection as they actually are. But it is altogether unlikely that the same amount of labor would actually have been directed to astronomical inquiries but for the confidence engendered by the work of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton. So that in one sense we may see that these great men have done more to advance practical astronomy than any others, and that the high honor in which their names are held by astronomers would be justified by this circumstance alone. Yet, if we rightly consider the labors of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, we shall find that they were by no means primarily directed to practical astronomy. Their effect in advancing the study of practical astronomy may be regarded as, in a sense, accidental; or rather this result affords an illustration of the fact that, in scientific research, we need not keep continually before our minds the question "*Cui bono?*" since a good which the student of science himself may not perceive will commonly result from even the least promising researches. We know that Copernicus only sought to explain observed appearances by a simpler theory than that which was in vogue in his day. To Kepler, perhaps, the idea may have suggested itself that the laws he sought for so earnestly, in order to explain the movements of Mars as traced by the best observational methods yet applied, might result in giving to astronomers a new power of predicting the motions of Mars and the other planets. But certainly the object which Kepler set himself was to replace the disorder of the Ptolemaic system and the but partial symmetry of the system of Copernicus, by a harmonious series of relations. When he had succeeded, his boast was, *not* that he had shown astronomers how henceforth they might confidently predict the motions of the celestial bodies, but that he had "found the golden vases of the Egyptians." Nor is it possible to read Newton's own account of those researches by which the law of gravitation was established without feeling that, to himself at least, the practical application to the law in aftertimes was of secondary import. It was the law itself,

regarded as a discovery respecting the manner in which the bodies distributed throughout space influence and are influenced by each other, which he valued.

If we turn our thoughts to the astronomy of the past century, we recognize the same fact. It would be difficult to find in the whole of that noble series of papers which Sir William Herschel contributed to the pages of the "*Philosophical Transactions*" a single paragraph directed to the application of astronomical discoveries to practical purposes. And whether we consider those discoveries which are commonly but erroneously supposed to constitute Herschel's chief title to honor, or those which astronomers regard as his most valuable contributions to science, we find in either case that we have to deal with discoveries which have, primarily, no practical value whatever. For example, the discovery of Uranus, which so many suppose to have been Herschel's noblest work, was undoubtedly full of interest, but it certainly was not a practically useful discovery. And, again, to turn to that which was in reality the noblest work achieved by Herschel—his researches into depths lying far beyond the range of the unaided vision—in what sense can the counting of myriads of stars or the discovery of thousands of nebulae be regarded as advancing in the slightest degree the material interests of mankind? Even if it hereafter happened that the discovery of Uranus or the processes of star-gauging should indirectly lead to some practical results of value, it would still remain certain that Sir William Herschel had had no such results in his thoughts when he prosecuted his researches.

In our own time Sir John Herschel has been justly held by all to be the leading astronomer of his day; yet it would be difficult to find in a single astronomical research of his the least practical value; while certainly in that long series of observations on which astronomers base their high opinion of him, there was no practical value whatever. Sir John Herschel had already devoted eight years of his life to the re-examination of his father's work, with the chief end of acquiring a mastery over his telescope, when at the Cape of Good Hope he began a series of observations which formed the exact counterpart of his father's observations in the northern skies. Star-gauging, the noting

of double stars, the search for nebulae—all these lines of research must needs advance the science of astronomy, but not one of them has any practical utility.

Nor, even if we take the well-merited fame of departmental astronomers—if we may so distinguish the workers in special branches from men who, like the Herschels, have made all astronomy their subject—can we recognize the title to such fame in practically useful work. When Adams and Leverrier by subtle processes of research showed astronomers where to turn their telescopes to detect the planet whose influence had disturbed the motions of Uranus, they were not in any way advancing the material interests of the human race. It may happen, indeed, that some of the mathematical processes devised or developed by these great men may one day be applied in some practical manner; but no one will, on this account, assign such practical results as the real title of Adams or Leverrier to astronomical fame. Even the practically useful work of an Airy or a Hind is not that which is regarded among their fellow-astronomers as affording their chief claim to honor.

In considering astronomy as a subject of study, the first point to which we must direct our attention is the mode in which astronomical discoveries should be presented. I wish particularly to invite attention to the reasons of Sir John Herschel's great success in attracting the minds of men to a subject which, before his time, had been regarded as too recondite for general study. I wish to consider why it is that those facts which before his day seemed bewildering rather than impressive, became in his hands the means of attracting hundreds to the study of his favorite science. Herein I have to deal with the workings of my own mind; for, recalling my impressions of astronomical facts as presented by those works in which I first studied the science, and comparing those impressions with my feelings in regard to the science after I had read Sir John Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy," I find between my earlier and later views all the difference that exists between listlessness and earnestness.

The secret of Herschel's success I take to be the fact that he is never content with merely stating such and such circumstances about the celestial bodies, but

will not leave his subject until he has impressed on the mind of his reader his own feeling of the reality of those circumstances. It would be easy to multiply examples of this characteristic peculiarity of his method of teaching; one, however, will suffice, and I take it almost at random:

He has described the actual relations of certain double stars; and so far as the facts respecting these objects are concerned, the reader has already had presented to him all that is necessary. Then, in that singularly effortless manner with which he always passes from description to imagery, he proceeds thus: "It is not with the revolutions of bodies of a planetary or cometary nature round a solar centre that we are now concerned—it is with that of sun round sun; each, perhaps, at least in some binary systems where the individuals are very remote and their period of revolution very long, accompanied with its train of planets and *their* satellites, closely shrouded from our view by the splendor of their respective suns, and crowded into a space bearing hardly a greater proportion to the enormous interval which separates *them*, than the distances of the satellites of our planets from their primaries bear to their distances from the sun itself. A less distinctly characterized subordination would be incompatible with the stability of their systems and with the planetary nature of their orbits. Unless closely nestled under the protecting wing of their immediate superior, the sweep of their other sun in its perihelion passage round their own might carry them off, or whirl them into orbits utterly incompatible with the conditions necessary for the existence of their inhabitants. It must be confessed that we have here a strangely wide and novel field for speculative excursions, and one which it is not easy to avoid luxuriating in."

I have spoken of the absence of effort which characterizes the introduction of such passages as these; and I take it that this absence of effort is absolutely essential to their effect. It is only when such passages are perfectly natural—natural not merely in appearance, but in reality—that they arouse the full sympathy of the reader. And their influence in this last respect might be taken as no unsafe test of their *being* purely natural effusions. But in the case of Sir John Herschel we have the means of proving, in an independent

manner, that his most poetical descriptions were written, not to display his powers, but because they came unbidden to his pen. We have the records of his observations as made in the stillness of night, with no thought but to represent what he had actually seen; and among these records we come again and again upon passages which no one familiar with Sir John Herschel's descriptive style could for a moment fail to recognize as his. Here, for example, are a few of his notes respecting the lesser Magellanic Cloud: they are taken from the Gaugebooks: "The access to the Nubecula Minor is *on all sides through a desert.*" "The lesser Nubecula is now approaching, but I discern no indications in the field leading me to expect any remarkable object: on the contrary, the *stippled* appearance noted shortly before is gone, and the ground is black. The ground of the sky is completely black throughout the whole breadth of the sweep. The body of the cloud is fairly resolved into excessively minute stars, which, however, are certainly seen. It is a fine, rich, large cluster of very small stars, which fill more than many fields, and is broken into many knots, groups, and straggling branches, but the whole is clearly resolved." Then, after passing the limits of the cloud, "here is a region of *utter barrenness—a miserably poor and barren region most dreary since the small Nubecula.*" Take also this sketch of a nebula, and the accompanying suggestion as to the constitution of certain regions of space, as affording evidence of the style of Herschel's note-books: "A beautiful nebula; it has very much resemblance to the Nubecula Major itself as seen with the naked eye, but it is far brighter and more impressive in its general aspect, as if the Nubecula were at least doubled in intensity. And who can say whether in this object, magnified and analyzed by telescopes infinitely superior to what we now possess, there may not exist all the complexity of detail that the Nubecula itself presents to our examination?"

I believe that it is only by presenting astronomical facts in this striking and graphic manner that they can be made acceptable to the generality of readers. This is true, indeed, in all sciences; but it is specially true of astronomy, since there is no science where the facts are on the one hand so wonderful in reality, or on the

other so capable of becoming unimpressive, and even wearisome, if not earnestly dealt with.

Yet let me in this place note that there is a fault of a different nature than want of earnestness, which equally requires to be avoided in scientific treatises. I refer to the undue familiarity of tone by which sometimes even our ablest expositors attempt to descend to the presumed level of their reader's comprehension. Even Sir John Herschel, it must be admitted, has sometimes condescended to express himself in too familiar terms when dealing with subjects which require grandeur of treatment. Not, indeed, (so far as I remember,) in his "Outlines of Astronomy," at least in the main text of that noble work; but in some of his Essays one is certainly somewhat startled at times by a familiarity which does not seem suited to the nature of the subject-matter. For example, I think that, without being hypercritical, the astronomer may fairly object to some points in the following passage, in which Sir John Herschel is speaking of the sun's attractive energy: "Even in his capacity as ruler, the sun is not *quite* fixed. If he pulls the planets, they pull him and each other; but such family struggles affect him little. *They amuse them,*" (the italics are not mine,) "and set them dancing rather oddly, *but don't disturb him.*" Nor again can one accept altogether with satisfaction that passage in which, after speaking of a comet as of a restive horse, Herschel remarks, of the first three observations made on a comet, that "the third nails it."

The fact is that Sir John Herschel shows his real power as a scientific writer only when he deals grandly with grand subjects. Through this power he was unrivaled as a popularizer of science. But in the less dignified *role* of a familiarizer he was not successful. His gamboling was that of Behemoth. Nor, indeed, would his failure in this respect require notice, were it not that many have been led to follow his example in precisely that matter in which it was least desirable that he should be imitated. For instance, his fashion of calling the solar prominences "things" by way of expressing their doubtful nature, has been followed as carefully as if it were an ornament rather than a blemish of his style. And one might readily cull from the writings of those who

have imitated Herschel's familiarity, passages which he assuredly would have shuddered at.

It is not merely necessary that astronomical facts should be so presented to the student that he may become possessed with a feeling of their reality, but the student can not be rightly said to "have astronomy" at all (to use Shakspeare's apt expression) until he is capable of picturing to himself, however inadequately, the truths of the science. A man may have at his finger's ends the distances, volumes, densities, and so on of all the planets, the rates at which they move, the physical features they present, and a hundred other facts equally important; but, unless he has in his mind's eye a picture of the solar system, with all its wonderful variety, and all its yet more amazing vitality, he has not yet passed even the threshold of the science. He must be able to conceive the mighty mass of the sun, ruling from the centre of the scheme the whole of that family to the several members of which he distributes their due proportion of light and heat. Close around the sun the student must see the family of minor planets; small Mercury lit up with inconceivable splendor by the sun, round which he speeds with unmatched velocity; Venus and Earth, the twin planets of the solar system, alike in all features, save only that Venus has no satellite; and lastly, ruddy Mars, the miniature of our own earth. Then beyond the path round which Mars urges his course, the student must picture to himself the interlacing paths of hundreds of asteroids, tiny orbs compared with even the least of the minor family of planets, yet each pursuing its independent course around the sun, many doubtless approaching almost within hail (if one may so speak) of their fellow orbs, and many free to depart far more widely than any of the primary planets from the general level near which the planetary motions are performed. Then, lastly, he should picture to himself that wonderful outer family of planets, the least of which exceeds many times in bulk the combined volume of all the minor planets and asteroids. The vast globe of Jupiter circled about by his symmetrical family of satellites, the complex system of Saturn, with his gorgeous ring system and a family of satellites the outermost of which has an orbit range of more than four and a half million of miles;

Uranus and Neptune, brother orbs, almost lost in the immensity of their distance—all these planets, and all the wonders which the telescope has taught us respecting them, should be clearly pictured. In particular, the enormous distances separating the paths of these bodies from each other, and from the sun, should be clearly apprehended, and that strangely incorrect picture which defaces so many of our books on astronomy, wherein the paths of the planets are seen separated by nearly equal distances from each other, should be as far as possible forgotten. When the student has apprehended the fact that the whole family of the minor planets could not span the distance between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn, while the distance between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus, or of Uranus and Neptune, almost equals the full span of the orbit of Jupiter, he has already made an important step from mere book knowledge, almost useless, (in itself,) toward that clear recognition of actual relations which should be the true end of scientific study.

But beyond the solar system the thoughts of the student of astronomy should range until he begins to apprehend to some extent the vastness of those abysses by which our solar system is separated on all sides from the realm of the fixed stars, that is, of the orbs which are the centres of other systems like itself. And I know of no consideration which tends more clearly to bring this idea before the mind of the student than the thought that our sun, with his attendant family of planets, is speeding through those abysses with a velocity altogether past our powers of conception, while yet no signs of his motion, and our motion with him, can be recognized, even after the lapse of centuries, save by taxing to the utmost the powers of our noblest telescopes. The clear recognition of this fact, and of its real significance, enables the thoughtful student to become conscious of the vastness of the depths separating us from the nearest fixed star, even though he can never form an adequate conception of their tremendous proportions. That within the abyss which forms his present domain our sun traverses in each second four or five terrestrial miles, while yet he seems always to hold a fixed place in that domain—this is the great fact which serves most strikingly to impress upon

us the vastness of the interstellar spaces.

There is another, however, which deserves mention. We commonly find those comets which sweep round the sun in parabolic or hyperbolic orbits, spoken of as visitants from the domain of other stars. And so in truth they are. But how seldom do we find in our treatises on astronomy any reference to the enormous intervals of time which must have elapsed since these startling visitants were traveling close round some other star, making their periastral swoop before setting forth on that enormous journey which had to be traversed before they could become visible to our astronomers! Taking into account the directions in which certain comets have reached us, and assigning to the stars seen in such directions the least distances compatible with known facts, it yet remains absolutely certain that twenty millions of years at least must have elapsed since those comets were last in periastral passage. While if, as some suppose, each comet (even those which now circle in closed orbits round our own) has flitted from star to star during a long interstellar existence, the mind shrinks utterly before the contemplation of the vastness of the time-intervals which have elapsed since those journeyings first commenced: yet these time-intervals afford but an imperfect means of estimating the scale on which the sidereal system is built.

I will not dwell here on those further conceptions—equally necessary, I take it, to complete the picture which the true student of astronomy should have present in his mind—which relate to the constitution of the sidereal spaces, to the motions and changes taking place within them, and to the relation which the various forms of matter existing within those spaces bear to each other, or to the forms with which we are familiar. It is to be remarked, as regards many of these conceptions, that their nature will depend on the views entertained by the student respecting the accuracy of the various theories which Kepler, Wright, Kant, Lambert, Mitchell, the Herschels, Struve, and others, have formed respecting the way in which the various objects revealed by the telescope are distributed throughout surrounding space. But even though doubt must needs at present rest on many points, yet what is actually known is sufficient to form a picture full

of interest as respects all its visible details, and not the less impressive, perhaps, that a large portion of its extent is still hidden in darkness and mystery.

It is little necessary to point out that the course of study by which astronomical relations may thus become clearly pictured must needs form a valuable mental training. Whether we regard the careful analysis of the evidence on which astronomical facts rest, the study of the various facts as they are brought, one after another, to the student's knowledge, the due co-ordination of each with its fellows, or, finally and chiefly, that *intention* of the mind on the complete series of facts by which alone their real significance can be apprehended, we see in astronomy the apt means for disciplining the mind, and fitting it for the noblest work of which it may be capable. But, besides the study of astronomical facts, we must consider here the actual study of the heavens, either with the unaided eye or with the telescope. I speak of the study of the heavens with the unaided eye, though many in this age of cheap telescopes may be inclined to smile at the thought that such study can have any value either to the student or to the science of astronomy. As a matter of fact, however, I am of those who believe that much may still be learned even from the study of the stellar heavens without optical instruments of any sort. I would point, in corroboration of this view, to the work done by Argelander in this seemingly so limited field; to our still incomplete knowledge of the meteoric facts which naked-eye survey is capable of revealing; and, lastly, to the fact that, from the study and charting of those stars alone which are visible to the unaided eye, I have myself been led to results tending to render untenable the whole system of sidereal astronomy as presented in our text-books.* I need hardly say that I reject altogether the notion that a telescope of even mode-

* Of course, the weight of this evidence will depend on the eventual acceptance or rejection of the views which I have founded on the above-mentioned researches. But whether my views be accepted or rejected, (and I must frankly state that I have not the least anxiety as to their fate,) the facts I have brought forward *must* be explained; and however explained, they must bear to a greater or less extent on our theories respecting sidereal astronomy. The aggregation of stars in certain regions, and their segregation from others, for instance, may be regarded otherwise than

rate power must needs be useless because in our day there are so many powerful telescopes, mounted in well-fitted observatories, and in the hands of men who are certainly not ill qualified to carry out original investigations.

Now I think that nothing can exceed in value the practical study of astronomy by the direct survey of the heavens. Setting aside the fact that it is in the student's power to add to our store of knowledge, it is of the utmost importance that he should become directly cognizant of astronomical facts, whether those facts be the seeming motions of the celestial bodies, the telescopic aspect of the sun, moon, planets, stars, and nebulae, or the statistical relations, changes, motions, and so on, of the stars of various orders. A student of astronomy whose knowledge is partly founded on actual observation holds all his knowledge with far securer grasp than one who has devoted his attention, however earnestly, to the acquisition of book-knowledge alone.

Yet I find it is impossible to pass this point of my subject without a word of protest against the use to which the telescopes now erected in every part of England are, with few exceptions, being devoted. One can understand that a person who has been led by the study of astronomical works to possess himself of a telescope of greater or less power, would in the first place turn it as opportunity permitted towards the various objects of which his books have informed him. One can understand that he would tax the powers of his instrument in attempting to recognize the spots on Venus or Mars, the more delicate details of lunar scenery or of the sun's surface, the belts of Jupiter, the features of the Saturnian rings, the duplicity of the closer double stars, and the characteristics of those exceedingly difficult objects of study, the *nebulae*. But it certainly does seem a misfortune either that the work should stop here or that work of this sort should be continued year after year without aim or purpose. Yet in one or other of these ways, not merely the hundreds of cheap telescopes at this moment in the hands of amateur observ-

ers, but numbers of the finest telescopes which our Cookes, and Brownings, and Dallmeyers have turned out from their manufactories, are simply lost to the cause of astronomy. A fine instrument is purchased, and erected in a well-fitted and costly observatory; and during the first weeks after its erection the purchaser turns it on some of the objects he has read about. Then presently his enthusiasm is exhausted, and the telescope is no more used, save perhaps to amuse visitors. Or, else, the telescopist's enthusiasm waxes fiercer; he passes night after night in his observatory, making his life a burden by unceasing efforts to just see with his telescope what one a little larger would show him easily; he sets his clocks and watches and all his neighbors' clocks and watches by transit observations; he notes down (to the second or third decimal place of seconds) the epochs when the moon occults stars or when Jupiter's satellites are eclipsed or occulted; and he seemingly remains all the while unconscious of the fact that twenty times his misplaced energy devoted for twenty lives to such work as I have have described would produce results simply worth *nothing*.

This rule I suggest to every possessor of a telescope as one which should be written in letters of gold in his observatory, or, rather, as one which should be kept continually in his thoughts while working there: *Every observation not intended as a mere relaxation from real work should be intended to ascertain some as yet unknown fact.* Grant that the fact sought after may turn out when found to be an unimportant one, or even that after much labor no new fact may be revealed at all. In any long series of researches it must needs happen again and again that labor is wasted. But there is all the difference in the world between labor wasted unavoidably, and the deliberate employment of time and labor in purposeless observations. Bernard Palissy wasted years of labor, and all but ruined himself, in seeking to master the secrets of pottery; yet his successive failures were justified by his final success—nay, they would have been justified by his purpose even though he had failed; but no reasoning can justify the successful labors of the man who constructed a carriage complete in all its parts, which the wing of a fly could completely cover. The true astronomer finds it difficult to

I regard these facts; but the facts are there, and they have resulted from the survey of that which so many mistakenly supposed to be an exhausted region of astronomy—the relations, namely, presented by objects visible to the unaided eye.

forgive the telescopists who successfully imitate the work done at Greenwich in systematic observatory work of the most utterly valueless nature, while he can admire the unsuccessful labors of Sir William Herschel directed to the inquiry whether the planet Uranus has rings.

It will be obvious that careful attention to the rule I have stated above will not merely lead to the devisal of new applications of telescopic power, but is likely to suggest to the ingenious observer new ways of supplementing the powers of his telescope. It is only necessary to consider the various contrivances suggested by that prince of modern observers, the late Mr. Dawes, to see how, without very heavily taxing his inventive or constructive powers, the observer may enter on researches which his telescope as it came from the hands of the maker would not have enabled him to carry out successfully. Nor can one study the labors of any of our more successful observers without seeing how very readily new researches may be effected by contrivances of extreme simplicity.

I would next invite attention to the absolute necessity of independence of mind in the study of the noblest of all the sciences. I would not indeed advocate a readiness to dispute the dicta of the great men who have devoted themselves to the advancement of astronomy; nor again is it fitting that the student should attempt to make independent inquiries into matters belonging to such branches of the science as he has not yet familiarized himself with. It is neither dispute nor cavil that I advocate, but the careful examination and analysis of all statements submitted to the student's consideration, and the attempt to render the subject as far as possible his own by such a survey of the evidence as will suffice to give him independent reasons for believing in the correctness of the conclusions of his teachers. It will not unfrequently happen that while thus engaged he will detect, or imagine that he has detected, errors of greater or less importance. He should be prepared to find that in most cases these seeming errors have no real existence, but arise from misapprehension on his own part—a circumstance which will of itself serve to convince him of the extreme importance of the kind of investigation by which such misapprehensions have been brought to

light. But in other instances he will find that there has been a real error in his text-book—a fact which will equally convince him of the importance of the careful analysis of all statements lying within his range of investigation.* I would quote here the words of Professor Huxley, both as to the value of scientific doubt, and as to the nature of that sort of doubt which the student should alone permit himself: "There is a path that leads to truth so surely, that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path, and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is, 'Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they can not be doubted.' The enunciation of this first commandment of science consecrates doubt. It removes doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthrones it in that high place among the primary duties which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days." But "you must remember that the sort of doubt which has thus been consecrated is that which Goethe has called 'the active skepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself,' and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is only to perpetuate itself as an excuse for idleness and indifference."

I have not hitherto referred specially to the grandeur of the facts with which the student of astronomy becomes acquainted. Certainly in this respect Astronomy stands before all other sciences. Geology alone approaches her in respect of the vastness of the time-intervals which either

* The necessity of such inquiry is increased by the circumstance that too often the statements made in one work on astronomy are repeated without modification or examination in others, thence to be quoted in other works with, perhaps, fresh errors due to misprints, misapprehension, etc. For instance, I have noticed that in a popular text-book of astronomy, from misapprehension alone, two out of three methods of determining the longitude have been wrongly described, and in three several instances the actual reverse of the truth has been asserted in the explanation of so simple a matter as the equation of time. May it not be questioned how far it is just that those who have still so much to learn should undertake to write text-books of science?

science presents to our contemplation. But as respects extension in space, the domain of geology is utterly insignificant by comparison with even the threshold of that vast domain into which astronomy invites us. The geologist's field of research is indeed, as the most distinguished living geologist has remarked, "insignificant when compared to the entire globe of the earth;" and astronomy teaches us to regard that globe, and even the system to which it belongs, as occupying the merest speck of space by comparison with the visible portion of the star-system; while the sphere inclosing all the stars visible to the naked eye is small by comparison with the spaces revealed by the telescope, and infinitely small by comparison with those spaces whose existence is suggested by telescopic research. Nor is even the vastness of the domain of astronomy the noblest feature of the science. The wonderful variety recognized within that domain is perhaps but faintly pictured in the solar system with all its various forms of matter—sun, primary planets, and moons; major planets, minor planets, and asteroids; planet-girdling rings, meteoric systems, and comets; with perchance other forms of matter hitherto unrecognized. And beyond the wideness of the domain of astronomy and the amazing variety recognized within that domain, there remains the yet more impressive lesson taught by the infinite vitality which pervades every portion of space. I apprehend that if such powers of vision, and also (for they will be even more needed) such powers of conception, were given to the astronomer that the extent of that domain which the telescope has revealed

to man could be adequately recognized, while he further became cognizant of the way in which the various portions of that domain are occupied, that, deeply as he would be impressed by the amazing scene, the sense of wonder he would experience would sink almost into nothingness by comparison with that which would overwhelm him could he recognize with equal clearness the movements taking place amongst the orbs presented to his contemplation—could he see moons and moon-systems circling around primary planets, these urging their way with inconceivable velocity around their central suns, while amid the star-depths the suns were seen swiftly traveling on their several courses, star-streams and star-clusters aggregating or segregating according to the various influences of the attractions to which they were subject, and the vast spaces occupied by the gaseous nebulae stirred to their inmost depths by the action of mighty forces whose real nature is as yet unknown to us. The mind can not but be strengthened and invigorated, it can not but be purified and elevated, by the contemplation of a scene so full of magnificence, imperfect though the means be by which the wonders of the scene are made known to us. The information given by the telescope is indeed but piecemeal, and as yet no adequate attempts have been made to bring the whole array of known facts as far as possible into one grand picture; but, seen as it is only by parts, and (even so) only as through a veil and darkly, the scene presented to the astronomer is the grandest and the most awe-inspiring which man can study.

THE ENGLISH SONNET.

THE Sonnet, as our readers know, owes its birth-place to Italy, and its earliest fame to the exquisite productions of Petrarch. Dante, Tasso, and indeed all the worthiest poets of that land have composed sonnets of high, some of supreme excellence, but so readily does the Italian language adapt itself to this form of poetical composition, that the wit, the courtier, and the lover, became unfortunately as familiar with it as the poet, and in the sixteenth century, the infection spread so rapidly that, as Mr. Hallam has pointed out, it would demand

the use of a library formed peculiarly for this purpose, as well as a vast expenditure of labor, to read the volumes which the Italians filled with their sonnets. For our purpose, at this time, there is only one point about the Italian sonnet that requires to be mentioned. In form it is what is generally known as legitimate, that is to say, the first eight lines, called the Octave, possess only two rhymes, and the six concluding lines, called the Sestet, never possess more than three. We may add that the poets of Italy were in the

habit of closing the second quatrain with a full stop, so that with the ninth line commenced a new turn of thought.

The revival of intellectual activity in the sixteenth century, which produced such glorious fruit in this country, led, as was natural enough, to an ardent study of the best authors of Italy, and it is impossible to read any of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists without observing how vast and profound was the influence exercised over them by the wealth of fancy and imagination, of romantic narrative and history, stored up in the rich granary of Italian literature. Shakspeare, the greatest and most original writer of that age, or of any, lays the scenes of several of his plays on Italian soil, and derives the plots of them from Italian sources. For one he goes to Ariosto, for another to Boccaccio, for a third to Cinthio; and if we examine with this design the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, of Massinger, of Webster, and of Ford, we shall be struck by their common partiality, for the same fountain head. It is not wonderful, therefore, that our poets, in their eager admiration of Italian literature, should have seized upon one of the most characteristic features of Italian poetry, and have transplanted the sonnet to their native land. They made it their own, however, in the process, gave to it greater elasticity, and produced in this shape such gems of English art, that it would be as reasonable to complain that English watches were not genuine, because the first watch was invented by a German, as that the sonnet does not form a genuine portion of English verse, because the first sonnets were written by Italians. No doubt this idea has been encouraged by Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* assertion, that the sonnet is not very suitable to the English language; but the worthlessness of the criticism is proved by the lexicographer's miserable estimate of Milton's majestic sonnets as deserving no particular comment, since "of the best it can only be said that they are not bad." It is a significant fact, and ample refutation of Dr. Johnson's belief that the structure of the English language is unfavorable to this kind of composition, that from Spenser downward it has been employed, with scarcely an exception, by our greatest poets, and this not merely as a poetical exercise, but because in certain

moods of feeling they found in it the fittest vehicle of expression.

Assuredly this was the case with Shakspeare, whose sonnets, illegitimate in shape, are marvels in their wealth of thought and felicity of language; with Milton, in whose hands "the thing became a trumpet;" with Wordsworth, who often felt it

"—sunshine to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

and with Mrs. Barrett Browning, whose noble song never rings more musically, or touches deeper chords of feeling than when rounded by the fourteen lines which form the compass of the sonnet. It is a special advantage of this form of composition, that it necessitates the precision of language and the concentration of thought, which are of priceless value in poetry. In the sonnet every word should have a meaning—every line add to the beauty of the whole; and the exquisite delicacy of workmanship should not lessen, but should rather assist in increasing the stability of the structure. A sonnet, brief though it be, is of infinite compass. What depth of emotion, what graceful fancy, what majestic organ notes, what soft flute-like music, is it incapable of expressing? The amatory sonneteers of Italy become frequently monotonous by harping too long upon one string, but in England our poets have rarely fallen into this error, and the variety to be found in the English sonnet is one of its great charms.

The earliest of our sonneteers—Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey—friends in life, as well as in the art they practiced, acknowledged Petrarch as their master, and the latter, who has been termed "the English Petrarch," deserves attention for the harmony of his versification, as well as for his originality of thought. In avoiding the quirks and quibbles recommended by the Italian poet, the unfortunate Surrey shows that he possessed good taste, as well as poetical feeling. Surrey was a mere boy when he was married to Lady Frances Vere; and the love that finds utterance in his verse is, doubtless, for the wife of his youth. He had, besides, a poetical mistress, the Lady Geraldine, whose name is almost as familiar to English ears as that of Petrarch's Laura; but since Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the Geraldine of the poet, was a mere child at the time when

Surrey, a married man, professed to be dying for her love, it is evident that the fair girl had no real place in his affections. It was like the pretty love-making of Prior "To a Child of Quality:"

Nor quality nor reputation
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
 Dear five years old befriends my passion,
 And I may write till she can spell.
 She may receive and own my flame:
 For though the strictest prudes should know
 it,
 She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
 And I for an unhappy poet.
 For as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordained (would fate but mend it!)
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

We may add, before dismissing Surrey, that if it be true, as has been suspected, that the deadly hate of King Henry VIII. was roused against him by his sonnet *On Sardanapalus*, the might wielded by the sonnet writer was early and fatally appreciated. "Drenched in sloth and womanish delight, feeble of spirit, impatient of pain," and enervated by "filthy lusts that stained his regal heart"—these are some of the terms used with regard to the Assyrian monarch which Henry might fitly apply to himself.

Surrey was executed in 1547, Wyatt died of a fever in 1542; but the births of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1552, and of Sir Philip Sidney in 1554, (men who added to the chivalric qualities which have made their names immortal, the gift of poesy,) sustained the line of our sonneteers. Leigh Hunt points out, and the remark is noteworthy, that the "first three introducers of the sonnet in England, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Sir Philip Sidney, were all knightly and accomplished men;" but it will be seen that he omits the name of Raleigh, who wrote one sonnet at least, that leaves upon the mind, as Mr. Hunt elsewhere acknowledges, the impression of triumphant force. The fame of these heroic men preserves their poetry, not their poetry their fame. But no reader can pass by with indifference Sir Walter Raleigh's bold and flattering judgment of the *Faerie Queene*, or Sidney's beautiful sonnet addressed *To Sleep*, or that to the Moon, remarkable for its fine opening:

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st
 the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!

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"The best of Sidney's sonnets," said Elia, with something of the generous exaggeration with which he was apt to write of the merits of our elder poets, "are among the very best of their sort;" and he adds that "the verse runs off swiftly and gallantly," and "might have been tuned to the trumpet." Here is one written upon obtaining a prize at a tournament, admirably characteristic of the writer's style:

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy—
 France;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 Townsfolk my strength; a dancier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use
 doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excel in this,
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
 Stella looked on; and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my
 race.

Samuel Daniel, who pursued his studies under the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, was a true, although not a great poet, and the praise awarded to him by Coleridge is well deserved; but his fifty-seven sonnets addressed to Delia demand notice only for two merits, ease of versification, and perfect purity of thought. Michael Drayton, who was born about the same year (1562) as Daniel, but long outlived him, is the most voluminous writer of poetry in the language, and has many merits of no mean order. In his *Barons' Wars* he shows himself a vigorous and often picturesque chronicler in verse; in his *Nymphidia* he exhibits a delightful play of fancy; his *Battle of Agincourt* has as much vigor and élan as any English war lyric; in his wonderful and well-nigh interminable poem *Poly-Olbion*, he wanders over England, as Charles Lamb has beautifully said, "with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son who has not left a rivulet so narrow that it may be stepped over without honorable mention, and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology!" Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, makes the extraordinary assertion that Drayton, though less known than Spenser, "possessed, perhaps, equal powers of poetry." No one who has wandered with Spenser through his *Faerie Land* to the

sound of exquisite music, seeing visions such as few poets have dreamed of, and none described with such prodigal felicity of language, and has then trudged painfully along the by-ways of England, although not without compensation for the toil, with the poet of the *Poly-Olbion*, can compare the two for a moment. But Drayton has written sonnets; and, in spite of Leigh Hunt's assertion, that they are destitute of poetry, we venture to think that one of them is so remarkable for imagery and tender feeling, as to deserve a place among the loveliest poems of its class. Those of our readers who are familiar with the piece will be willing to read it once again; and to those who are not we may hint that they are unlikely to do it justice by a single perusal:

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part;

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;

And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart

That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,

And, when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,

When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him

over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

But the greatest of all Shakspeare's poetical contemporaries and his predecessor in the art of sonnet-writing was the divine Spenser,—the poet's poet, as he has been truly called, whose *Faerie Queene*, notwithstanding its tedious allegory and its frequent archaisms, is the joy of all true lovers of poetry. One of the chief characteristics of Spenser's genius is expansiveness. His free foot can not be confined within a narrow territory. So fertile is his imagination, so lively his fancy, that unless he have an ample space over which to wander at will, and in contempt sometimes of the laws that bind other poets, he loses half his might. Spenser is a poetical democrat; precedent is nothing to him; he must do as seems good in his own eyes, or his song will be impotent to charm. Such a poet was not likely to submit readily to the seeming bondage of the sonnet. Wordsworth found in its brief space true solace and delight, and proved a perfect master of the instrument upon which he played; but Spenser, although using to the full the license of the times, appears,

even in his loose sonneteering, to be like a man who is cramped and fettered with unaccustomed garments. These sonnets, eighty-eight in number, sing the cruelty and charms of his mistress in the conventional style so frequently adopted in that age. Her beauty is dissected in fantastical phraseology; her eyes, her teeth, her breath, her smile, her frown, are compared with lightning, with pearls, with the scent of flowers, with sunshine, with storms. The hardest steel wears in time, he says, but nothing can soften her hard heart; the lion disdains to devour the lamb, but she, more savage wild, "taketh glory in her cruelty;" she is a new Pandora, sent to scourge mankind; she is an angler, catching weak hearts, and then killing them with cruel pride; she is like a panther, who allures other beasts with his beauty, and then preys upon them. At the same time, she is her lover's sovereign saint, the idol of his thoughts, born "of the brood of angels," the Fairest Fair, who contains within herself all the world's riches, and her bosom is—

The nest of Love, the Lodging of Delight,

The bower of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure.

Spencer's biographers, like Shakspeare's, in the dearth of much actual knowledge, have searched the poet's sonnets for additional information. The pursuit is alluring, but dangerous. The highest truths of poetry are generally uttered through a fictitious medium, but in the Elizabethan age the poet, following the fashion of the time, was ready to invent a love passion and to create a mistress in order to serve the purposes of his verse. Spenser, it would seem, courted his divinity at the mature age of forty, and one feels quite sure that at that age no man with any mettle in him would undergo in reality the agonies Spenser underwent *in verse* for the sake of an obdurate mistress. It was the style of poetical phraseology current in that day, and Spenser made use of it, like others, without a feeling of its worthlessness such as we may harbor now. If these remarks were not generally true, it would speak ill, indeed, for the morality of the sonnet-writers. Petrarch's Laura, like Dante's Beatrice, were married women. Sir Philip Sidney's love-sonnets were addressed to Lady Rich, and were published in her own and her husband's life-time; and although Spenser's are as pure as the rest of his poetry,

and were dedicated to a real woman, it is evident that the larger portion of them, written as they are in the artificial diction of the period, must be chiefly regarded as clever exercises in verse. His heart was not in them as it is in the incomparable Epithalamion, one of the loveliest surely of all lovely poems, which he sang upon the eve of his marriage.

Drummond, of Hawthornden, a poet known chiefly by his sonnets, thought so meanly of Spenser's as to doubt whether they were really his productions. "They are so childish," he said, "that it were not well to give them so honorable a father." Drummond's early love was doomed to disappointment; but, like Spenser, he married in mature life, being fascinated with his second mistress from the resemblance she bore to the first. Immeasurably inferior as he is to the great poet of the *Faerie Queene* in all other respects, his superiority as a sonnet-writer is beyond question. His versification is singularly mellifluous, his thoughts are rarely injured by conceits, and many of the poems possess a symmetry and finish, which make us forget while reading them that Drummond is divided from us by the wide gap of three centuries. Take but one specimen out of many of equal worth that might readily be selected:

Look how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late the summer's
queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and
green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath
been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
"Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

One of the pleasantest among the many pleasant excursions that can be made from Edinburgh is a ramble through Hawthornden, and the biography of our Elizabethan poets contains few facts of more interest than the visit paid by Ben Jonson to the Scotch poet in his lovely retreat, then, of course, far more retired from the haunts of men than it is now. The long journey from London was made on foot, and to this visit we are incidentally indebted

for nearly all our knowledge of "Rare Ben." Drummond kept the dramatist under his roof for some weeks, and, Boswell-like, jotted down his conversations.* Drummond's sonnets were published in 1616, Shakspeare's in 1609, and it will be seen, therefore, that in this hasty glance at a few of the Elizabethan poets, we have not kept strictly to chronological order. It is, however, better, perhaps, to dismiss the smaller sonnet-writers before referring to Shakspeare's wonderful productions in this department of poetry. They open a wide and difficult discussion upon which we do not propose to enter. It has bewildered some of our greatest writers, it has called forth some of the most grotesque opinions ever uttered on a matter of literary criticism; it has exercised the infinite ingenuity of commentators without any satisfactory result, and it has led, as we think, to inferences as to the poet's personal character, which will not readily be admitted by those who know how often the love-sonnets of that age expressed an artificial passion, and not the real feelings of the writer.† One recent writer regards them as a burlesque upon "mistress sonnetting," and another, an American, propounds a still stranger theory. These sonnets, he asserts, are hermetic writings, and the passion uttered in them is expressed for the Divine Being. "Beauty's Rose," mentioned in the first sonnet, is the spirit of humanity, and the "master-mistress" of the poet's passion addressed in the twentieth, means simply the writer's inward nature, as influenced by the reason and the affections which are alluded to elsewhere under the figure of his mistress's eyes. The word love, we are told, as used in the sonnets must, in the main, be understood as religious love; and in fact the poems are mystical throughout, having one

* One differs most unwillingly from a critic so distinguished as M. Taine, but when he calls Drummond "a vigorous and malicious pedant who has marred Ben Jonson's ideas and vilified his character," we are bound to say that in our opinion this harsh judgment can not be sustained by an impartial estimate of the *Notes*. It should be remembered, too, that Drummond had no hand in the publication.

† The difficulty that besets the modern reader is to ascertain how much in them is conventional, how much due to genuine emotion. "Would it not be rash," asks George Eliot, "to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?"

meaning for the eye and another for the heart. The climax of folly is perhaps reached in the following passage. "In the hundred and fifty-third sonnet, *Cupid* signifies love in a religious sense; the *Maid of Dian* is a *virgin* truth of nature; the *cold valley-fountain* is the letter of the law, called a cold well in the hundred and fifty-fourth sonnet: and truth, we all know, is said to be at the bottom of a well." Our readers, we suspect, will prefer taking a less exalted view of these extraordinary productions. No doubt in many of his sonnets, Shakspeare "unlocked his heart," and it is this which makes them so interesting to us, but there are many of them that seem to be of an opposite character, and in which he expresses himself more like a dramatist than like a lyrical poet. If this be not the case, and if each one of the sonnets express the personal feeling of the writer, our high estimate of Shakspeare's character must be inevitably lowered by the perusal. An impression of this kind was left upon the mind of Mr. Hallam, who expressed his wish that Shakspeare had never written them. "There is," he says, "a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets;" and he adds, "so many frigid conceits are scattered around, that we might almost fancy the poet to have written without genuine emotion, did not such a host of other passages attest the contrary." Happily these "other passages" abound; if they did not we might be almost tempted to take as low an estimate of these "sugared sonnets" as Stevens himself; but may not the difficulty which besets the student of Shakspeare be considerably lessened, his faith in the noble spirit of the great master sustained, by the belief, a quite reasonable belief under the circumstances, that the larger portion of what is repellent in these poems, is due to the custom of the age rather than to the feeling of the writer? Be this as it may, and the question will always be an obscure one, the richness of thought, the enchanting felicity of language which distinguish the best sonnets of the series, make them worthy of the writer, and deserving, therefore, of repeated perusals. Hallam thinks they do not please at first, and Archbishop Trench has said finely: "Shakspeare's sonnets are so heavily laden with meaning,

so double-shotted, if one may so speak, with thought, so penetrated and pervaded with a repressed passion, that packed as all this is into narrowest limits, it sometimes imparts no little obscurity to them." It follows that the careless reader will gain little pleasure from them, and that their fullness of beauty can not be appreciated until they have been read and re-read, or better still, committed to memory. We do not intend to select even one sonnet for quotation out of the hundred and fifty-four which Shakspeare has left us. The choicest of them are, or ought to be, familiar; but if any young reader is still unacquainted with this golden treasury of thought and imagination, we counsel him to obtain a pocket edition of the poems, and carry them about with him until he gain a familiarity with its contents. At the same time, out of many of almost equal worth we may recommend for his special study the sonnets commencing with the following lines:

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought.
No longer mourn for me when I am dead.
From you have I been absent in the Spring.
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.
If thou survive thy well-contented day.
Like as the waves make toward the pebbled
shore.
Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.
Oh how much more doth beauty beautiful seem.

Shakspeare's sonnets consist invariably of three quatrains and a couplet, and one can not but regret that he should have given the sanction of his great name to the least artistic form in which the sonnet can be written. It seems strange too that the familiarity with Italian literature, which is a feature of that age, should not have led our Elizabethan poets to follow the Italian model. Spenser tried some unfelicitous experiments with the sonnet, but he sedulously avoided the Italian form; so did Sir W. Raleigh; so did Daniel; but the greater number of Drummond's sonnets are of the legitimate kind, and so also are those of Donne, a poet whose memory has been affectionately preserved by Izaak Walton, and whose poetry, now well-nigh dead, might have had a chance of longer life had it been less quaint and fantastical.

The student of the sonnet may pass at once, without missing any thing in the transit, from Shakspeare to Milton, that is

to say, from the year 1609 to the year 1631, when the Puritan poet produced his first sonnet, or rather to 1645, when he collected his early poems for the press. Milton's English sonnets (he wrote several in Italian which have been warmly praised by Italian critics) are eighteen in number, and were written at different periods of his life. It is remarkable that not one of them is a love-sonnet, and it is remarkable also that in every instance Milton has maintained the legitimate form, and that only on one occasion, namely, in the *Address to Cromwell*, has he concluded the sonnet with a couplet:

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

Milton had an exquisite ear, and proved himself in the *Paradise Lost* the most accomplished master of harmony this country has produced. Strange to say, however, his sonnets, while conspicuous for majesty of thought, are lacking in the delicate felicity of language which we might have looked for in such a poet. They are rough blocks, unpolished, rather than finished specimens of careful workmanship. Some of them are of profound interest as uttering in severely simple language the feelings of his heart, some of them are manly expressions of his political faith, not one perhaps but has a distinct value in the history of his life. So far from being unworthy of his mighty genius, as Johnson thought when he told Hannah More that Milton "could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones," these short poems are gems of almost priceless value, as all must own, to whom the sonnet written *When the assault was intended to the city*, that *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*, that *On his blindness*, that *To Mr. Lawrence*, the two addressed *To Cyriac Skinner*, and that most beautiful sonnet "*On his deceased wife*,"—are familiar as household words. "Soul-animating strains," says Wordsworth, and in these words describes their character with the utmost precision.

In this brief survey of a large subject it will be advisable, taking the leap of a century, to pass from Milton to Gray, for we are not aware of any sonnet worthy of mention having been produced between 1645 and 1742, when the death of Richard West called forth from his poet-friend a sonnet of rare beauty. That century,

nevertheless, was not barren in poetical fruit. However greatly we may prefer the wealth of thought and imagination which comes to us from the Elizabethan poets, from Milton, and from the poets who made so illustrious the early part of this century, we must not forget the debt we owe to some of the Queen Anne men, and especially to Pope, who, despite all his faults, (and they are many,) was a consummate literary artist, a wit of the finest order, a poet possessing an exquisite fancy and a felicity of expression which stamp all he has written with the mark of genius. Pope's taste and culture never led him to try his hand at the sonnet, and we think we are correct in saying that neither Addison, nor Gray, Prior nor Parnell, Swift nor Thomson ever attempted this form of poetical composition. With the exception of Thomson, these writers were poets of the town and of society; but our English sonnet has been generally the growth of quiet thought and of an imagination fostered under the eye of nature. But to return to Gray. Both Wordsworth and Coleridge have found fault with the one sonnet he wrote on the ground that the diction is artificial, and the images incongruous. Gray was a purist in language. His fastidiousness indeed was sometimes carried to an extreme, but Gray never threw off entirely the conventional phraseology which was at one time regarded as the language of poetry. His odes, for example, abound with terms which a third-rate poet of our day would reject as turgid or artificial; for Gray, although a great poet, was not great enough to throw aside the fetters he knew how to wear so gracefully. Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose taste in all delicate questions of poetical controversy can rarely be doubted, has defended Gray's single sonnet with considerable ability; but let us first read the poem and then listen to his comments:

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that can not hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

The feeling of this sonnet, as a whole,

strikes us as exquisite; but the allusion to Phœbus in the second line may grate on modern ears. Hear then what Mr. Leigh Hunt has to say in its favor. He defends it on the same ground that he would defend the *Lycidas* of Milton, and avers that men so imbued with the classics can speak from their hearts in such language. "Perhaps," he says, "had they not both so written they had not spoken so well. They would not have used language so accordant with the habits of their intercourse." And he adds, "The image in Gray's sonnet is beautiful for its own sake, and beautifully put:

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire.

"We are too much in the habit of losing a living notion of the sun; and a little Paganism, like this, helps, or ought to help, to remind us of it. . . . 'Phœbus,' in this instance, is not a word out of the dictionaries, but a living celestial presence."

Thomas Warton, a man of considerable culture, a wit, a college don, and favorably known as an imitative poet, who had studied chiefly in the school of Milton, was Gray's friend and contemporary, and a friend also of poor Collins, whose work, accomplished in a short and unhappy life, is very exquisite and precious. Warton is best known by his prose works, but some of his short descriptive poems are of marked excellence, and he wrote nine sonnets, two of which, although not to be ranked with the best, deserve at least honorable mention. We allude to the sonnet "Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon," and to that addressed to the river Loddon, which is gracefully and tenderly written.

Contemporary with Warton was a poet of a far higher order, whose work is, much of it, destined to live, because based upon the eternal truths of Nature. William Cowper may be said to have commenced the poetical revolution, which more thoroughly, and on a far wider scale, was accomplished by Wordsworth. Verse is not the fitting vehicle for theology; and Cowper, as a theologian, frequently loses his cunning, but in his expression of religious feeling apart from dogma, and in his loving, careful description of Nature and of the feelings called forth by natural objects, he takes a distinguished place among the

poets. Truly does Southey say of *The Task*, that "the descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye, and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting." Cowper, one of the most sorrowful of men, is also one of the most pathetic of poets, and this pathetic charm will be felt in the exquisite sonnet addressed to Mrs. Unwin:

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings:—
But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

At the end of the last century two women, Charlotte Smith and Ann Seward, wrote a great number of sonnets which gained a temporary popularity. Charlotte Smith's are simple and unaffected. Miss Seward, who attained much local reputation, will be remembered from her friendship, if, indeed, friendship is the correct term to use, with Sir Walter Scott. The great novelist visited her at Litchfield, corresponded with her, and liked her far better than her writings. Unhappily the lady's estimate of her poetry differed from Scott's, and when she died, in 1809, she bequeathed her posthumous verses to him, with injunctions to publish them speedily, and to give a sketch of her life. Scott felt bound by the lady's wishes and produced three volumes of what he is forced in his correspondence to call "execrable poetry." It frequently happened that Scott's kindness of heart got the better of his critical judgment, and, in this case, he was severely punished for his good nature.

"He had been," says Lockhart, "as was natural, pleased and flattered by the attentions of the Litchfield poetess in the days of his early aspirations after literary distinction; but her verses, which he had with his usual readiness praised to herself beyond their worth, appeared, when col-

lected, a formidable monument of mediocrity."

From a mass of rubbish, however, one sonnet of sound quality may be rescued, upon "Rising Early to Read on a Winter's Morning." It is good, but not highly good, and deserves notice rather for the feeling expressed in it, the genuineness of which many early risers will acknowledge, than for the instrumentation:

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
(Winter's pale dawn;) and as warm fires illumine,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where round the dusky lawn, the mansions
white

With shutters closed, peer faintly through the
gloom
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires as-
sume,

Rising from their dark pile, an added height,
By indistinctness given—Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than
gold,

By whose best use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

There are some sonnets that possess a literary rather than a poetical interest. Thus, for example, Miss Williams's sonnet *To Hope* scarcely advances beyond the rank of respectable mediocrity, but it is noteworthy as having been liked by Wordsworth and retained for many years in his memory. These sonnets of Bowles, too, many of them excellent specimens of mellifluous versification, are chiefly to be remembered as having awakened the poetic life in Coleridge, whose poetry, small in compass, ranks with the most purely poetical that has been produced this century. As a sonnet-writer, Coleridge (differing herein from his son Hartley) may be said comparatively to have failed, although that addressed to Schiller, and *Fancy in Nubibus*, will be known to most readers. The amazing genius of "the Highgate sage" was obscured and partly rendered inoperative by his fatal irresolution. "I will begin to-morrow," he says, "and thus he has been all his life long letting to-day slip."* The same curse beset the gifted Hartley, who has left little to testify to his uncommon powers. Probably his best and most characteristic poems are sonnets, and one of them, descriptive of his wasted life, is deeply pathetic. S. T. Coleridge, by the

way, declared that the foreigner Blanco White had written the "finest and most grandly-conceived sonnet in our language," adding, "at least, it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival." The execution, unfortunately, is not equal to the conception; but, notwithstanding some trivial defects, it is a noble poem, and justifies, or nearly so, this high eulogy:

TO NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay con-
cealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

The names of Blanco White and of Coleridge remind us that our rapid course has brought us within sight of the affluent and wide-spreading river of poetry that flowed at the beginning of this century. The little rivulet of the sonnet which we have lately followed swells again, as in the sixteenth century, into a broad stream; and standing upon its banks, and seeing the wealth it bears, one feels how impossible it is to do more than note a few of the choice treasures that attract the eye. The two most popular poets of sixty years since, Byron and Scott, have no claim upon our regard as sonnet-writers, nor should we look for much workmanship of this kind from a singer like Shelley, whose passionate emotion, uttered in many a winding bout of linked sweetness, could scarcely find free utterance on an instrument which demands reticence of language and stern compression of thought. One grand sonnet, however, has been produced by Shelley, which fills the imagination as only the work of a great master can:

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of
stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that
fed;

* Southey.

And on the pedestal these words appear:—
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye mighty! and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away!"

Young as Keats was when he "awakened from the dream of life," he gave evidence in his last years of a maturity of thought, and a power of execution which prove that had he lived he would have taken rank with the worthiest. As it is, the small volume that contains all he wrote, is of priceless value, and will ever be read and loved by the student of poetry. He will find in it the immaturity of the youth as evinced in the lovely poem of *Endymion*, and the strength of perfect manhood as displayed in *Hyperion*, *Ode to Nightingale*, or the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and will marvel that this ripe and golden fruit of poetry was produced by one whose little life was comprised within twenty-six years. The luxurious freedom of the earlier poems does not augur success to this poet as a sonneteer, and the opinion that might reasonably have been formed from them is not wholly fallacious. Keats wrote about forty sonnets, some of them loose in construction, some not in anywise remarkable, but in the collection will be found one at least that may claim a place with the best. We allude to the sonnet composed *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*.

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been,
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or, like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes,
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent upon a peak in Darien.

But the greatest of all English sonnet-writers is Wordsworth. Not only has he composed a larger number of sonnets than any other of our poets, he has also written more that are of first-rate excellence. There is no intensity of passion in Wordsworth's sonnets; and herein he differs from Shakspeare and from Mrs. Browning; neither has he attained the severe dignity of style which marks the sonnets of Milton; but for perfect purity of language, for variety and strength of thought,

for the *curiosa felicitas* of poetical diction, for the exquisite skill with which the emotions of the mind are associated with the aspects of nature, we know of no sonnet-writer who can take precedence of Wordsworth. In his larger poems, his language is sometimes slovenly, and occasionally, as Scott said, he chooses to crawl on all-fours; but this is rarely the case in the sonnets; and though he wrote upwards of four hundred, there are few, save those on the *Punishment of Death*, and some of those called *Ecclesiastical*, (for neither argument nor dogma find a fitting place in verse,) that we could willingly part with.

To write of them here as they deserve is obviously impossible, and happily the task has been so ably done already by Sir Henry Taylor—himself a great poet, whose dramas will, we think, be even more appreciated in future years than they are now—that a few brief remarks may suffice. Wordsworth's belief that the very language of the common people may be used as the language of poetry, was totally inoperative when he composed a sonnet. He wrote at such times in the best diction he could command, and the language, like the thought, is that of a great master. His theory, indeed, was altogether set at nought in his finest poems, and there is no trace of it in the *Ode on Immortality*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Laodamia*, *The Eclipse of the Sun*, or in many other of the glorious poems to which he owes his fame. Much of that fame is, no doubt, due to the sonnets, which embrace almost every theme, except the one to which this branch of the poetical art has been usually dedicated. The passion of love has no place in the sonnets of Wordsworth, but some of the noblest are dedicated to liberty, some describe with incomparable felicity the personal feelings of the writer, some express, with a more perfect instrumentation than any other poet has attained, the connection between the external world and the human soul; some might be termed simply descriptive, were it not that even these are raised above the rank of descriptive poetry, by the pure and lofty imagination of the poet. The light that never was on sea or land pervades the humblest of these pieces, and throughout them there is inculcated a cheerful, because divine, philosophy. When he writes mournfully, it is from no fanciful melancholy such as that in which Byron-

imitators used at one time to indulge, but because he fears lest the eager toil after wealth should deprive us of the simple pleasures, the serene happiness, which belong to us by birthright:

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

And in another sonnet he gives expression to a like feeling. After saying that our life is only dressed for show, he adds:

. . . . We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

And in another sonnet he adjures his countrymen, who at that time were anticipating a French invasion, not to place too much reliance on the "barrier flood" which separated them from France:

. . . . Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave, and Power and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them* and said that, by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free.

But if for a moment Wordsworth fears for England and feels for her "as a lover or a child," he acknowledges that such fears are "unfilial," since it is not to be thought of that the most famous stream of British freedom should be lost in bogs and sands:

In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held. In every thing we are
sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

Indeed courage and cheerfulness are noticeable virtues in Wordsworth's poetry. His prevailing mood is one of steadfastness and hope:

A cheerful life is what the Muses love—
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

If we were asked by a young reader, hitherto ignorant of this great poet, to select from the sonnets, almost all of which deserve careful and patient study, a few of preëminent beauty, or that are specially

characteristic of the poet, we could but point him to those with which the admirers of Wordsworth are already perfectly familiar—the two sonnets on the "Sonnet," the four on "Personal Talk," "London from Westminster Bridge," the three to "Sleep," that on the "Departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples," and several of those dedicated to "Liberty." We may add that the series on the "River Duddon" are worthy of special study, and that those who desire to appreciate Wordsworth's power, and to enjoy the intellectual wealth that is stored up in his poetry, must be willing to give time and labor to the study of his works. Writing of the poet when he was still living and singing, Sir Henry Taylor observed, and the words come with equal force still, "Mr. Wordsworth never intended so to write that those who ran might read. To detain for a brief moment these run-away readers is the proper aim of those who are snatching at a transient popularity, and this writing for a cursory perusal has been the bane of literature in our times, and the ruin of art. But neither to this aim nor to this way of writing has Mr. Wordsworth ever lent himself."

Wordsworth is sometimes obscure from the weight and variety of his thoughts, but never from the lack of careful handling and artistic skill. He had always perfect command of his instrument; Mrs. Browning, on the contrary, exhibits more wealth of imagination and originality of thought, than skill in execution. She was a great poet, but not a consummate artist, and in the mechanical part of her art she is often faulty. In the sonnet, however, the necessity of a rigorous method was forced upon her, and some of her most remarkable poems are produced in this form. They may be divided perhaps, but not with any sharp line of demarcation, into two classes: religious sonnets and love-sonnets. Among the former the highest place may be assigned to the three sonnets on *St. Peter* and to the four sonnets headed *Bereavement, Consolation, Comfort, and Cheerfulness taught by Reason*. The love-sonnets, forty-three in number, and professing to be "from the Portuguese," abound in wealth of thought, in glow of passion, in felicity of expression, in the high imagination which is the poet's prime possession. These are no "fancy pieces," but express in noble language the

innermost soul of the writer. Limited as our space is, we must find room for one sonnet out of the series, and we insert it all the more willingly because we believe that this great poem "from the Portuguese"—which, although divided into many portions, is but one in design and action—is less known, and therefore less admired, than *Aurora Leigh* or *Casa Guidi Windows*:

If thou must love me, let it be for nought,
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so
wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore,
Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

Here we must close this brief and very imperfect account of our sonnet-writers. To include living names would demand another Paper of equal length to this, for the sonnet is a favorite form of composition with recent poets, several of whom have employed it with a felicity that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Enough, however, has been said to show that for three centuries the sonnet has held a place among the legitimate forms of English verse, and with what affection it has been regarded by the great poets of England. The sonnet will not be appreciated by the "idle reader," who cares only for the amusement afforded by an "idle lay." All noble verse, indeed, demands studious regard; but "the sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure," and the delight it affords is generally the reward of toil.

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

SPRING MESSENGERS.

HAPPY the ear which first perceives,
From depths of freshly blowing leaves,
The sparrow's cry along the eaves.

Spring's herald he; for when the rain
Is blown in gusts against the pane,
His is the blithest, loudest strain.

A certain sobbing music fills
The violet hollows of the hills,
Where wink the yellow daffodils.

The rust-incrusted oak is mute,
But, from the fissures round its root,
The sweet faint-smelling cowslips shoot.

And in the woods, yet soft for showers—
In Winter's wild, disheveled bowers—
The violet takes heart and flowers.

Happy the eye which then can see,
In fallow field or bursting tree,
The watchful, kind Divinity.

Seasons of hurtling storms and snows
Hold i' the dark the early rose,
But fair the honeysuckle blows.

From breezy hedges, cottage-walls,
Where most at morn the sunshine falls,
Its odor comes, at intervals;

And where the parted branches hold
The light against the blackest mold,
The crocus shines in puce, or gold.

Silver is on the spectral larch;
You see, through each fresh-mantled arch
Of boughs, the ruddy face of March:

The moon has not a redder light
When balefully and dimly bright,
She turns eclipse upon the night.

Sweet are the farms for new-pulled hay,
Sweet are the changing sounds of day
From sunrise to the starlit gray:

The snooded girl that sits to sing
Beside the bracken-shadowed spring—
The church-bell's minute clinking ring;

The rooks' alarm—the swallows' cry,
The magpies' jangled litany,
The curlews, challenge, shrill and high.

Happy the heart that at such time,
When even the breezes flow in rhyme,
Feels yearnings for a farther clime.

Sallow, or fired, the day goes down,
Over the moorlands drear and brown—
Over the sharply steeped town.

The crow goes broad-winged to his rest,
The linnet hides in ivied nest;
Orion flames above the west.

Then white, as is a dead man's face,
Smote with death's spiritual grace,
The rounded moon heaves up through space.

The lights go out; the village street
Is dumb; you hear no passing feet,
Nor yet the mill-wheel's plashing beat.

Happy the lids that now may close,
Nor fear the hour when morning throws,
Through lattice panes, her dewiest rose.

For them the wind's prolonged surcease,
Earth's brooding calm, heaven's starred increase,
Shall be as ministers of peace.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR UHLAN OUT-MANŒUVRED.

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And eat bread aff my hand;
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."

"You are the most provoking husband I ever met with," says Queen Titania.

We are climbing up the steep ascent which leads from the village of Ellesmere to the site of an ancient castle. The morning is full of a breezy sunshine, and the cool north-wester stirs here and there a gray ripple on the blue waters of the lake below.

"I hope you have not had much experience in that direction," I observe.

"Very pretty. That is very nice, indeed. We are improving, are we not?" she says, turning to Bell.

Bell, who has a fine color in her face from the light breeze and the brisk walking, puts her hand affectionately within her friend's arm, and says, in gentle accents—

"It is a shame to tease you so, you poor innocent little thing. But we will have our revenge. We will ask somebody else to protect you, my pet lamb!"

"Lamb—hm! Not much of the lamb visible, but a good deal of the vinegar sauce," says one of us, mindful of past favors.

It was a deadly quarrel. I think it had arisen out of Tita's inability to discover which way the wind was blowing; but the origin of our sham-fights had seldom much to do with their subsequent rise and progress.

"I wish I had married *you*, Count von Rosen," says my Lady turning proudly and graciously to her companion on the right.

"Don't alarm the poor man!" I say: and indeed the Lieutenant looked quite aghast.

"Madame," he replied gravely, when he had recovered himself, "it is very kind of you to say so; and if you had made me the offer sooner, I should have accepted it with great pleasure. But would there have been any difference? No, I think

not—perhaps it would be the worse. It is merely that you are married; and you make believe to chafe against the bonds! Now, I think you two would be very agreeable to each other if you were not married."

"Ah, well," said Tita with an excellently-constructed sigh; "I suppose we must look on marriage as a trial, and bear it with meekness and patience. We shall have our reward elsewhere."

Bell laughed in a demure manner. That calm assumption of the virtues of meekness and patience was a little too much; but what was the use of further fighting on a morning like this? We got the key of a small gate. We climbed up a winding path through trees that were rustling in the sunlight. We emerged upon a beautiful green lawn—a bowling-green, in fact, girt in by a low hedge, and overlooked by a fancy little building. But the great charm of this elevated site was the panorama around and beyond. Windy clouds of white and gray kept rolling up out of the west, throwing splashes of purple gloom on the bright landscape. The trees waved and rustled in the cool breeze—the sunlight kept chasing the shadows across the far meadows. And then down below us lay the waters of Ellesmere lake—here and there a deep, dark blue, under the warm green of the woods, and here and there being stirred into a shimmer of white by the wind that was sweeping across the sky.

"And to-day we shall be in Chester, and to-morrow in Wales!" cried Bell, looking away up to the north, where the sky was pretty well heaped up with the flying masses of cloud. She looked so bright and joyous then, that one could almost have expected her to take flight herself, and disappear like a wild bird amid the shifting lights and glooms of the windy day. The Lieutenant, indeed, seemed continually regarding her in rather an anxious and embarrassed fashion. Was he afraid she might escape? Or was he merely longing to get an opportunity of plunging into that serious business he had spoken of the night before? Bell was all unconscious. She put her hand within

Tita's arm, and walked away over the green lawn, which was warm in the sunshine. We heard them talking of a picnic on this lofty and lonely spot—sketching out tents, archery grounds, and what not, and assigning a place to the band. Then there were rumors of the "Haymakers," of "Sir Roger de Coverley," of the "Guaracha," and I know not what other nonsense, coming toward us as the north-wester blew back to us fragments of their talk, until even the Lieutenant remarked that an old-fashioned country dance would look very pretty up here, on such a fine piece of green, and with all the blue and breezy extent of a great English landscape forming the circular walls of this magnificent ball-room.

A proposal is an uncomfortable thing to carry about with one. Its weight is unconscionable, and on the merriest of days it will make a man down-hearted. To ask a woman to marry is about the most serious duty which a man has to perform in life, even as some would say that it is the most unnecessary: and those who settled the relations of the sexes, before or after the Flood, should receive the gratitude of all womankind for the ingenuity with which they shifted on to male shoulders this heavy and grievous burden!

The Lieutenant walked down with us from the hill and through the little village to the inn as one distraught. He scarcely even spoke—and never to Bell. He regarded the getting out of the phaeton with a listless air. Castor and Pollux—whose affections he had stolen away from us through a whole series of sneaking kindnesses—whinnied to him in vain. When my Lady, who now assumed the responsibility of apportioning to us our seats, asked him to drive, he obeyed mechanically.

Now Bell, as I have said, was unconscious of the awful possibilities that hung over our adventures of that day, and was in as merry a mood as you could desire to see. She sat beside the Lieutenant; and scarcely had we gone gently along the narrow village street and out into the broader country road that leads northward, than she began to tell her companion of the manner in which Tita tyrannizes over our parish.

"You would not think it, would you?" she asked.

"No," said the Lieutenant; "I should not think she was a very ferocious lady!"

"Then you don't know her," says a voice from behind; and Tita says, "Don't begin again," in an injured way, as if we were doing some sort of harm to the fine morning.

"I can assure you," said Bell seriously, "that she rules the parish with a rod of iron. She knows every farthing that every laborer makes in the week, and he catches it if he does not bring home a fair proportion to his wife. 'Well, Jackson,' she says, going into a cottage on her way home from church, 'I hear your master is going to give you fourteen shillings a week now.' 'Thank ye, ma'am,' he says, for he knows quite well who secured him the additional shilling to his wages. 'But I want you to give me threepence out of it for the savings bank; and your wife will gather up a sixpence a week until she gets enough for another pair of blankets for you, now the winter is coming on, you know.' Well, the poor man dares not object. He gives up three-fourths of the shilling he had been secretly expecting to spend on beer, and does not say a word. The husbands in our parish have a bad time of it——"

"One of them has, at least," says that voice from behind.

"And you should see how our Tita will confront a huge fellow who is half bemused with beer, and order him to be silent in her presence. 'How dare you speak to your wife like that before me!'—and he is as quiet as a lamb. And sometimes the wives have a turn of it, too—not reproach, you know, but a look of surprise if they have not finished the sewing of the children's frocks which Tita and I have cut out for them—or if they have gone into the ale-house with their husbands late on the Saturday night—or if they have missed being at church next morning. Then you should see the farmers' boys playing pitch-and-toss in the road on the Sunday forenoons—how they scurry away like rabbits when they see her coming up from church—they fly behind stacks, or plunge through hedges—any thing to get out of her way."

"And I am not assisted, Count von Rosen, in any of these things," says my Lady, "by a young lady who was once known to catch a small boy and shake him by

the shoulders because he threw a stone at the clergyman as he passed."

"Then you do assist, Mademoiselle," inquires the Lieutenant, "in this overseeing of the parish?"

"Oh, I merely keep the books," replied Bell. "I am the treasurer of the savings bank, and I call a fortnightly meeting to announce the purchase of various kinds of cotton and woollen stuffs, at wholesale prices, and to hear from the subscribers what they most need. Then we have the materials cut into patterns, we pay so much to the women for sewing, and then we sell the things when they are made, so that the people pay for every thing they get, and yet get it far cheaper than they would at a shop, while we are not out of pocket by it."

Here a deep groan is heard from the hind seat of the phaeton. That beautiful fiction about the ways and means of our local charities has existed in our household for many a day. The scheme is admirable. There is no pauperization of the peasantry around. The theory is, that Queen Tita and Bell merely come in to save the cost of distribution; and that nothing is given away gratis, except their charitable labor. It is a pretty theory. The folks round about us find it answers admirably. But somehow or other—whether from an error in Bell's book-keeping, or whether from a sudden rise in the price of flannel, or some other recondite and esoteric cause—all I know is, that the system demands an annual subvention from the head of the house. Of course, my Lady can explain all that away. There is some temporary defect in the working out of the scheme; the self-supporting character of it remains easy of demonstration. It may be so. But a good deal of bread—in the shape of cheques—has been thrown upon the waters in a certain district in England; while the true author of the charity—the real dispenser of these good things—is not considered in the matter, and is privately regarded as a sort of grudging person, who does not understand the larger claims of humanity.

At length we have our first glimpse of Wales. From Ellesmere to Overton the road gradually ascends, until, just before you come to Overton, it skirts the edge of a high plateau, and all at once you are confronted by the sight of a great valley,

through which a stream, brown as a Welsh rivulet ought to be, is slowly stealing. That narrow thread that twists through spacious woods and green meadows is the river Dee; far away beyond the valley that it waters, rise the blue masses of Cyn-y-Brain and Cefn-y-Fedn, while to the south of the latter range lies the gap by which you enter the magic Vale of Llangollen. On this breezy morning there were white clouds blowing over the dusky peaks of the mountains, while ever and anon, from a blue rift overhead, a shimmering line of silver would strike down, and cause the side of some distant hill to shine in pale brown, and gray, and gold.

"That is a very strange sight to me," said the Lieutenant, as the horses stood in the road; "all these great mountains, with, I think, no houses on them. That is the wild country into which the first inhabitants of this country fled when the German tribes swarmed over here—all that we have been taught at school; but only think of the difficulty the Berlin boy—living with nothing but miles of flat sand around him—has to imagine a wild region like this, which gave shelter because no one could follow into its forests and rocks. And how are we to go? We can not drive into these mountains."

"Oh, but there are very fine roads in Wales," said Bell; "broad, smooth, well-made roads; and you can drive through the most beautiful scenery, if you wish."

However, it was arranged we should not attempt any thing of the kind, which would take us too far out of our route to Scotland. It was resolved to let the horses have a rest in Chester the next day, while we should take a run down by rail to Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed, merely to give our Uhlan a notion of the difficulties he would have to encounter in subduing this country, when the time came for that little expedition.

So we bowled through the little village of Overton, and down the winding road which plunges into the beautiful valley we had been regarding from the height. We had not yet struck the Dee; but it seemed as though the ordinary road down in this plain was a private path through a magnificent estate. As far as we could see, a splendid avenue of elms stretched on in front of us; and while we drove

through the cool shade, on either side lay a spacious extent of park, studded with grand old oaks. At length we came upon the stream, flowing brown and clear down through picturesque and wooded banks; and then we got into open country again, and ran pleasantly up to Wrexham.

Perhaps the Lieutenant would have liked to bait the horses in some tiny village near to this beautiful stream. We should all have gone out for a saunter along the banks; and, in the pulling of wild flowers, or the taking of sketches, or some such idyllic employment, the party would, in all likelihood, have got divided. It would have been a pleasant opportunity for him to ask this gentle English girl to be his wife—with the sweet influences of the holiday-time disposing her to consent, and with the quiet of this wooded valley ready to catch her smallest admission. Besides, who could tell what might happen after Bell had reached Chester? That was the next of the large towns which Arthur had agreed to make points of communication. I think the Lieutenant began at this time to look upon large towns as an abomination, to curse telegraphs, and hate the penny post with a deadly hatred.

But in place of any such quiet resting-place, we had to put up Castor and Pol-lux in the brisk little town of Wrexham, which was even more than usually busy with its market-day. The Wynnstay Arms was full of farmers, seed-agents, implement-makers, and what not, all roaring and talking to the last limit of their lungs—bustling about the place and calling for glasses of ale, or attacking huge joints of cold roast beef with an appetite which had evidently not been educated on nothing. The streets were filled with the vendors of various wares; the wives and daughters of the farmers, having come in from the country in the dogcart or wagonette, were promenading along the pavement in the most gorgeous hues known to silken and muslin fabrics; cattle were being driven through narrow thoroughfares; and the sellers of fruit and of fish in the market-place alarming the air with their invitations. The only quiet corner, indeed, was the church-yard and the church, through which we wandered for a little while; but young folks are not so foolish as to tell secrets in a building that has an echo.

Was there no chance for our unfortunate Uhlan?

"Hurry—hurry on to Chester!" cried Bell, as we drove away from Wrexham, along the level northern road.

A gloomy silence had overtaken the Lieutenant. He was now sitting behind with my Lady, and she was doing her best to entertain him—(there never was a woman who could make herself more agreeable to persons not of her own household)—while he sat almost mute, listening respectfully, and half suffering himself to be interested.

Bell, on the other hand, was all delight at the prospect of reaching the quaint old city that evening, and was busy with wild visions of our plunge into Wales on the morrow, while ever and anon she hummed snatches of the Lieutenant's Burgundy song.

"Please may I make a confession?" she asked, at length in a low voice.

"Why, yes."

I hoped, however, she was not going to follow the example of the Lieutenant, and confide to me that she meditated making a proposal. Although men dislike this duty, they have a prejudice against seeing it undertaken by women.

"All our journey has wanted but one thing," said Bell. "We have had every thing that could be wished—bright weather, a comfortable way of traveling, much amusement, plenty of fights—indeed, there was nothing wanting but one thing, and that was the sea. Now did you never try to look for it? Were you never anxious to see only a long thread of gray near the sky, and be quite sure that out there the woods stopped on the edge of a line of sand? I dared not tell Tita—for she would have thought me very ungrateful, but I may tell you, for you don't seem to care about any body's opinions—but I used to get a little vexed with the constant meadows, rivers, farms, hills, woods, and all that over and over again, and the sea not coming any nearer. Of course one had no right to complain, as I suppose it's put down in the map, and can't be altered; but we seem to have been a long time coming across the country to reach the sea."

"Why, you wild sea-gull, do you think that was our only object? A long time reaching the sea!—Don't imagine your anxiety was concealed. I saw you perpet-

ually scanning the horizon, as if one level line were better than any other level line at such a distance. You began it on Richmond Hill, and would have us believe the waves of the Irish Channel were breaking somewhere about Windsor."

"No—no!" pleaded Bell; "don't think me ungrateful. I think we have been most fortunate in coming as we did; and Count von Rosen must have seen every sort of English landscape—first the river-pictures about Richmond, then the wooded hills about Oxfordshire, then the plains of Berkshire, then the mere-country about Ellesmere—and now he is going into the mountains of Wales. But all the same we shall reach the sea to-morrow."

"What are you two fighting about?" says Queen Titania, interposing.

"We are not fighting," says Bell, in the meekest possible way; "we are not husband and wife."

"I wish you were," says the other, coolly.

"Madame," I observe at this point, "that is rather a dangerous jest to play with. It is now the second time you have made use of it this morning."

"And if I do repeat old jokes," says Tita, with a certain calm audacity, "it must be through the force of a continual example."

"—And such jests sometimes fix themselves in the mind until they develop and grow into a serious purpose."

"Does that mean that you would like to marry Bell? If it can be done legally and properly, I should not be sorry, I know. Can it be done, Count von Rosen? Shall we four go back to London with different partners? An exchange of husbands—"

Merciful Powers! what was the woman saying? She suddenly stopped, and an awful consternation fell on the whole four of us. That poor little mite of a creature had been taking no thought of her words, in her pursuit of this harmless jest; and somehow it had wandered into her brain that Bell and the Lieutenant were on the same footing as herself and I. A more embarrassing slip of the tongue could not be conceived; and for several dreadful seconds no one had the courage to speak, until Bell, wildly and incoherently—with her face and forehead glowing like a rose—asked whether there was a theatre in Chester.

"No," cries my Lady, eagerly; "don't ask us to go to the theatre to-night, Bell; let us go for a walk rather."

She positively did not know what she was saying. It was a wonder she did not propose we should go to the gardens of Cremorne, or up in a balloon. Her heart was filled with anguish and dismay over the horrible blunder she had made; and she began talking about Chester, in a series of disconnected sentences, in which the heartrending effort to appear calm and unconstrained was painfully obvious. Much as I have had to bear at the hands of that gentle little woman, I felt sorry for her then. I wondered what she and Bell would say to each other when they went off for a private confabulation at night.

By the time that we drew near Chester, however, this unfortunate incident was pretty well forgotten; and we were sufficiently tranquil to regard with interest the old city, which was now marked out in the twilight, by the yellow twinkling of the gas-lamps. People had come out for their evening stroll round the great wall which encircles the town. Down in the level meadows by the side of the Dee, lads were still playing cricket. The twilight, indeed, was singularly clear; and when we had driven into the town, and put up the phaeton at an enormous Gothic hotel which seemed to overawe the small old-fashioned houses in its neighborhood, we too set out for a leisurely walk round the ancient ramparts.

But here again the Lieutenant was disappointed. How could he talk privately to Bell on this public promenade? Lovers there were there, but all in solitary pairs. If Tita had only known that she and I were interfering with the happiness of our young folks, she would have thrown herself headlong into the moat rather than continue this unwilling persecution. As it was, she went peacefully along, watching the purple light of the evening fall over the great landscape around the city. The ruddy glow in the windows became more and more pronounced. There were voices of boys still heard down in the racecourse, but there was no more cricketing possible. In the still evening, a hush seemed to fall over the town; and when we got round to the weir on the river, the vague white masses of water that we could scarcely see, sent the sound of them roaring and tumbling, as it were, into a hollow chamber. Then

we plunged once more into the streets. The shops were lit. The quaint galleries along the first floor of the houses, which are the special architectural glory of Chester, were duskiy visible in the light of the lamps. And then we escaped into the yellow glare of the great dining-room of the Gothic hotel, and sat ourselves down for a comfortable evening.

"Well," I say to the Lieutenant, as we go into the smoking-room, when the women have retired for the night, "have you asked Bell yet?"

"No," he answers morosely.

"Then you have escaped another day?"

"It was not my intention. I will ask her—whenever I get the chance—that I am resolved upon; and if she says 'No,' why, it is my misfortune, that is all."

"I have told you she is certain to say 'No.'"

"Very well."

"But I have a proposal to make."

"So have I," says the Lieutenant, with a gloomy smile.

"To-morrow you are going down to see a bit of Wales. Why spoil the day prematurely? Put it off until the evening, and then take your refusal like a man. Don't do Wales an injustice."

"Why," says the Lieutenant, peevishly, "you think nothing is important but looking at a fine country and enjoying yourself out of doors. I do not care what happens to a lot of mountains and rivers when this thing is for me far more important. When I can speak to Mademoiselle, I will do so; and I do not care if all Wales is put under water to-morrow—"

"After your refusal, the deluge. Well, it is a good thing to be prepared. But you need not talk in an injured tone, which reminds one oddly of Arthur."

You should have seen the stare on Von Rosen's face.

"It is true. All you boys are alike when you fall in love—all unreasonable, discontented, perverse, and generally objectionable. It was all very well for you to call attention to that unhappy young man's conduct when you were in your proper senses; but now, if you go on as you are going, it will be the old story over again."

"Then you think I will persecute Mademoiselle, and be insolent to her and her friends?"

"All in good time. Bell refuses you to-morrow. You are gloomy for a day. You ask yourself why she has done so. Then you come to us and beg for our interference. We tell you it is none of our business. You say we are prejudiced against you, and accuse us of forwarding Arthur's suit. Then you begin to look on him as your successful rival. You grow so furiously jealous——"

Here the Uhlan broke into a tremendous laugh.

"My good friend, I have discovered a great secret," he cried. "Do you know who is jealous? You. You will oppose any one who tries to take Mademoiselle away from you. And I—I will try—and I will do it."

From the greatest despondency he had leaped to a sort of wild and crazy hope of success. He smiled to himself, walked about the room, and talked in the most buoyant and friendly manner about the prospects of the morrow. He blew clouds of cigar-smoke about as if he were Neptune getting to the surface of the sea, and blowing back the sea-foam from about his face. And then, all at once, he sat down—we were the only occupants of the room—and said, in a hesitating way.

"Look here—do you think Madame could speak a word to her—if she does say 'No?'"

"I thought it would come to that."

"You are—what do you call it?—very unsympathetic."

"Unsympathetic! No; I have a great interest in both of you. But the whole story is so old, one has got familiar with its manifestations."

"It is a very old and common thing to be born, but it is a very important thing, and it only happens to you once."

"And falling in love only happens to you once, I suppose?"

"Oh no, many times. I have very often been in love with this girl or the other girl, but never until this time serious. I never before asked any one to marry me; and surely this is serious—that I offer for her sake to give up my country, and my friends, and my profession—every thing. Surely that is serious enough."

And so it was. And I knew that if ever he got Bell to listen favorably to him, he would have little difficulty in convincing her that he had never cared for any one before, while she would easily assure

him that she had always regarded Arthur only as a friend, for there are no lies so massive, audacious, and unblushing as those told by two young folks when they recount to each other the history of their previous love affairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE FAIRY GLEN.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
Oh set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of
bliss,
Where nought but rocks and I can see her
face
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track,
The golden age, the golden age come back!"

LITTLE did our Bonny Bell reckon of the plot that had been laid against her peace of mind. She was as joyous as a wild seabird when we drew near the sea. All the morning she had hurried us on; and we were at the station some twenty minutes before the train started. Then she must needs sit on the northern side of the carriage, close in by the window; and all at once, when there flashed before us a long and level stretch of gray-green, she uttered a quick, low cry of gladness, as though the last wish of her life had been realized.

Yet there was not much in this glimpse of the sea that we got as we ran slowly along the coast-line towards Conway. It was a quiet gray day, with here and there a patch of blue overhead. The sea was stirred only by a ripple. Here and there it darkened into a breezy green, but for the most part it reflected the cold gray sky overhead. The shores were flat. The tide was up, and not a rock to be seen. One or two small boats were visible; but no great full-rigged ship, with all her white sails swelling before the wind, swept onward to the low horizon. But it was the sea—that was enough for this mad girl of ours. She had the window put down, and a cold odor of sea-weed flew through the carriage. If there was not much blue outside, there was plenty in the deep and lambent color of her eyes, where pure joy and delight fought strangely with the half-saddening influences produced by this first unexpected meeting with the sea.

Turning abruptly away from the coast-line—with the gray walls of Conway Castle overlooking—the long sweep of the estuary—we plunged down into the mountains. The dark masses of firs up among

the rocks were deepening in gloom. There was an unearthly calm on the surface of the river, as if the reflection of the boulders, and the birch-bushes, and the occasional cottages, lay waiting for the first stirring of the rain. Then, far away up the cleft of the valley, a gray mist came floating over the hills; it melted whole mountains into a soft dull gray, it blotted out dark green forests and mighty masses of rock, until a pattering against the carriage windows told us that the rain had begun.

"It is always so in Wales," said my Lady, with a sigh.

But when we got out at Bettws-y-Coed, you would not have fancied our spirits were grievously oppressed. Indeed, I remarked that we never enjoyed ourselves so much, whether in the phaeton or out of it, as when there was abundant rain about, the desperation of the circumstances driving us into being recklessly merry. So we would not take the omnibus that was carrying up to the Swallow Falls some half-dozen of those horrid creatures, the tourists. The deadly dislike we bore to these unoffending people was remarkable. What right had they to be invading this wonderful valley? What right had they to leave Bayswater and occupy seats at the *tables d'hôte* of hotels? We saw them drive away with a secret pleasure. We hoped they would get wet, and swear never to return to Wales. We called them tourists, in short, which has become a term of opprobrium among Englishmen; but we would have perished rather than admit for a moment that we too were tourists.

It did not rain very much. There was a strong resinous odor in the air, from the spruce, the larch, the pines, and the breckans, as we got through the wood and ventured down the slippery paths which brought us in front of the Swallow Falls. There had been plenty of rain—and the foaming jets of water were darting among the rocks very much like the white glimmer of the marten as he cuts about the eaves of a house in the twilight. The roar of the river filled the air, and joined in chorus the rustling of the trees in the wind. We could scarcely hear ourselves speak. It was not a time for confidences. We returned to Bettws.

But the Lieutenant, driven wild by the impossibility of placing all his sorrows before Bell, eagerly assented to the proposal

that we should go and see the Fairy Glen—a much more retired spot—after luncheon. The dexterity he displayed in hurrying over that meal was remarkable. It was rather a scramble—for a number of visitors were in the place; and the long table was pretty well filled up. But with a fine audacity our Uhlan constituted himself waiter for our party, and simply harried the hotel. If my Lady's eyes only happened to wander toward a particular dish, it was before her in a twinkling. The Lieutenant alarmed many a young lady there by first begging her pardon and then reaching over her shoulder to carry off some huge plate; although he presently atoned for these misdemeanors by carving a couple of fowls for the use of the whole company. He also made the acquaintance of a governess who was in charge of two tender little women of twelve and fourteen. He sat down by the governess; discovered that she had been at Bettws for some weeks; got from her some appalling statistics of the rain that had fallen; then—for the maids were rather remiss—went and got her a bottle of ale, which he drew for her, and poured out and graciously handed to her. Bell was covertly laughing all the time: my Lady was amazed.

"Now," he said, turning in quite a matter-of-fact way to us, "when do we start for this Fairy Glen?"

"Pray don't let us take you away from such charming companionship observed my Lady, with a smile.

"Oh, she is a very intelligent person," says the Lieutenant; "really a very intelligent person. But she makes a great mistake in preferring Schiller's plays to Lessing's for her pupils. I tried to convince her of that. She is going to the Rhine with those young ladies, later on in the year—to Königswinter. Would it not be a very nice thing for us all, when we leave the phaeton at your home, to go for a few weeks to Königswinter?"

"We can not all flirt with a pretty governess," says Tita.

"Now that is too bad of you English ladies," retorts the Lieutenant. "You must always think, when a man talks to a girl, he wants to be in love with her. No—it is absurd. She is intelligent—a good talker—she knows very many things—and she is a stranger like myself in a hotel. Why should I not talk to her?"

"You are quite right, Count von Rosen," says Bell.

Of course he was quite right. He was always quite right! But wait a bit.

We set off for the Fairy Glen. The rain had ceased; but the broad and smooth roads were yellow with water; large drops still fell from the trees, and the air was humid and warm. The Lieutenant lit a cigar about as big as a wooden leg; and Bell insisted on us two falling rather behind, because that she liked the scent of a cigar in the open air.

We crossed the well-known Waterloo Bridge—built in the same year as that which chronicled the great battle—and we heard the Lieutenant relating to Tita how several of his relatives had been in the army which came up to help us on that day.

"You know we had won before you came up," said my Lady, stoutly.

The Lieutenant laughed.

"I am not sure about that," he said; "but you did what we could not have done—you held the whole French army by yourselves, and crippled it so that our mere appearance on the battle-field was enough."

"I think it was very mean of both of you," said Bell, "to win a battle by mere force of numbers. If you had given Napoleon a chance——"

"Mademoiselle," said Von Rosen, "the object of a campaign is to win battles—anyhow. You throw away the heroic elements of the old single combatants when it is with armies that you fight; and you take all advantages you can get. But who was the braver then—your small English army, or the big French one that lost the whole day without overwhelming their enemy, and waited until we came down to drive them back? That is a very good word—a very strong word—our *surückgeworfen*. It is a very good thing to see that word at the end of a sentence that talks of your enemies.

At length we got to the neighborhood of the Fairy Glen, and found ourselves in among the wet trees, with the roar of the stream reverberating through the woods. There were a great many paths in this pretty ravine. You can go close down to the water, and find still pools reflecting the silver-lichened rocks; or you can clamber along the high banks through the birch and hazel and elm, and look down.

on the white waterfalls beneath you that wet the ferns and bushes about with their spray. Four people need not stay together. Perhaps it was because of an extraordinary change in the aspect of the day that Tita and I lost sight of the young folks. Indeed, we had sat down upon a great smooth boulder and were pensively enjoying the sweet scents around, and the plashing of the stream, when this strange thing occurred, so that we never remembered that our companions had gone. Suddenly into the gloomy gray day there leaped a wild glow of yellow fire; and far up the narrowing vista of the glen—where the rocks grew closer together—the sunlight smote down on the gleaming green of the underwood, until it shone and sparkled over the smooth pools. The light came nearer. There was still a sort of mist of dampness in the atmosphere—hanging about the woods, and dulling the rich colors of the glen; but as the sunlight came straggling down the rocky ravine, a dash of blue gleamed out overhead, and a rush of wind through the dripping green branches seemed to say that the wet was being swept off the mountains and towards the sea. The Fairy Glen was now a blaze of transparent green and fine gold, with white diamonds of raindrops glittering on the ferns and moss and bushes. It grew warm, too, down in the hollow; and the sweet odors of the forest above—woodruff, and camphor, and wild mint, and the decayed leaves of the great St. John's wort—all stole out into the moist air.

"Where have they gone?" says Tita almost sharply.

"My dear," I say to her, "you were young yourself once. It's a good time ago—but still—"

"Bell never asked for letters this morning," remarked my Lady, showing the direction her thoughts were taking.

"No matter, Arthur will be meeting us directly. He is sure to come over to our route in his dogcart."

"We must find them, and get back to Bettwys-y-Coed," is the only reply which is vouchsafed me.

They were not far to seek. When we had clambered up the steep bank to the path overhead, Bell and the Lieutenant were standing in the road, silent. As soon as they saw us, they came slowly walking down. Neither spoke a word. Somehow, Bell managed to attach her-

self to Tita; and these two went on ahead.

"You were right," said the Lieutenant, in a low voice, very different from his ordinary light and careless fashion.

"You have asked her, then?"

"Yes."

"And she refused?"

"Yes."

"I thought she would."

"Now," he said, "I suppose I ought to go back to London."

"Why?"

"It will not be pleasant for her—my being here. It will be very embarrassing to both of us."

"Nonsense. She will look on it as a joke."

I am afraid our Uhlan looked rather savage at this moment.

"Don't you see," I observed to him seriously, "that if you go away in this manner you will give the affair a tremendous importance, and make all sorts of explanations necessary? Why not school yourself to meeting her on ordinary terms; and take it that your question was a sort of preliminary sounding, as it were, without prejudice to either?"

"Then you think I should ask her again, at some future time?" he said eagerly.

"I don't think any thing of the kind."

"Then why should I remain here?"

"I hope you did not come with us merely for the purpose of proposing to Bell."

"No; that is true enough—but our relations are now all altered. I do not know what to do."

"Don't do any thing; meet her as if nothing of the kind had occurred. A sensible girl like her will think more highly of you in doing that than in doing some wild and mad thing, which will only have the effect of annoying her and yourself. Did she give you any reason?"

"I do not know," said Von Rosen, disconsolately. "I am not sure what I said. Perhaps I did not explain enough. Perhaps she thought me blunt, rude, coarse in asking her so suddenly. It was all a sort of fire for a minute or two—and then the cold water came—and that lasts."

The two women were now far ahead—surely they were walking fast that Bell might have an opportunity of confiding all her perplexities to her friend.

"I suppose," said Von Rosen, "that I suffer for my own folly. I might have known. But for this day or two back, it has seemed so great a chance to me—of getting her to promise at least to think of it—and the prospect of having such a wife as that—it was all too much. Perhaps I have done the worst for myself by the hurry; but was it not excusable in a man to be in a hurry to ask such a girl to be his wife? And there is no harm in knowing soon that all that was impossible."

Doubtless it was comforting to him to go on talking. I wondered what Bell was saying at this moment; and whether a comparison of their respective views would throw some light on the subject. As for the Lieutenant, he seemed to regard Bell's decision as final. If he had been a little older, he might not; but having just been plunged from the pinnacle of hope into an abyss of despair, he was too stunned to think of clambering up again by degrees.

But even at this time all his thoughts were directed to the best means of making his presence as little of an embarrassment to Bell as possible.

"This evening will pass away very well," he said, "for every body will be talking at dinner, and we need not to address each other; but to-morrow—if you think this better that I remain with you—then you will drive the phaeton, and you will give Mademoiselle the front seat—for the whole day? Is it agreed?"

"Certainly. You must not think of leaving us at present. You see, if you went away we should have to send for Arthur."

A sort of flame blazed up into the face of the Lieutenant; and he said, in a rapid and vehement way—

"This thing I will say to you—if Mademoiselle will not marry me—good. It is the right of every girl to have her choice. But if you allow her to marry that pitiful fellow, it will be a shame—and you will not forgive yourself, either Madame or you, in the years afterwards—that I am quite sure of!"

"But what have we to do with Bell's choice of a husband?"

"You talked just now of sending for him to join your party."

"Why, Bell isn't bound to marry every one who comes for a drive with us. Your own case is one in point."

"But this is quite different. This wretched fellow thinks he has an old right to her, as being an old friend, and all that stupid nonsense; and I know that she has a strange idea that she owes to him——"

The Lieutenant suddenly stopped.

"No," he said, "I will not tell you what she did tell to me this afternoon. But I think you know it all; and it will be very bad of you to make a sacrifice of her by bringing him here——"

"If you remain in the phaeton, we can't."

"Then I will remain."

"Thank you. As Tita and I have to consider ourselves just a little bit—amid all this whirl of love-making and reckless generosity—I must say we prefer your society to that of Master Arthur."

"That is a very good compliment!" says Von Rosen, with an ungracious sneer—for who ever heard of a young man of twenty-six being just to a young man of twenty-two when both wanted to marry the same young lady?

We overtook our companions. Bell and I walked on together to the hotel, and subsequently down to the station. An air of gloom seemed to hang over the heavy forests far up amid the gray rocks. The river had a mournful sound as it came rushing down between the mighty boulders. Bell scarcely uttered a word as we got into the carriage and slowly steamed away from the platform.

Whither had gone the joy of her face? She was once more approaching the sea. Under ordinary circumstances you would have seen an anticipatory light in her blue eyes, as if she already heard the long splash of the waves, and smelt the seaweed. Now she sat in a corner of the carriage; and when at last we came in view of the most beautiful sight that we had yet met on our journey, she sat and gazed at it with the eyes of one distraught.

That was a rare and wild picture we saw when we got back to the sea. The heavy rain-clouds had sunk down until they formed a low dense wall of purple all along the line of the western horizon, between the sea and the sky. That heavy bar of cloud was almost black; but just above it there was a calm fair stretch of lambent green, with here and there a torn shred of crimson cloud and one or two lines of sharp gold, lying parallel with the horizon. But away over in the east again

were some windy masses of cloud that had caught a blush of red ; and these had sent a pale reflection down on the sea—a sort of salmon-color that seemed the complement of the still gold-green overhead.

The sunset touched faintly the low mountains about the mouth of the Dee. A rose-red glimmer struck the glass of the window at which Bell sat ; and then, as the train made a slight curve in the line running by the shore, the warm light entered and lit up her face with a rich and beautiful glow. The Lieutenant, hidden in the dusk of the opposite corner, was regarding her with wistful eyes. Perhaps he thought that now, more than ever, she looked like some celestial being far out of his reach, whom he had dared to hope would forsake her strange altitudes and share his life with him. Tita, saying nothing, was also gazing out of the window, and probably pondering on the unhappy climax that seemed to put an end to her friendly hopes.

Darkness fell over the sea and the land. The great plain of water seemed to fade away into the gloom of the horizon ; but here, close at hand, the pools on the shore occasionally caught the last reflection of the sky, and flashed out a gleam of yellow fire. The wild intensity of the colors was almost painful to the eyes—the dark blue-green of the shore plants and the sea-grass ; the gathering purple of the sea ; the black rocks on the sand ; and then that sudden bewildering flash of gold where a pool had been left among the sea-weed. The mountains in the south had now disappeared ; and were doubtless—away in that mysterious darkness—wreathing themselves in the cold night-mists that were slowly rising from the woods and the valleys of the streams.

Such was our one and only glimpse of Wales ; and the day that Bell had looked forward to with such eager delight had closed in silence and despair.

When we got back to the hotel, a letter from Arthur was lying on the table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COLLAPSE.

"Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind."

THE following correspondence has been handed to us for publication :

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July —, 1871.

"Mon cher Mamma : Doctor Ashburton dire me que je écris a vous dans Fransais je sais Fransais un petit et ici est un letter a vous dans Fransais mon cher Mamma le pony est trai bien et je sui mon cher Mamma.

"Voter aimé fils,
"TOM."

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July —, 1871.

"My dear Papa: Tom as written Mamma a letter in French and Doctor Ashburton says I must Begin to learn French too but Tom says it is very difficult and it takes a long time to write a Letter with the dixonary and he says my dear Papa that we must learn German Too but please may I learn German first and you will give my love to the German gentleman who gave us the poney he is very well my dear Papa and very fat and round and hard in the sides Harry French says if he goes on eeting like that he will burst but me and Tom only laughed at him and we rode him down to Stanes and back which is a long way and I only tumbled off twice but once into the ditch for he wanted to eat the Grass and I Pooled at him and slipt over is head but I was not much Wet and I went to bed until Jane dried all my close and no one new of it but her. Pleease my dear papa how is Auntie Bell, and we send our love to her, and to my dear mamma and I am your affexnate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. All the monney you sent as gone away for oats and beans and hay. Pleease my dear Papa to send a good lot more."

"— INN, OAKHAM, Friday Afternoon.

" . . . You will see I have slightly departed from the route I described in a telegram to Bell. Indeed, I find myself so untrammelled in driving this light dog-cart, with a powerful little animal that never seems fatigued, that I can go anywhere without fearing there will not be accommodation for a pair of horses and a large party. I am sure you must often have been put to straits in securing rooms for so many at a small country inn. Probably you know the horse I have got—it is the cob that Major Quinet bought from Heathcote. I saw him by the merest ac-

cident when I returned from Worcester to London—told him what I meant to do—he offered me the cob with the greatest good-nature—and as I knew I should be safer with it than any thing I could hire, I accepted. You will see I have come a good pace. I started on the Tuesday morning after I saw you at Worcester, and here I am at Oakham, rather over ninety miles. To-morrow I hope to be in Nottingham, about other thirty. Perhaps, if you will allow me, I may strike across country, by Huddersfield and Skipton, and pay you a visit at Kendal. I hope Bell is well, and that you are not having much rain. I have had the most delightful weather.

Yours sincerely,

“ARTHUR ASHBURTON.”

“It is a race,” said the Lieutenant, “who shall be at Carlisle first.”

“Arthur will beat,” remarked Bell, looking to my Lady; and although nothing could have been more innocent than that observation, it seemed rather to take Von Rosen down a bit. He turned to the window and looked out.

“I think it was very foolish of Major Quinet to lend him that beautiful little bay cob to go on such an expedition as that,” said Tita. “He will ruin it entirely. Fancy going thirty miles a day without giving the poor animal a day’s rest! Why should he be so anxious to overtake us? If we had particularly wanted him to accompany us, we should have asked him to do so.”

“He does not propose to accompany you,” I say. “He is only coming to pay you a visit.”

“I know what that means,” says my Lady, with a tiny shrug; something like the arrival of a mother-in-law, with a carriageful of luggage.”

“My dear,” I say to her, “why should you speak scornfully of the amiable and excellent lady who is responsible for your bringing up?”

“I was not speaking of my mamma,” says Tita, “but of the abstract mother-in-law.”

“A man never objects to an abstract mother-in-law. Now, your mamma—although she is not to be considered as a mother-in-law—”

“My mamma never visits me but at my own request,” says my Lady, with something of loftiness in her manner; “and I

am sorry she makes her visits so short, for when *she* is in the house, I am treated with some show of attention and respect.”

“Well,” I say to her, “if a mother-in-law can do no better than encourage hypocrisy—But I bear no malice. I will take some sugar, if you please.”

“And as for Arthur,” continues Tita, turning to Bell, “what must I say to him?”

“Only that we shall be pleased to see him, I suppose,” is the reply.

The Lieutenant stares out into the streets of Chester, as though he did not hear.

“We can not ask him to go with us—it would look too absurd—a dogcart trotting after us all the way.”

“He might be in front,” says Bell, “if the cob is so good a little animal as he says.”

“I wonder how Major Quinet could have been so stupid!” says Tita, with a sort of suppressed vexation.

The reader may remember that a few days ago Major Quinet was a white-souled angel of a man, to whom my Lady had given one of those formal specifications of character which she has always at hand when any one is attacked. Well, one of the party humbly recalls that circumstance. He asks in what way Major Quinet has changed within the past two days. Tita looks up, with that sort of quick, triumphant glance which tells beforehand that she has a reply ready, and says—

“If Major Quinet has committed a fault, it is one of generosity. That is an error not common among men—especially men who have horses, and who would rather see their own wives walk through the mud to the station than let their horses get wet.”

“Bell, what is good for you, when you’re sat upon?”

“Patience,” says Bell; and then we go out into the old and gray streets of Chester.

It was curious to notice now the demeanor of our hapless Lieutenant toward Bell. He had had a whole night to think over his position; and in the morning he seemed to have for the first time fully realized the hopelessness of his case. He spoke of it—before the women came down—in a grave, matter-of-fact way, not making any protestation of suffering, but calmly accepting it as a matter for regret.

One could easily see, however, that a good deal of genuine feeling lay behind these brief words.

Then, when Bell came down, he showed her a vast amount of studied respect; but spoke to her of one or two ordinary matters in a careless tone, as if to assure every body that nothing particular had happened. The girl herself was not equal to any such effort of amiable hypocrisy. She was very timid. She agreed with him in a hurried way whenever he made the most insignificant statement, and showed herself obtrusively anxious to take his side when my Lady, for example, doubted the efficacy of carbolic soap. The Lieutenant had no great interest in carbolic soap—had never seen it, indeed, until that morning; but Bell was so anxious to be kind to him, that she defended the compound as if she had been the inventor and patentee of it.

"It is very awkward for me," said the Lieutenant, as we were strolling through the quaint thoroughfare—Bell and my Lady leading the way along the piazzas formed on the first floor of the houses; "it is very awkward for me to be always meeting her, and more especially in a room. And she seems to think that she has done me some wrong. That is not so. That is quite a mistake. It is a misfortune—that is all; and the fault is mine that I did not understand sooner. Yet I wish we were again in the phaeton. Then there is great life—motion—something to do and think about. I can not bear this doing of nothing."

Well, if the Lieutenant's restlessness was to be appeased by hard work, he was likely to have enough of it that day; for we were shortly to take the horses and phaeton across the estuary of the Mersey, by one of the Birkenhead ferries; and any one who has engaged in that pleasing operation knows the excitement of it. Von Rosen chafed against the placid monotony of the Chester streets. The passages under the porticoes are found to be rather narrow of a forenoon, when a crowd of women and girls have come out to look at the shops, and when the only alternative to waiting one's turn and getting along is to descend ignominiously into the thoroughfare below. Now, no stranger who comes to Chester would think of walking along an ordinary pavement, so long as he can pace through these quaint old galleries that are built on

the roofs of the ground-row of shops and cellars. The Lieutenant hung aimlessly about—just as you may see a husband lounging and staring in Regent-street, while his wife is examining with a deadly interest the milliner's and jewelers' windows. Bell bought presents for the boys. My Lady purchased photographs. In fact, we conducted ourselves like the honest Briton abroad, who buys a lot of useless articles in every town he comes to, chiefly because he has nothing else to do, and may as well seize that opportunity of talking to the natives.

Then our bonny bays were put into the phaeton, and, with a great sense of freedom shining on the face of our Uhlan, we started once more for the north. Bell was sitting beside me. That had been part of the arrangement. But why was she so pensive? Why this profession of tenderness and an extreme interest and kindness? I had done her no injury.

"Bell," I say to her, "have you left all your wildness behind you—buried down at the foot of Box Hill, or calmly interred under a block of stone up on Mickleham Downs. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set my Lady frowning at you as if you were an incorrigible Tom-boy? Come, now, touching that ballad of the Bailiff's Daughter—the guitar has not been out for a long time—"

A small gloved hand was gently and furtively laid on my arm. There was to be no singing.

"I think," said Bell, aloud, "that this is a very pretty piece of country to lie between two such big towns as Chester and Liverpool."

The remark was not very profound, but it was accurate, and it served its purpose of pushing away finally that suggestion about the guitar. We were now driving up the long neck of land lying between the parallel estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. About Backford, and on by Great Sutton and Childer Thornton to Eastham, the drive was pleasant enough—the windy day and passing clouds giving motion and variety to the undulating pasture-land and the level fields of the farms. But as we drove carelessly through the green landscape, all of a sudden we saw before us a great forest of masts—gray streaks in the midst of the horizon—and behind them a cloud of smoke arising

from an immense stretch of houses. We discovered, too, the line of the Mersey; and by and by we could see its banks widening, until the boats in the bed of the stream could be vaguely made out in the distance.

"Shall we remain in Liverpool this evening?" asks Bell.

"As you please."

Bell had been more eager than any of us to hurry on our passage to the north, that we should have abundant leisure in the Lake country. But a young lady who finds herself in an embarrassing position may imagine that the best refuge she can have in the evening is the theatre.

"Pray don't," says Tita. "We shall be at Liverpool presently, and it would be a great pity to throw away a day, when we shall want all the spare time we can get when we reach Kendal."

Kendal! It was the town at which Arthur was to meet us. But of course my Lady had her way. Since Von Rosen chose to sit mute, the decision rested with her; and so the driver, being of an equable disposition, and valuing the peace of mind of the party far above the respect that ought to have been shown to Liverpool, meekly took his orders and sent the horses on.

But it was a long way to Liverpool, despite Tita's assurances. The appearances of the landscape were deceitful. The smoke on the other side of the river seemed to indicate that the city was close at hand; but we continued to roll along the level road without apparently coming one whit nearer Birkenhead. We crossed Bromborough Pool. We went by Primrose Hill. We drove past the grounds apparently surrounding some mansion, only to find the level road still stretching on before us. Then there were a few cottages. Houses of an unmistakably civic look began to appear. Suburban villas with gardens walled in with brick studded the road-side. Factories glimmered gray in the distance. An odor of coal-smoke was perceptible in the air; and finally, with a doleful satisfaction, we had the wheels of the phaeton rattling over a grimy street, and we knew we were in Birkenhead.

There was some excuse for the Lieutenant losing his temper—even if he had not been in rather a gloomy mood, to begin with. The arrangements for the trans-

ference of carriage-horses across the Mersey are of a nebulous description. When we drove down the narrow passage to Tranmere Ferry, the only official we could secure was a hulking lout of a fellow of decidedly hang-dog aspect. Von Rosen asked him, civilly enough, if there was any one about who could take the horses out, and superintend the placing of them and the phaeton in the ferry. There was no such person. Our friend in moleskin hinted in a surly fashion, that the Lieutenant might do it for himself. But he would help, he said; and therewith he growled something about being paid for his trouble. I began to fear for the safety of that man. The river is deep just close by.

Bell and Tita had to be got out, and tickets taken for the party and for the horses and phaeton. When I returned, the Lieutenant, with rather a firm-set mouth, was himself taking the horses out, while the loafer in moleskin stood at some little distance, scowling and muttering scornful observations at the same time.

"Ha! have you got the tickets?" said our Uhlán. "That is very good. We shall do by ourselves. Can you get out the nose-bags, that we shall pacify them on going across? I have told this fellow if he comes near to the horses—if he speaks one more word to me he will be in the river the next moment; and that is quite as sure I am alive."

But there was no one who could keep the horses quiet like Bell. When they were taken down the little pier, she walked by their heads, and spoke to them, and stroked their noses; and then she swiftly got on board the steamer to receive them. The Lieutenant took hold of Pollux. The animal had been quiet enough, even with the steamer blowing and puffing in front of him, but when he found his hoofs striking on the board between the pier and the steamer, he threw up his head, and strove to back. The Lieutenant held on by both hands. The horse went back another step. It was a perilous moment, for there is no railing to the board which forms the gangway to those ferry-steamers, and if the animal had gone to one side or the other, he and Von Rosen would have been in the water together. But with a "Hi! hoop!" and a little touch of a whip from behind, the horse sprang forward, and was in the boat before he knew. And there was Bell at his head, talking in an endear-

ing fashion to him as the Lieutenant pulled the strap of the nose-bag up; and one horse was safe.

There was less to do with Castor; that prudent animal, with his eyes staring wildly around, feeling his way gingerly on the sounding board, but not pausing all the same. Then he too had his nose-bag to comfort him; and when the steamer uttered a yell of a whistle through its steam-pipe, the two horses only started and knocked their hoofs about on the deck—for they were very well employed, and Bell was standing in front of their heads, talking to them and pacifying them.

Then we steamed slowly out into the broad estuary. A strong wind was blowing up channel, and the yellow-brown waves were splashing about, with here and there a bold dash of blue on them from the gusty sky overhead. Far away down the Mersey the shipping seemed to be like a cloud along the two shores; and out on the wide surface of the river were large vessels being tugged about, and mighty steamers coming up to the Liverpool piers. When one of these bore down upon us so closely that she seemed to overlook our little boat, the two horses forgot their corn and flung their heads about a bit; but the Lieutenant had a firm grip of them, and they were eventually quieted.

He had by this time recovered from his fit of wrath. Indeed, he laughed heartily over the matter, and said—

"I am afraid I did give that lounging fellow a great fright. He does not understand German, I suppose; but the sound of what I said to him had a great effect upon him—I can assure you of that. He retreated from me hastily. It was some time before he could make out what had happened to him; and then he did not return to the phaeton."

The horses bore the landing on the other side very well; and, with but an occasional tremulous start, permitted themselves to be put-to on the quay, amid the roar and confusion of arriving and departing steamers. We were greatly helped in this matter by an amiable policeman, who will some day, I hope, become Colonel and Superintendent of the Metropolitan Force.

Werther, amid all this turmoil, was beginning to forget his sorrows. We had a busy time of it. He and Bell had been

so occupied with the horses in getting them over that they had talked almost frankly to each other; and now there occurred some continuation of the excitement in the difficulties that beset us. For, after we had driven into the crowded streets, we found that the large hotels in Liverpool have no mews attached to them; and in our endeavors to secure in one place entertainment for both man and beast, some considerable portion of our time was consumed. At length we found stabling in Hatton Garden; and then we were thrown on the wide world of Liverpool to look after our own sustenance.

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant—rather avoiding the direct look of her eyes, however—"if you would prefer to wait, and go to a theatre to-night—"

"O no, thank you," said Bell, quite hurriedly—as if she were anxious not to have her own wishes consulted; "I would much rather go on as far as we can to-day."

The Lieutenant said nothing—how could he? He was but six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, and had not yet discovered a key to the Rosamond's maze of a woman's wishes.

So we went to a restaurant fronting a dull square, and dined. We were the only guests. Perhaps it was luncheon; perhaps it was dinner—we had pretty well forgotten the difference by this time, and were satisfied if we could get something to eat, anywhere, thrice a day.

But it was only too apparent that the pleasant relations with which we had started had been seriously altered. There was a distressing politeness prevailing throughout this repast, and Bell had so far forgotten her ancient ways as to become quite timid and nervously formal in her talk. As for my Lady, she forgot to say sharp things. Indeed, she never does care for a good brisk quarrel, unless there are people present to enjoy the spectacle. Fighting for the mere sake of fighting is a blunder; but fighting in the presence of a circle of noble dames and knights becomes a courtly tournament. All our old amusements were departing—we were like four people met in a London drawing-room; and, of course, we had not bargained for this sort of thing on setting out. It had all arisen from Bell's excessive tenderness of heart. She had possessed herself with some wild idea that she had cruelly

wronged our Lieutenant. She strove to make up for this imaginary injury by a show of courtesy and kindness that was embarrassing to the whole of us. The fact is, the girl had never been trained in the accomplishments of city life. She regarded a proposal of marriage as something of consequence. There was a defect, too, about her pulsation: her heart—that ought to have gone regularly through the multiplication table in the course of its beating, and never changed from twice once to twelve times twelve—made frantic plunges here and there, and slurred over whole columns of figures in order to send an anxious and tender flush up to her forehead and face. A girl who was so little mistress of herself, that—on a winter's evening, when we happened to talk of the summer-time and of half-forgotten walks near Ambleside and Coniston—tears might suddenly be seen to well up in her blue eyes, was scarcely fit to take her place in a modern drawing-room. At this present moment her anxiety, and a sort of odd self-accusation, were really spoiling our holiday: but we did not bear her much malice.

It was on this evening that we were destined to make our first acquaintance with the alarming method of making roads which prevails between Liverpool and Preston. It is hard to say by what process of fiendish ingenuity these petrified sweetbreads have been placed so as to occasion the greatest possible trouble to horses' hoofs, wheels, and human ears; and it is just as hard to say why such roads—although they may wear long in the neighborhood of a city inviting constant traffic—should be continued out into country districts where a cart is met with about once in every five miles. These roads do not conduce to talking. One thinks of the unfortunate horses, and of the effect on springs and wheels. Especially in the quiet of a summer evening, the frightful rumbling over the wedged-in stones seems strangely discordant. And yet when one gets clear of the suburban slums and the smoke of Liverpool, a very respectable appearance of real country life becomes visible. When you get out to Walton Nurseries and on towards Aintree Station and Maghull, the landscape looks fairly green, and the grass is of a nature to support animal life. There is nothing very striking in the scenery, it is

true. Even the consciousness that away beyond the flats on the left the sea is washing over the great sandbanks and on to the level shore, does not help much; for who can pretend to hear the whispering of the far-off tide amid the monotonous rattling over these abominable Lancashire stones? We kept our teeth well shut, and went on. We crossed the small river of Alt. We whisked through Maghull village. The twilight was gathering fast as we got on to Aughton, and in the dusk—lit up by the yellow stars of the street lamps—we drove into Ormskirk. The sun had gone down red in the west: we were again assured as to the morrow.

But what was the good of another bright morning to this melancholy Uhlan? Misfortune seemed to have marked us for its own. We drove into the yard of what was apparently the biggest inn in the place; and while the women were sent into the inn, the Lieutenant and I happened to remain a little while to look after the horses. Imagine our astonishment, therefore, (after the animals had been taken out and our luggage uncartered,) to find there was no accommodation for us inside the building.

"Confounded house!" growled the Lieutenant in German; "thou hast betrayed me!"

So there was nothing for it but to leave the phaeton where it was, and issue forth in quest of a house in which to hide our heads. It was an odd place when we found it. A group of women regarded us with a frightened stare. In vain we invited them to speak. At length another woman—little less alarmed than the others, apparently—made her appearance, and signified that we might, if we chose, go into a small parlor smelling consummately of gin and coarse tobacco. After all, we found the place was not so bad as it looked. Another chamber was prepared for us. Our luggage was brought round. Ham and beer were provided for our final meal, with some tea in a shaky tea-pot. There was nothing romantic in this dingy hostelry, or in this dingy little town; but were we not about to reach a more favored country—the beautiful and enchanted land of which Bell had been dreaming so long?—

"Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin, Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn!"

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I confess that I can

not understand these young people. On our way from the Fairy Glen back to Bettwa-y-Coed, Bell told me something of what had occurred; but I really could not get from her any *proper* reason for her having acted so. She was much distressed, of course. I forbore to press her lest we should have a *scene*, and I would not hurt the girl's feelings for the world, for she is as dear to me as one of my own children. But she could give no explanation. If she had said that Count von Rosen had been too precipitate, I could have understood it. She said she had known him a very short time; and that she could not judge of a proposition coming so unexpectedly; and that she could not consent to his leaving his country and his profession for her sake. These are only such objections as every girl uses when she *really means* that she does not wish to marry. I asked her why. She had no objection to urge against Lieutenant von Rosen personally—as how could she?—for he is a most gentlemanly young man, with abilities and accomplishments considerably above the average. Perhaps, living down in the country for the greater part of the year, I am not competent to judge; but I think at least he compares *very favorably* with the gentlemen whom I am in the habit of seeing. I asked her if she meant to marry Arthur. She would not answer. She said something about his being an old friend—as if that had *any thing in the world to do with it*. At first I thought that she had merely said

No for the pleasure of accepting afterwards; and I knew that in that case the Lieutenant, who is a shrewd young man, and has plenty of courage, would soon *make another trial*. But I was amazed to find so much of seriousness in her decision; and yet she will not say that she means to marry Arthur. Perhaps she is waiting to have an explanation with him first. In that case, I fear Count von Rosen's chances are but very small indeed; for I know how Arthur has *wantonly* traded on Bell's *great generosity* before. Perhaps I may be mistaken; but she would not admit that her decision could be altered. I must say it is *most unfortunate*. Just as we were getting on so nicely and enjoying ourselves so much—and just as we were getting near to the Lake-country that Bell so much delights in—every thing is spoiled by this unhappy event, for which Bell can give no *adequate reason* whatever. It is a great pity that one who shall be nameless—but who looks pretty fairly after his own comfort—did not *absolutely forbid* Arthur to come vexing us in this way by driving over to our route. If Dr. Ashburton had had any proper control over the boy, he would have kept him to his studies in the Temple instead of allowing him to risk the breaking of his neck by driving wildly about the country in a dogcart.]

(To be continued.)

[From Macmillan's Magazine.]

SOCIAL NEW-YORK.

BY J. W. C.

THE outward appearance of the city of New-York has been so often described that it is tolerably well known to English readers. The fine bay, with its white sails and the usually clear blue sky overhead, forming so great a contrast to the Mersey, gives at once to the American-bound traveler a comfortable sense of breadth and cheeriness. There is nothing dull to look at; nothing hopeless; nothing hateful in ugliness and gloom. And Broadway, although we may find it much narrower than we imagined, and very disappointing in the incongruity and tastelessness of its architecture, (with the wretched flag-staffs of different sizes on every roof, and flaunting signs stuck up at every door-post,) has still an attraction from the novelty and the scale of many of its buildings, and there is a display of wealth and bustling eager activity about the street that give it a character of its own. Fifth Avenue, too, with its handsome brown stone houses, and the trees bordering the pavement in their fresh green, is a sight to please the eye. It is a sort of street we have not been accustomed to. It is typically American. It would be difficult to match its three miles in com-

fort and sightliness. It is already built out to the Central Park, the great pride and glory of New-Yorkers. Within the last ten or twelve years this park has been formed out of an absolute wilderness of rock. The roads in it are perfect. The turf is admirably kept, and no English lawn can look brighter or greener than it does in spring. Fine timber there is none, and never can be, owing to the want of depth of soil, but flowering shrubs and small trees there are in abundance, with several artificial lakes very picturesquely laid out; and whether in spring-time in its freshness, or in the fall, when Autumn's "fiery finger" is laid among the leaves, the Park has a bright, pleasant appearance, with its crowds of well-dressed people walking about, and the numerous "wagons" with fast-trotting horses.

When the ordinary tourist, without letters of introduction, asks what more there is to be seen in this the third largest city in the civilized world, it must be difficult to direct him. There are one or two collections of modern pictures in private houses open to view, which might interest him for half-an-hour. If addicted to education or

charitable institutions, he can occupy some time and receive much valuable information from visiting the schools and the other buildings devoted to these purposes. If commercially inclined, the shipping and the "Bulls and Bears," in Wall Street, will claim attention; but at the end of three or four days he must join in the general verdict of travelers, which has not been favorable to New-York. Now, although it must be admitted that, as a metropolis, it is very deficient in objects of general interest, the ground on which it may claim both attention and study has scarcely been traveled over by any foreigner. That ground is the interior life of this most American of all American cities. For in their social as well as in their political innovations Americans exhibit the same tendency towards an equality of conditions. In both cases the general result is a wonderful average of content with less of extraordinary eminence in culture and refinement than may be found among the few in such a country as England, but with a much wider diffusion of apparent happiness among the many.

The same Englishman who devoutly thanks Heaven that he does not live in a land where gentlemen take no part in the government, and where such frauds can be perpetrated as have recently come to light in New-York City Administration, will return thanks with equal fervor that his wife and daughters do not squander his substance in millinery, nor their own time in frivolities. Scarcely, perhaps, giving due weight to the fact that however deplorable certain blemishes may be in the practical working of these American institutions, the country, whether by aid of them or in spite of them, thrives, and, in the one case, the spectacle is presented of forty millions of the best educated, the best fed, the best clothed, and the most contented people in the world; and in the other, that whatever defects may be found in the social organization, one end, and not an unimportant one, is attained—namely, securing a very great amount of happiness for a very large number of young people by encouraging them in constant opportunities of meeting, of getting to know one another, and of marrying. This latter feature is of special interest to us in England, for we are becoming so ultra-civilized, that love-mariages are in some danger of going altogether out of existence; the prevalent and

growing idea of man's real enjoyment being, apparently, to get away from petticoats—at any rate from reputable petticoats. In America, on the other hand, scarcely any amusement is popular in which the presence of ladies is not *the* essential part. The "tournament of doves" languishes in New-York because ladies will not go there. Compare one of our metropolitan racecourses, and take Ascot as one of the most lady-like, with the Jerome Park Meeting at New-York. As a question of racing sport, the latter at present is nowhere; but such a circumstance could not occur there, nor indeed at any race-meeting in the country, as is too apt to happen to any one taking ladies on the course at Ascot. Your carriage gets jammed in between two drags, containing choice spirits of that class of the youth of England who delight to regale themselves after luncheon with the peculiar style of ballad literature known as "Derby Songs." The coarser the language, the better the pay to the wretched women who sing them. There is nothing for it but to take ladies away till "the fun" is over. Such barbarity tolerated in England, not among the lowest, but among the highest in rank, would be an absolute impossibility among any class in America. Not that there is, by any means, a higher tone of morality in New-York than there is in London, but impure associations are very sedulously banished from the sight of the pure, and all that particular class of vice, at any rate, pays the tribute to virtue of keeping itself absolutely apart.

The example of a racecourse may be more striking than any other; but it is not necessary to go so far for an instance. Take an ordinary croquet party, or a yachting party, or a picnic; or, better still, take the general way in which average young gentlemen in the two countries will spend a holiday. In London, it will be a party of men to shoot, or hunt, or row, or play cricket, or whatever else it may be; it will seldom occur to them to take ladies with them as one of the elements in their pleasure seeking. It will as little occur to the same class of men in New-York not to take them. There the first thing thought of is a matron, and as many young ladies as there are gentlemen; and whether they drive out for a game of croquet and a dinner to the Four-in-Hand Club, or to see the horses in training at the Jockey Club,

or steam up the noble Hudson to picnic among the Highlands, or go to some house in the country for luncheon and a dance afterwards, or down the bay in a yacht, or (if the season be winter) on a sleighing party, the great point aimed at—the circumstance from which the chief pleasure is expected to be derived—is the association of ladies and gentlemen together. And this association, which is thus prized, esteemed, and, one may say, lived for by American men, can not be said to be more than tolerated by Englishmen, and that not always with the best grace in the world. We see the results in the dreariness of our garden parties, our croquet parties, our archery parties, where the entertainment consists of twenty-five men protecting themselves as best they can from the advances of seventy-five ladies; most of the latter nominally in the capacity of matrons, as if two or three matrons were not enough for a whole party.

In America we find women, and especially unmarried women, holding a higher rank, relatively to men, than they do in this country. More deference is shown to them—more courtesy. They are encouraged to feel that they are the most important element in the social happiness of the men; and the consequence is, among the better, but not at all uncommon styles of girls, there is a most charming want of constraint, affectation, or mannerism. They are very little conventional or self-conscious, and the just mean is very often found where perfect freedom does not verge on forwardness, pertness, or fastness. And this is due, not merely to the difference in the numerical proportion of men and women in the country, but it must also, in great part, be attributed to the independence in which American girls are brought up from their childhood. They become recognized leaders in all amusements, and are able to dictate a tone to society. For society seems to be a good deal like any other bully, a very great coward when made to feel the strong hand, and young ladies, aware of their tremendous social power when organized, cease to be satisfied with graceless inattentions from men; nor, under such organization, is it possible that there should exist the public recognition, not to say condonement, of that "great social evil" which in England, though confined perhaps in its most prominent aspect to the few "very high in the realm," nev-

ertheless is accountable for a tone and position which men of all classes are apt to assume towards ladies,—a position of complete and unconcealed independence of their society. And is not this want of community between men and women in their interests and amusements

" . . . the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,"

and that is said of the sweetest of all music here in England?

The prevalent English notion of New-York society is that it is a perfect sink of iniquity; but bad though it may be, and its best friend could not say much for some sections of it, there is nowhere the same effrontery in vice as can be seen in London or Paris.

Another and perhaps a stronger point is that Americans are very far indeed from recognizing the inherent superiority of boys over girls which is admitted without question in most English families, and which was so well satirized some years ago by *Punch*, in the story of the school-boy at home, asked by a visitor the number of his family, and answering, "Well, if you count the girls, we're eight. *I'm one.*" The taunt may go for what it is worth, were it not that the poor girls pay the penalty of their inferiority in a form appreciable by the dullest understanding or sensibility,—namely, in being left 20,000*l.* where their brothers are left 200,000*l.* if their parents are wealthy! In America they share and share alike. And all the advantages that money can buy will be lavished on the daughters, while the sons will be turned into a counting-house or lawyer's office at seventeen or eighteen years old, and will be made to work for their living, with little or no money help from their fathers. It is not therefore altogether surprising that in their own estimation young ladies on the other side of the Atlantic have, as they themselves would phrase it, a much more "lovely time" than their cousins here. From their childhood they assume the position of the greatest importance in society. When they are seven or eight years old they go to "dancing schools," or classes, where they meet boys two or three years older than themselves, and from that time forward they are thrown into constant association with the other sex. It is quite true that American children are generally abominations, and this early making little

men and women of them is no doubt one of the causes, but still it must be acknowledged to have some good effects too.

At whatever age you may see an American boy and girl together, you are never pained by that wretched *mauvaise honte* so common in England.

A college boy of fifteen, or seventeen in New-York will make visits to his girl friends of thirteen or fourteen, and treat them with thorough courtesy. He will have plenty to say to them, and will say it naturally,—not in the least off his ease, and yet not as a general rule forward. It is his ambition to know many of them, to be a favorite with them, and their pursuits and amusements out of school will be in common. These boys go into society at a ridiculously early age, and are often very indifferently educated. Many of them of course are readers, and make up in later life for any early deficiencies, but many are apt to have an extremely low intellectual standard; being quite contented with that amount of knowledge or native smartness that will enable them to succeed in importing fancy dry goods or in selling stocks and gold in Wall Street; and yet with all that there will generally be found a "grace of courtesy" ingrained in them which makes it impossible for them to be otherwise than polite to a lady, or indeed to any other human being.

It would be absolutely impossible to find twelve American gentlemen in an omnibus on a wet day some of whom would not make room for a woman—and do it with grace, as if they had a pleasure in the doing of it. They would always prefer even that a man should come in and stand on their toes with his umbrella dripping over them, than that he should be left out in discomfort. Most of us who take occasion to travel in these not very aristocratic conveyances in London may remember to have noticed the expressions and actions of the five on each side when a lady passenger makes her appearance as No. 11 at the door—the alacrity to make room and remove her embarrassment as to which side she should choose, and the pleasant welcome given! However, we have rules and regulations as to complements which are conspicuous for their absence in New-York. It is outrageous the way in which they fill their omnibuses and cars—exactly like the carts one sees in London streets filled with calves—not only with all the

sitting and standing room taken up, but with men hanging on to the platforms, and that under no necessity of exceptional pressure, but as an every-day occurrence. One is apt to hear in this country unfavorable comments on American manners, and it is true that they may often be found not altogether consonant with the highest grace or finish, but a stranger may travel "from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico," with very tolerable certainty that he will never encounter the slightest willful impoliteness unless he himself gives occasion for it. On the other hand, he will often find excessive courtesy from rough exteriors where he might little expect it, exhibited not in waste of words, but in kindness of action. Even in a California emigrant steamer, an Englishman, busy in taking care of his guns and of his bath-tub and of himself generally, may, if he has the eyes to see and the heart to understand, learn some lessons in chivalry—an accomplishment of by-gone days—from these same rough Western fellows, who may have shocked his delicate sensibility by eating peas with their knives, and by chewing tobacco. Under a glaring tropical sun it will be their first business on arriving at Aspinwall to carry ashore the chairs and other movables, including babies of women in no way connected with them, helpful to get them good places in the new steamer at Panama—unmindful, till that is done, of their own comfort. Is it, then, this equality of conditions that tends to greater courtesy, greater kindness in manner? Certainly these qualities are noticeable among American men. As for the women, they are very bewitching from their sprightliness, but they are sometimes spoilt more or less by the attention they receive, looking upon the men merely as providers for their amusement, and they may be a little too apt to regard what they designate "having a good time" as the most important object in life, but still as a rule they appear to make good wives and mothers. And while they are young life certainly is made very easy to them, very joyous, as it naturally should be. Their association with the other sex is encouraged in every direction. Nothing so pleasantly surprises an English gentleman who goes to a New-York ball well introduced, as to be asked by half-a-dozen fair maidens of eighteen to twenty years of age, to whom he may have been pre-

sented, to call on them any evening. As it is only in most exceptional instances that their papas or mammas add to the crush in a ball-room, he is not likely to have the faintest idea who his new friends may be; but the invitation having been given in the frankest, kindest manner, he naturally takes advantage of it, and on the first occasion will probably be introduced to the parents and the rest of the family. But on all future occasions he is more likely than not to find the young lady quite alone. Not that she will deliberately so contrive it as to be alone. It would be truer to say that no one else will deliberately contrive that she should not be alone, and yet so habitual is this custom that there will not be the smallest constraint or consciousness in her manner. She conducts herself exactly as if it was the most natural thing in the world that two young people should be alone together. Perhaps the most common form for the visit to take will be that the young lady receives her friend in an ante-room, while the rest of the family, with folding doors open between, will be proceeding with their ordinary avocations in the adjoining room, precisely as if no foreign element were present. Each girl in the family will have her own distinct circle of acquaintance, both men and women, so that Maria's friends are possibly unknown except by sight to Julia, and papa's and mamma's friends are quite unknown to both young ladies. In some large houses in New-York, where two or three of the girls are in society, each receives her own friends in her own boudoir, where her visitor is shown up straight from the front door, and where she has her piano and her own favorite books and flowers about her. He comes and goes without seeing any other member of the family, and this unconstrained intimacy is apt to tend naturally towards matrimony.

The safety of the arrangement lies in the numbers. For the visitor going out is likely to stumble on another coming in, and the same young lady will walk or ride alone in the park with a different gentleman every day of the week, or will be seen one day perched on one of those marvelous "light wagons," with very scanty room for two on the seat, behind a pair of trotters speeded up to a "two-forty gait," (twenty-two miles an hour;) the next day, alongside a different driver, on an English dog-cart with a tandem team; or a third day

reclining with a third cavalier among buffalo robes in a sleigh, rattling along under the merry music of its silver bells. In whatever form the men amuse themselves, the companionship of ladies seems to be a necessity for their thorough enjoyment.

And to this may be attributed the lightness of the atmosphere of American entertainments. At a New-York dinner there is certain to be a very large proportion of young married ladies and girls recently "come out," and these women are apt to be so beautiful to look on and so coquette, (without being flirts at all in the offensive sense of the word,) simply so frankly ready to be admired and to be pleased, and so anxious to please, that no man can have time to realize any defects or wants. He welcomes the new sensation of seeing people thoroughly and unrestrainedly enjoying themselves in their own way. It may not be the highest way, but they are there for the purpose of enjoyment, and they do enjoy themselves, and do not consider it necessary to give themselves airs either of frigidity, gushing sentimentality, literary enthusiasm, or fastness. They are simply natural. Of course in a city of the size of New-York there are numerous sets in what may be called "the best society," comprising every tone of culture or want of culture, and it is therefore impossible to give an idea of the average style of conversation. It would not surprise you to find in an average dinner company several men unaware of the existence of well-known recent works, as for instance the "Idyls of the King," "The Spanish Gipsy," or "The Ring and the Book." But at the very same table you might find yourself taken up sharp by a girl in her teens if you ventured to air a doubtful knowledge of Mr. Herbert Spenser's writings, or were to quote Buckle inaccurately. It would probably, however, be difficult to find anything like the number of quiet dinner parties in New-York that may be found in London, where various subjects of political, literary, or scientific interest are conversed about with considerable knowledge on the part of the talkers, and where it would be impossible for any one to circulate without a very fair acquaintance with the current literature of the day. "Shop" is the general bane of average New-York dinner conversation among men.

Then there is generally a hearty desire

on the part of every one to have a "good time;" and as hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues of American character, whatever your host has of best in the way of wines and cigars is sure to be forthcoming without stint. There is none of that repression which is the cold blanket on so many English entertainments, where those who consider themselves as a little grander socially than their neighbors must always be asserting their supremacy; and where from the butcher to the baronet so many people are always striving to be what they are not, and to force themselves into the society of others whose whole end and aim in life is to avoid associating with them. In New York the lawyer, the banker, the merchant, and the broker all associate on terms of perfect equality as gentlemen; and out of business hours you may see the young broker without a shilling of fortune, but who is a gentleman, take a position in society that a millionaire banker who may not be a gentleman would give his ears to obtain, and never can obtain. In England there is a very general—almost universal—impression or reproach that money will do any thing in New-York; but we who live in so thin a glass house can not afford to throw stones. Many a railway magnate who may have amassed a fortune—compared with which Hudson's in his palmiest days would have been scarcely a competence—is as rigidly interdicted from any decent society in New-York, as Hudson was warmly welcomed in those circles which claim to call themselves the select society of London. It is very hard to say what does constitute the right of *entrée* into good society in New-York; but it most certainly is not wealth alone. There seems to be a sort of process of natural selection of all those people who in themselves contribute something to the general enjoyment. For in all their social gatherings enjoyment is the chiefest point considered. This is especially noticeable in a ball-room. The genius of the people goes out much toward dancing. Nothing can be more perfect of its kind than one of their assemblies at "Delmonico's." "Delmonico's" is an institution of New-York, a Swiss family of that name having for long been the chief restaurateurs of the city. They have rented a couple of the handsomest houses in Fifth Avenue, and have built a ball-room behind them, which is used not only for these public assemblies, but is very

generally hired by any one wishing to give a large private ball. The suit of rooms is sufficiently handsome; and as four or five hundred people can be accommodated without crushing, there is generally room to move about and to dance. The bulk of the matronizing is done by comparatively few young married ladies, each of whom will take charge of any number of girls who report themselves to her as a matter of form. It is a very pretty sight to see one of these young matrons enter the *salon bleu*, the reception room, with half-a-dozen girls in her train, each carrying from one to half-a-dozen bouquets of exquisite flowers. They have a rare faculty for dressing well—understanding how to wear their fine things, and having in general a perception of the harmony of colors, aided by a liberality in allowance attained by a diversion of much that English fathers devote to the hunting and shooting proclivities of their sons. A ball-room presents a rich, brilliant appearance, like a gay parterre of flowers. Dancing has been elevated almost into an art, and it is very rare to see either man or woman who does not dance really well. Pace and endurance are not so cultivated in America as grace; and the whole room does not set to dancing, or rather jostling one another at the same moment. Rows of respectable but uncalled-for papas and mammas consuming valuable air and space are unknown. The young girls are consequently the lords of the ascendant, and they look as if they felt it as they are entitled to do in a ball-room.

Quadrilles and lancers are never danced, having gone out of fashion as completely as stage coaches. Waltzes and galops alternate till twelve o'clock, when the favorite German cotillion, with its many fanciful, pretty, and graceful figures, commences and lasts till any hour in the morning. Dancing young ladies seem to be divided into two sets: one of which dances any thing except, and the other nothing but, "the German."

The men having been taught dancing from their infancy, and having kept it up ever since, seem to enjoy a ball as much as the women, and the women are radiant. The universality of flower carrying adds very much to the effectiveness of their appearance. It is extremely rare to see any lady quite bouquet-less; and it is a pleasant custom and a natural one that a man should send to any woman or to many

women whom he admires, or to whom he may be indebted for civilities, flowers either in baskets for their boudoirs or in bouquets to swell their triumphs at a ball. They express a sentiment as lightly as it can be expressed, without having any undue weight attached either by giver or receiver. The sending of the flowers is good for the man, in that for the moment he has thought of some one's pleasure besides his own: the receiving of them is good for the woman, because it puts her in charity with all men and women. The drawback is the want of moderation apt to characterize things American. The cost of a choice ball bouquet is ten or twelve dollars, so that a belle may often be seen entering a room with ten or twelve pounds sterling worth of flowers in her hands, as five bouquets will be no unusual number. As they will all be cast out next day, the waste of money is excessive and reprehensible, for the sentiment can not be measured in dollars. Baskets of flowers of course run to much greater excess, twenty pounds or forty pounds being often paid in winter for handsome ones.

Even in their club life, the New-York men seem to aim at including the other sex. They have a Four-in-hand Club, which certainly belongs as much to the ladies as to the gentlemen, so far as regards the uses to which it is put, and the pleasures derived from it. The Club House is beautifully situated on a knoll overlooking the Hudson, some eight miles from the city, and was built for the purpose of giving dinners and dances. The view from it up and down the river is lovely, and many a pleasant ladies' dinner (always including unmarried girls) is given there in the long summer afternoons. In the winter time, dances with thirty or forty couple, and the return home in a sleigh behind a gentleman whip slightly exhilarated, (of course by the keen frosty air,) and doing his honest sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, with the moon shining out cold and clear—"no nebulous hypothesis" as we are accustomed to in this little isle—and the bright stars, (much more steadfast than the driver,) and the solos and the choruses accompanying the joyous ringing of the silver bells, leaves a pleasant—very pleasant—impression on the mind of him who, through the storm of the singing may still be listening to a still small voice very near him.

Another pleasant innovation is the custom of giving theatre or opera parties. Any unmarried young lady or gentleman can select a matron and ask half-a-dozen or a dozen of their friends to go to the theatre or opera; the entertainment being generally prefaced by a dinner, or followed by a supper and an impromptu "German" at Delmonico's. You very rarely turn into any theatre in New-York without seeing a party of young people enjoying themselves in this way. It is, perhaps, as pleasant a way of passing an evening as any other, to dine at half-past six and go to the opera afterwards. If unfortunate in your right and left at dinner there is the chance of a new deal subsequently, and, that again failing, there is always the piece to look at, with closed eyes perhaps if the light is strong! It will be understood that the opera is a much cheaper amusement in New-York than in London, and in itself inferior in fully equal proportion. In fact, there is nothing first-rate about it except the toilettes of the ladies in the audience.

But whether a young lady prefers the constant society of a gentleman or gentlemen at her theatre parties or in her walks, her rides, her drives, or her church-going, the point that makes her life in America different from any European experience is that she is free as the air to dispose of herself as she thinks best. It can scarcely be said that any part of the mode of life described above is likely to contribute much towards making people wiser: in fact, a disposition towards mere enjoyment is apt to be much contemned by superior people who are impressed with the many difficult problems in life which have to be solved, and in the solution of which they themselves may be aiding. But it must be remembered how few of us are superior, or have any intention—even granting we have the ability—to apply our leisure time to schemes for the improvement of ourselves or of our fellow-creatures: and if we don't get the amusement to which we, rightly or wrongly, think ourselves entitled in one way, we will attempt it in another. Pretty constant social intercourse is good for the great mass of young people, even if a little frivolity be superinduced. But if ladies and gentlemen are to associate together, let their proper relative positions be maintained. Don't let us get and keep the wrong side uppermost. However inferior New-York society may be in

its intellectual development, on one point it may take its stand—that a man of thirty unmarried is looked on as a helpless, hopeless bachelor, and no girl dreams but that she will be married should she so desire it.

And notwithstanding the luxury in which these young ladies are brought up, it is a common thing to see them marry men without a shilling of fortune except their brains, and, after having been surfeited with every kind of attention and amusement, take up their quarters in a three-pair-back in "Bridal Row" without a murmur, and live for a season on about the cost of the bouquets sent to them in a previous season. As far as an outsider can judge, they make contented, loving, and faithful wives; and perhaps, after all, they can not more worthily fulfill their destinies. No form of life can be more beautiful than that often practiced by English girls, of devoting a great part of their time and attention to visiting the poor and to ministration in Sunday-schools, where the motive is pure benevolence, a strong desire to alleviate misery or to root out ignorance, apart from any selfish idea that such conduct will insure their own future benefit; but, on the other hand, one often sees a character wholly devoid of that talent for real benevolence, wasting a life in a public exhibition of charity, while the poor whom she has always with her at home suffer from a spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction which might be relieved by a little natural romance, for which nature has fitted her, if circumstances had only been more favorable. For all such—

"Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

It would, however, be assuming too much to maintain that there is any necessary incompatibility between the two forms

of living. It is quite possible that the same young lady who may sport with her (male) Amaryllis in the shade from four to six in the afternoon, may have been doing good work from ten to four. The records of the Sanitary Commission during the war showed wonderful achievements on the part of American ladies, and of these New York claimed no small share; and the splendid charitable institutions of the city itself bear witness that these duties are in no way neglected.

It does not follow that work will not be well done because play is well done. And although the walks and the rides, the drives and the dinners, the croquet parties and the evening parties, of ordinary young people may seem to be matters of very trivial interest or importance, it must be remembered that the sum of these small daily incidents powerfully affects the disposition, the manners, and the bearing of whole sections of society. We in England are too apt to think that because the best specimens of our own countrywomen and countrymen show types that are very rarely equaled and never excelled—so that the words English lady and English gentleman convey, and convey rightly, to our mind quite a distinct and different notion from mere "lady" or "gentleman"—therefore we are entitled to believe that our average Briton holds something of a superior social rank to all foreigners. But when the choice specimens have been culled out, the fact is that, owing to our inequality of condition, the residuum in Great Britain is of a dull, pompous, selfish, ungenial nature, and may learn something from much-maligned New-York—a city whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths we may hope will be paths of peace, notwithstanding the too great smartness of Yankee lawyers and the blatant nonsense of the *New-York Herald*.

[From Macmillan's Magazine.]

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF AN ARCH-CONSPIRATOR.

BY T. A. TROLLOPE.

PIERRE LENET was a born conspirator, if ever there was one. And he had the happiness to live in times which offered a field for the activity he delighted in, such as perhaps no other period and no other society ever equaled in that respect. He was born at Dijon in the early years of the

seventeenth century. The exact date of his birth is not ascertainable. But as he became *procureur-général* of the parliament of Dijon by the cession of his father in the year 1637, he could not have been born much after the beginning of the century. He died at Paris on the 3d of July, 1671.

His family had belonged for generations to the *noblesse de robe*. His father and grandfather were both presidents of the parliament of Dijon. It might be imagined that the position of magistrate in a country town, together with the additional staidness which might be supposed to be derived from such family connections and associations, would have insured to a man, whatever his natural inclinations might be, a life of peaceful usefulness and humdrum monotony. But any body so imagining would have left out of his consideration the strange state of France during that wonderful time of the Fronde—a time when it was quite on the cards that footmen and ladies'-maids might come to exercise an important influence on public events and on the fortunes of princes; when the only persons of whom it could be said that it was *not* on the cards that they should exercise any such influence were the millions of *manants*, the cultivators of the soil, who constituted the mass of the population of France; a time when the natural mode of proceeding of one who sought to earwig an archbishop, was to bribe the right reverend father's favorite; when all dignitaries, potentates, powers, and persons in authority, seemed to be playing a huge game of puss-in-the-corner; when all society was dancing the hays, and every body and thing was in the place where they might least be expected to be found; when perhaps more completely than at any other time that history tells us of, the idea of duty was extinct, and men and women acted, and almost openly and wholly avowed that they acted, on no other motive save the consideration of what they conceived to be their interest and the gratification of their passions; a time when every body constantly strove to deceive every other person engaged in the huge confused game, and when deception was so much a matter of course that those who were deceived felt little or no resentment against those who had deceived them when the deceit was discovered—a bad time, a thoroughly bad and despicable time, but an extremely interesting one, and, above all, a highly picturesque one.

It is also a specially difficult time to understand—as it might be supposed it would be, even from what has here been said of it. When every body, high and low, conspicuous, and obscure, was busying himself, and effectually busying himself

with plots, schemes, intrigues of every sort, when the women were as active and quite as influential as the men, (for this is a notable specialty of the Fronde period,) it may be imagined that the skein becomes a complex and a raveled one. The consequence is, that of all the times and social conditions described by history, this Fronde time is one of the least satisfactorily understood by those whose reading is confined to the pages of the great historians. It is impossible that their works, let them have striven as they might to clothe the dry bones of what used to be called history with flesh and blood, should, by the general view to which they are necessarily limited, give their readers not only any accurate understanding of all the pulling of the wires which led to great and important events, but, what is far more worth having, any lively picture of the sort of way in which men and women were then living, and talking, and thinking, and acting. Fortunately, no period was ever richer in writers of memoirs. So many had stories to tell. So many, when left high and dry in their old age by the stream of active life, had no other occupation or consolation than the telling of them. But it is a case of *embarrass de richesses*. Few, indeed, are the readers in the present day who can dream of coping with the mass of narrative which the French *mémoire* writers of the seventeenth century have left us. Life is too full and too short. But there is the complete living picture of that strange time embedded in those thousands of pages. And if one could succeed in detaching a scene or two, and fitting them into such a manageable size and form as would furnish a magic-lantern slide, without loss of the color of the original figures and facts, such a peep might suffice to give a reader a more living and concrete notion of this portion of French history than he has ever gathered from his previous studies.

On the 18th of January, 1650, an event happened which fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the French world, and filled with amazement not only the Court and Paris, but the whole of France. This was the sudden and totally unexpected arrest of "the Princes." The reader of the French history of that period will meet with frequent reference to that event, and to a great variety of other facts as happening to, or performed by, "the Princes." The personages thus designated *par excel-*

lence were Louis II. of Bourbon, Prince de Condé, and his younger brother, Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti. The former was the man known in French history as the Grand Condé. He was the great-grandson of Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, and was the head of that branch of the Bourbons. "The Princes," therefore, so-called as being princes of the blood royal. Condé had done much to deserve the title of "Great." Voltaire says of him that he was a "born general." He delivered France from a great danger when, with much inferior forces, and giving battle against the advice of his council, he beat the Spaniards in the memorable fight of Rocroi, destroying in that and subsequent victories the famous Spanish infantry, at that day considered the finest in the world. Louis XIII. died in 1642. Rocroi was fought on the 19th of May, 1643. So that Condé was, perhaps fortunately for himself and for France, absent from Paris when the first troubles of the Fronde broke out. It is probable that he would have ranged himself on the side opposed to Cardinal Mazarin and the Court had he then been at leisure to busy himself with the intestine discords of his country.

Of course there could be little sympathy between any of the *Grands Seigneurs* of France, the remains of the old feudal nobility which Richelieu had so successfully crushed, and Mazarin. Richelieu was hated and feared. Mazarin was hated and despised. Nevertheless, when Condé, having vanquished the foreign enemies of France, and obtained an advantageous peace, ventured to Paris, and when both parties to the struggle, which was going on between Mazarin and the Court on the one hand, against the Parliament and the Frondeurs on the other, were eager to enlist the hero on their side, he took the side of the Court, probably from a real patriotic sense of duty, and contributed largely to that first pacification, which was, after all, but a hollow truce. Overt violence was stayed, but plotting went on only the more actively on all sides. Mazarin was hated equally by the Parliament and by the *Grands Seigneurs*. The *Noblesse de l'Épée* and the *Noblesse de Robe* were equally against him. And the fact that he was able, amid much difficulties, to maintain his power so long, is a very curious and suggestive testimony to the

efficacy of the work which his great predecessor, Richelieu, had accomplished.

But if Condé deemed it his duty to lend the weight of his name and influence to the support of the Court against the malcontent Frondeurs and Parliament, it did not follow that he was to dissemble his disgust at the spectacle of French chivalry ruled by the rod of an intriguing cardinal, or to brook the insolently ambitious projects of the upstart priest. Accordingly, he was not sparing of mordant criticism and biting ridicule of every part of Mazarin's administration. And he especially exerted himself, and plotted to prevent the marriage which the Cardinal was extremely anxious to bring about between his niece and the Duc de Mercœur.

These are the causes to which French historians generally attribute the sudden arrest of "the Princes" on the 18th of July, 1650. But there was another cause—one of those back-stair causes which history is very apt to miss, unless she seeks for them in the pages of comparatively obscure *mémoire* writers—which seems to have led immediately to the catastrophe. Among the gentlemen who "served" Condé, was one Jarzé, who had conceived an absurd notion that the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, looked on him with eyes of affection, and absolutely sent her a declaration of love! The Queen took the first opportunity of reading him a severe lecture before all the Court, ending by commanding him never to come into her sight again. Condé most unreasonably, moved probably by a desire of picking a quarrel with Mazarin, chose to consider himself affronted by the disgrace put upon his follower; and, demanding an interview with the minister, insolently required that Jarzé should be received by the Queen that very evening. Anne submitted; but it is easy to imagine what must have been her feelings while doing so. Nevertheless, so important, so startling a step as the arrest of the victor of Rocroi was not to be undertaken lightly; and it was thought necessary to procure the consent of Gaston, the late king's brother, who was lieutenant-general of the kingdom. To this end Anne wrote with her own hand a note to Gondi, that most extraordinary of archbishops, who is better known in history as the Cardinal de Retz. Gondi was at that time one of the most popular men in Paris, and a leader of the

opposition in the Parliament. The summons of the Queen, however, brought him to her at once; the terms of a coalition between the Fronde and the Court were quickly agreed upon, and Gondi undertook, and succeeded in, the task of obtaining Gaston's consent to the proposed step. That obtained, the Queen did not hesitate an instant in signing the fatal order, which was the cause of a new series of troubles and civil war to the unhappy country. "The Princes" were arrested as they were leaving the Palais Royal, and were safely lodged in Vincennes before a soul in Paris knew any thing about it. From Vincennes the prisoners were removed to Marcoussy, and thence to Havre. They were three in number—Condé himself, his brother the Prince de Conti, and the Duc de Longueville, who had married their sister, and who must always be understood to be included in the mention of "the Princes," so often met with in the records of those times. Condé was born in 1621, and was therefore twenty-nine years old at the time of his arrest.

Immense was the sensation produced all over France when this extraordinary news became known. People could not believe their ears. Nobody knew what it meant, or what it portended. But especially the news fell like a thunderbolt in Burgundy, and Dijon, the capital of it. That was Condé's special country; there were the principal castles and strong places belonging to him; there was the greatest number of the closest friends and adherents of his family; there the chief seat of his influence.

Now our friend Pierre Lenet, and his fathers before him, had always been special friends and followers of the Condés; and Pierre himself had been particularly distinguished by the present Prince, who, among other marks of favor, had been godfather to one of his children. And Lenet, whatever else he may have been, now in the time of his patron's adversity proved himself a faithful friend and most devoted partisan. Nor was he a man to be content with wringing his hands and lamenting, while keeping quiet to see how matters would go, like most of the rest of his fellow-townsmen. He instantly conceived projects of the widest and most audacious scope for the recovery of his patron's liberty. He aimed at nothing less than raising such a flame throughout the

country as should produce a civil war, the first result of which should be the destruction of Mazarin.

Lenet had been on the point of starting from Dijon for Paris. The last thing before leaving the town he went to the castle, to take leave of the two commanders, to whose joint care Condé had committed it, and to enable himself to give his patron an account of the state of his fortress. This was on the 21st of January, 1650. He found the two officers—Bussière and Comean their names were—in a strange state of agitation. For awhile they would not tell Lenet what it was that was moving them. But at last they let out the fact that a courtier had that morning reached the castle with tidings of the arrest of the Princes!

Lenet's first thought was to encourage these men to be firm in doing their duty to the Prince; he inquired into the condition of the castle and its means of defence, and treated it as a matter of course that they would hold it against all comers to the last extremity. Then abandoning the idea of his journey, he set himself to consider what best could be done in Dijon. Thinking over the matter as he walked home, he tells us that it appeared to him beyond all doubt that a "general revolution in favor of the Prince and against the Cardinal would declare itself, and that twenty-four hours would not pass without bringing tidings of a rising. Still less could I doubt," he goes on to say, "that we should be able to excite in Burgundy, by means of the strongholds, the friends, and the troops the Prince possessed there, similar movements to those which I foresaw in Paris; which would give the example to the neighboring provinces, and especially to Champagne, which was under the government of the Prince de Conti. I thought, too, that Normandy, where the government and most part of the strong places were in the hands of the Duc de Longueville, or of his relations, where he had many friends, and where there was much discontent, would at once declare itself, as well as Guienne or Provence, where the disaffection of last year was by no means altogether healed."

He goes on to assign sundry other reasons for feeling sure that this, that, and the other part of the country would assuredly rise. Nevertheless, there was some reason to fear that a formidable rising

might have the result of causing Mazarin to put the Princes to death in their prison. But, on mature reflection, he came to the conclusion that the Cardinal was not the man to dare any so violent a measure, "particularly if the young Duc d'Enghien, (Condé's son,) the Princess Dowager, (his mother,) the Princesse de Condé, (she was a niece of Richelieu,) and the Duchess of Longueville remained at liberty, as was confidently reported to be the case, and if they could withdraw themselves out of the reach of the Court."

"I at once therefore dispatched a courier with three letters for the three Princesses." It is curious to observe the *capable* man thus taking command of the family interests in the time of storm. Lenet had never held any particular office in the household of the Prince, or had ever been in a position either in the world generally, or in his relations with the Prince's family, to make it natural that he should thus put himself forward to say what should be done in the critical circumstances in which the family was placed; but he felt himself to be the man that was needed, and seized the opportunity of launching himself on a sea of plots, and intrigues, and adventures, which made up exactly the sort of life for which he was fitted, and calculated to shine in. Not that Lenet was altogether so much a stranger to the *grand monde* as another *procureur-général* of a provincial parliament would in all probability have been. The special favor of Condé had often kept him near his person, and the credit and influence he was supposed to enjoy with the Prince caused his acquaintance to be sought by all the crowd of young nobles of both sexes, who, for one reason or another, wished to pay court to the young hero of Rocroi. Thus we find him to have been an intimate friend and companion of Bussy Rabutin, Madame Sevigné's well-known cousin; and there is a letter in verse extant, which Lenet and Bussy wrote conjointly to Madame Sevigné and her husband when they were rusticising in Brittany. This epistle made rather a *succès de société* in its day; and as French critics have praised it, and it is a good specimen of the sort of literary play which was then so much in fashion in French society, the reader is here presented with an English version of it—

"TO M. LE MARQUIS AND MDE. LA MARQUISE SEVIGNE.

"To you, good friends, who've taken root
In Brittany, a kind salute!
You stay-at-homes in every season,
Who love your fields beyond all reason,
Greeting and health! Although observe
This letter's more than you deserve.
Yet moved by ancient feelings friendly,
In pity these few lines we send ye,
Being loath to see your prime hours
Obscurely pass 'mid village bores,
And grieved that at Rochers* you waste
Moments your friends would keenly taste.
Perhaps your minds, quite tranquil grown,
Now censure all the fuss of town;
And 'mid your fields, afar from riot,
Enjoy pure laziness in quiet.
Perhaps your plan, to us so comic,
May have good reasons economic;
Your rustic life may find excuses
If doubled rent-roll it produces.
Then 'tis no doubt a pleasant thing
To be kotoo'd to like the king,
And to be named full reverently
Conjointly with his majesty
At fair or dance, or when the priest
Uplifts his voice at some church feast,
And says, 'Let's pray with one accord
For our good king, and noble lord;
And for his lady, that she be
From childbirth perils safe and free;
Likewise for all their offspring dear
From this time forth for many a year!
If any person here desires
To rent the farm the lease expires
To-day at noon, when he may meet
My Lord, upon the affair to treat.
A *De Profundis* now rehearse
For all his noble forefathers."
(Although for aught that we can tell,
Said forefathers may be in h—l!)
Such honors you may seek in vain
Elsewhere than on your own domain;
'Tis something too a tax to raise
On every beast that *œtvoi* pays;
To sell all manner of permissions
And walk the foremost in processions;
T' assemble folks when'er your wish,
To help you hunt, or help you fish;
And boors most soundly to belabor
Who shirk of plough or spade the labor."

There are eight more lines, which contain plays on words impossible to translate. And no doubt the reader has already said, *Oh, jam satis!*

In days long afterwards, when Lenet's plottings and schemings were all over, and he was at length at rest, Madame de Sevigné speaks of him as having had "*de l'esprit comme d'oiseau*;" and again, in another letter, as "our poor friend Lenet, with whom we often laughed so much, for there never was a more laughing youth than ours in every way." Lenet, therefore,

* The name of Madame de Sevigné's home in Brittany.

knew many people, and was probably no stranger to the three Princesses, whose conduct he put himself forward to direct.

His letter to the Dowager urged her to come at once with her grandson, the Duc d'Enghien, into Burgundy; that to the young Princesse de Condé begged her to hasten to her father, the Maréchal de Brezé, in Anjou, with a view of raising that province in favor of her husband; and the third dispatch, to the Duchesse de Longueville, counseled her to go with all speed to Rouen, for a similar purpose.

Lenet's next care was to see the principal people in Dijon, and ascertain how far they were disposed to second him in raising the standard of revolt against the Government. A bitter disappointment awaited him. It would not be unamusing to follow in the detail with which he has recorded them the different answers he met with from all the provincial city magistrates. But to do so would leave us no space for the account of his subsequent proceedings, which are yet more characteristic of the society and manners of the time. Haste to desert a sinking ship is unhappily no special characteristic of any period. One magistrate, who owed every thing to Condé, hoped that the Cardinal would not fail to put to death prisoners who were such dangerous enemies to the State. Another contented himself with sighing sadly as he twirled his thumbs, and expressing his profound conviction that the best thing they could do in the interest of the prisoners was to keep cautiously quiet, and strictly refrain from saying any thing or doing any thing. A third would have been ready for any thing had it not been that unfortunately he was just threatened with a fit of the gout. The most favorable reply he got, was that of an old priest, who promised him his prayers!

Among the officers of the troops depending on Condé, to whom Lenet next applied, he found a somewhat more hopeful reception. And it was finally agreed that a portion of them should throw themselves into the strong fortress of Bellegarde, while one large regiment of eighteen hundred men should persuade the Court that it was fully purposed to be faithful to the Crown, while in reality they would be ready to seize the first opportunity of striking a blow in favor of the Princes. An attempt to introduce a portion of this regiment into

the castle of Dijon was frustrated, not by the fidelity of the two commandants either to Condé or to the Crown, but by their cautious timidity.

It is curiously characteristic of the strange anarchical confusion of the times to find these regimental officers consulting, plotting with, and taking directions from this lawyer, whose only sort of title to meddle in the affair at all, was the known fact that he was an adherent and friend of the Prince!

These matters thus arranged, Lenet awaited with such patience as he could muster the return of the courier he had sent to the Princesses. In a day or two he returned, but brought no letters from them. The Dowager only sent him a verbal message. She had read, and immediately burned, the courier said, the letter from Lenet, and had done the same by the letter he had written to the young Princess, saying that she was not of an age to be trusted with such a matter. For herself, she said that the smallest movement on her part would cause them all to be thrown into prison; that the friends of the family might act as they, or any of them, should think best; that, for her part, her only hope was to end her days in peace, and, if possible, in liberty; that the remainder of her life could but be spent in weeping the misfortunes of her house, but that she would not hazard the smallest step which could bring on her the risk of spending it in prison. Finally, she begged Lenet not to write to her any more.

Here was, as Lenet says, an end to all his hope of raising Burgundy in revolt. It could only have been done by the Princess Dowager showing herself in the province, and putting herself at its head. But for any such *role* as this she was far too timid, and, as he insinuates, too stingy of money.

As for the Duchesse de Longueville, she was already off to Stenay, a place of surety. A very different woman indeed from her mother was she! No plotter or intriguer of any kind could have wished a better helpmate in petticoats than the beautiful Duchesse. To use a vulgar phrase, which, however, characterizes her better than any other, she was "up to any thing, from" . . . what you please to what you will. It was of her that Rochefoucauld (who, however, at this period was called Prince de Marsillac, but became Duc de Roche-

foucauld shortly afterwards by the death of his father,) wrote the often-quoted lines:

"Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais fait aux cieux."

Which may be Englished—

"To touch that heart of hers, to find favor in her eyes,
I've braved the power of kings, and would have braved the skies."

And it was to his *faits et gestes* on this occasion that he was alluding. The Court, it would seem, had come to the resolution to arrest her and Rochefoucauld at the same time that the princes, her brothers, and her husband were arrested. But they both found hiding-places; and that same night Rochefoucauld contrived to get her out of Paris, and ride with her into Normandy. He and she, no less sanguine than Lenet, imagined that all Normandy would rise in favor of the princes at the sight of her. But, instead of that, she ran the greatest risk of being herself arrested. And it was with great difficulty, and after many dangers, that Rochefoucauld got her safe off to Stenay, and then rode into his own government of Poitou, and did his utmost to induce the *noblesse* of that and the neighboring districts of Angoumois and Saintonge to rise in revolt against the cardinal and the court. And this was all for no other motive than that boasted of in his well-known couplet; for he had no share whatever in the quarrel, except as the well-known lover of Condé's sister.

The duchess remained at Stenay during the whole time of the imprisonment of her brothers and husband, and has, therefore, no share in the ulterior development of busy lawyer Lenet's further plots and plans.

There were memories of old times which made Anne of Austria unwilling to order the arrest of the dowager Princess of Condé; and, besides, Mazarin knew her to be timid, unenterprising, and loving her ease, and little likely to become dangerous. As to the young princess, Condé's wife, Mazarin could hardly bring himself to order the arrest of Richelieu's niece. She was, moreover, young, inexperienced, without resources either in money or friends, and, besides, by no means very perfectly contented with her husband's treatment of her. He had married her only in obedience to the strong wishes of the late king, and she had

never been the mistress of his heart. Mazarin thought that she might safely be left at liberty. Her son, the Duc d'Enghien, was only seven years old, and could not well be separated from his mother. The two princesses, therefore, and the child were ordered to live in strict retirement at the prince's château of Chantilly.

Under these circumstances, Lenet made up his mind to quit Burgundy and go to Chantilly; but determined to take Châtillon sur Loing on his way, in order to see the Duchess of Châtillon, who had, as he knew, great influence over the dowager Princess Condé. On reaching Châtillon, he found that the duchess had already left it, traveling Paris-ward; but hastening after her, he overtook her between Nemours and Fontainebleau. The duchess made him get into her carriage, and they continued their journey together—as strangely assorted a couple as ever made a *tête-à-tête* journey together!

One would like to have a sketch of the scene, when this overtaking between Nemours and Fontainebleau took place. Lawyer Lenet in his grave, black professional suit bowing at the door of the duchess's huge painted and gilded coach, while an extremely pretty face, all anxiety and eagerness for news, leans forward from the depths of the back seat, and the four great cart-horses enjoy the pause in their labor of dragging the machine through the quagmires of the execrable road. As for the conversation between the fellow-travelers, when Lenet had accepted the seat in the duchess's carriage, when his own post-horse, with the accompanying postilion on another horse, has been sent back to the last post-house, and the four Châtillon cart-horse-like carriage-horses have got into motion again, dragging the heavy vehicle at a foot's pace, groaning, creaking, and lurching in the deep ruts, we have a full account of it from the gentleman. But in order to understand rightly why M. Lenet had thought it expedient to call on the duchess on his way to Chantilly, it will be necessary to tell the reader, in as few words as may be, a fragment or two of the lady's history.

She had been a Mademoiselle de Bouville, of the great house of Montmorency, and one of the most celebrated beauties of that day. Condé and Coligny (who at the death of the *maréchal* his father became Duc de Châtillon) both fell desper-

ately in love with her. The latter one day opened his heart to his friend Condé, and declared that nothing had prevented him from asking for the hand of La Bouville save the knowledge that he (the Prince) was fond of her. Thereupon Condé "reçut tendrement cette déclaration, lui promit de se départir de son amour, et de n'avoir plus que de l'amitié pour elle, telle qu'il l'avoit pour lui." Such promises, remarks Lenet, are rarely kept. Nevertheless, Condé kept his to Châtillon. Whether he were enabled to do so, adds he, by the empire over himself which virtue gave him, or whether it was due to his falling in love with Mademoiselle de Vigean, or with Mademoiselle de Poncy, he (Lenet) can not say. But he thinks it was owing to the last-named lady, because the Prince once told him that he "se fut embarqué à l'aimer," only because Laval had boasted of the favors he had received from her.

It is but fair, too, to admit—as does not seem to have occurred to Lenet—that the sequel showed that, strange as it might seem, such virtue as was shown in being true to his promise really had some influence upon his conduct. For when the Duc de Châtillon died, which was not long afterward, Condé renewed his suit to the widowed Duchess; while she on her part— But Lenet's speculations on her motives are so very characteristic of the time, that they must be given in his own words. "Whether it were," he says, "that she reciprocated his feelings, or whether she was moved by the glory of being loved by so famous a hero, or whether by consideration of the profit that might accrue to her from the influence that she might acquire over his mind, she was well disposed to furnish all the matter necessary to the keeping up of his flame."

The third of the above causes is curiously in accordance with all that we know of the ways and habits of that day.

The matter was complicated, however, by the violent passion of the young and remarkably handsome Duc de Nemours for the widowed Duchess. And it was generally supposed that he did not sigh in vain. "And it was this," says Lenet, "that caused the Duchess to waver between her inclination and her interest." He speaks, it will be observed, on this occasion, as on all others when he mentions her, without the slightest notion of

casting a shadow of blame on her in the matter. It is noticeable, too, that he seems to assume as quite a matter of course that her "inclination" was *not* for the Prince de Condé. "She found the means," continues Lenet, "to keep them both in hand up to the time of the Prince's imprisonment, and as long as it lasted she did so yet more effectually, and, after it had ceased, up to the death of the Duc de Nemours." After that event, at any rate, came the Prince's turn. He had waited for two reversions; and when at last the second vacancy occurred, the Duchess became his recognized mistress.

Such was the lady who was now inviting Lawyer Lenet to travel *tête-à-tête* with her to Paris, and thence to Chantilly. Of course each had much to tell the other. Each knew that the other was entirely to be trusted as regarded the interests of the Princes. The Duchess, when she had heard what Lenet had to tell her of his doings and disappointments in Burgundy, and of his communications with the Princesses at Chantilly, "gave me an exact plan of the present state of affairs; and, among other things, told me that although there had been a coldness between Nemours and Condé, the former with that perfect generosity which was peculiar to him, had determined to serve the Prince in his misfortune by every possible means, and that she (the Duchess) would take care to keep him up to his good resolutions. They had talked of all the personages whom they could hope to influence by every sort of means that could be brought to bear on them. Such a one could be made to believe that the Court had no intention of gratifying his ambition and cupidity in this or that matter. Another could be worked on by such and such a noted beauty, who could in turn be influenced by her inclination for somebody else. The embers of disaffection, half slumbering among the members of such and such a provincial parliament, might be fanned into flame by such and such unscrupulous representations. A lady all powerful with the governor of another province might be won by flattering her hopes of making such and such a great marriage for her daughter." Such a mixture of what may be called male politics, with matters generally supposed to belong to the sphere of female politics, was never known before . . . or after!

The next day but one, having succeeded, by dint of great care, in passing through Paris without attracting any attention, they arrived at Chantilly, and were received with open arms by the somewhat *triste* and forlorn household there. The château was filled with women of high condition, without a man of any rank or authority among them. And it is curious to see how they throw themselves upon Lenet, how they look to him for guidance, and submit to be led by him. The Dowager burst into tears on seeing him, and was voluble as to her perfect innocence, and the baseness and ingratitude of the Court and of Mazarin. She complained bitterly of their present position, and declared that they could not be sure even of the fidelity of the domestics in the château. And she specially cautioned Lenet that they did not speak of affairs to the young Princess except in general terms.

As soon as ever she—the younger Princess, Condé's wife—could get an opportunity of speaking to Lenet *tête-à-tête*, she complained bitterly of this. Lenet found her to be a very different woman from her mother-in-law—totally free from the older lady's timidity and selfish wish for her own personal ease and quiet, and indeed in every way far fitter to share the cares and dangers and plots and plans incidental to such a state of things than her husband's mother, who wished to treat her as a baby in all concerning them. She told Lenet that what she dreaded above all else was that they would take her boy, the young Duc d'Enghien, from her, as had been threatened. She begged him piteously to contrive some means of averting such a misfortune, and declared herself ready to take any steps that might be considered for the advantage of her husband, to go with her son anywhere, even to place herself at the head of an army, if it were thought desirable, with her son beside her—but not to be separated from him. The fact was, says Lenet, with very business-like coolness, that she was anxious to do something, or sacrifice herself in some way, in the hope of gaining the approbation of her husband, who had never looked on her very kindly.

There is something pathetic in the position of the poor young wife, in the midst of that household of women conspirators in her husband's favor by plots, from participation in which she was excluded, while

the Duchesse de Châtillon, whose relation towards the Prince was well known, was there as if she were naturally one of the family, and was a leader in all their councils.

Lenet encouraged her in these "reasonable sentiments," as he says, and promised all that was asked of him in reference to her son, because, although he knew the "calibre of her genius" was not equal to the conduct of such great affairs as they might be called upon to handle, he felt that "they might have need of this Princess and her young son." Besides, there was in the château a Comtesse de Tourville, of the Rochefoucauld family, whom Condé had assigned to his wife as her companion, and whom Lenet knew to be a woman that might be depended on for any amount of conduct and resolution in any circumstances. From this lady Lenet learned, he says, many things very necessary for his guidance in dealing with both the Princesses. There was also the Marquise de Gonville, "pretty, young, and full of talent," who was the daughter of the Comtesse de Tourville, and who was also a member of the family circle at Chantilly. Then there was the Dame de Bourgneuf, who had the care of the Longueville children, and who was in constant correspondence with the hare-brained and beautiful Duchess, and from whom Lawyer Lenet "learned many things that it was important to me to know."

Besides the six ladies who have been named, "all the rest of the Court of the Princesses was composed of their ladies and maids of honor, all pretty and agreeable," says Lenet, "but too young all of them to be trusted with the secret of affairs."

Among all this bevy of ladies there was not any single man of their own rank. There was a young priest, the Abbé Roquette, whose piety and demure manners, and his quality of nephew to a certain nun who enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity, had strongly recommended him to the Princess Dowager. He ran about the house like a tame cat and was quite edifying by the unction of his devotional practices, until, one unlucky day, he was caught confessing one of the maids of honor in her own chamber, under circumstances which the matrons in the château deemed to indicate a too great devotion on the part of the young lady. There was also Dulmas,

who had formerly been squire to the Princess Dowager, and was now captain of the handful of troops who garrisoned the château. But all he thought of was the secure keeping of his present snug berth and easy position; and with that view never failed to say any word he could, tending to confirm his mistress in her disposition to think that doing nothing and keeping quite quiet was the best possible policy. There was Girard, the Prince's secretary, who, says Lenet, had not been thought worth imprisoning with his master. But little passed between him and the ladies, for the Dowager particularly disliked him. There was also Bourdelot, the Prince's physician, a person of much talent and high consideration, who, according to Lenet, was more of a man than any of those who passed for such at Chantilly. He was the only one, indeed, in whom Lenet found any capacity or disposition to second him in his designs. He had been at Rome, where he had become intimately acquainted with the Cardinal Barberini. And he now wrote pressing letters to that prelate, urging him to use his credit with the Pope, Julius the Third, to induce his holiness, who was no friend to Cardinal Mazarin, to interfere in Condé's favor.

It does not need any very strong effort of imagination to picture to oneself the life in the château of Chantilly, so charmingly situated among its woods and waters. And probably we should not be wrong in imagining upon the whole that the strangely-constituted party was not a very miserable one. The old Princess wept and wrung her hands from time to time no doubt, though there are evidences that even she was not altogether absorbed by the miseries of the present time—evidences curious

enough, with which we may perhaps amuse our readers upon some future occasion. As for the younger members of the circle, there seems to have been no lack of gayety among them. There were sons, husbands, brothers, and lovers in prison, and the threatened ruin of a great and princely house. There was wherewithal to break the monotony of fashionable court lives, and add a spice of excitement to the passing hours. Then catastrophes of the sort were not uncommon in those days. The path of life was like the roads on which they traveled—full of ups and downs, and sudden shocks, and struggling to pull through difficult passes. And that singular Fronde time had a specialty of its own in this respect: that there was over all their fighting and making friends, their love affairs and their politics, their hopes and fears, a sort of air of being at play all the time. Nothing seems to have been serious. It was all done *pour rire*. The men seemed rather to like the fighting, and the women unquestionably enjoyed immensely the plotting and intriguing. There can be no doubt that Lenet was quite in earnest in his multifarious endeavors to procure his patron's release. But it can not be denied that he seemed to have enjoyed his position of arch-plotter in the midst of the crowd of pretty women, all hanging as with an interest of life and death on each new scheme hatched from his busy brain.

For the present we must leave the dapper black figure in the midst of the rainbow-tinted crowd around him; not, however without the hope of picking another chapter from the life of the arch-conspirator.

[From *St. Paul's Magazine*.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

NO. IV.—DELPHINE GAY.

IN addition to being a novelist, Delphine Gay was a poetess, an author of plays, and a writer of lively sparkling letters that skimmed the cream of fashionable follies, and kept frivolity from being wearisome by the most delicate touches of social satire. In a similar manner, her own light-hearted gayety was preserved from being childish in a Frenchman's eyes by a pungent wit and a pathetic sentimentality.

Blonde-haired and drooping-eyelashed, she was the pet of French literary society; and the position she gained by her charms of form she kept by her sweetness of character, her unaffected simplicity, her piquant conversation and fine faculty of repartee. There is no danger now in telling the date of this lady's birth, for she is no longer alive to dispute it. The giving of a lady's age is in England considered

rather a breach of etiquette; but to publish the age of a French lady appears to be an unpardonable offence. The individual who, under the name of Eugène de Mirecourt, writes so many hundreds of little contemporary biographies, asserts that Mdlle. Dejazet never pardoned him for having told her age in print; that Madame Georges Sand, against whom he committed the same offence, found his fault so inexcusable that she even added on a year to her age, solely for the purpose of making him stand committed to an untruth. Nor, he tells us, is the other sex any the less susceptible. When Paul de Kock sees his certificate of birth, he emits fire and flames. Théophile Gautier, too, protests against the years allotted him, and so calculates them as to make him have written "Mademoiselle de Maupin" on the knees of his nurse. This is not bad, for 'tis a book ridiculously unlikely to have been composed in so innocent a place.

Madame de Girardin, or Delphine Gay, for the latter name seems to suit her better, was born on the 26th of January, 1804, or, as styled in the new phraseology of the time, "le 6 pluviôse an XII." At the time when, most probably, Mirecourt wrote his sketch of her, she would have been near fifty—an age when too much knowledge on the part of her acquaintance might well be resented. But he gallantly refrains from communicating this; in fact, he manifests quite a killing kindness toward her. "Be off," says he, "with your dusty registers. The age of a woman is on her face, in her eyes, in her smile; and the smile, the eyes, the face of Madame de Girardin are five-and-twenty years old. And, if facts and dates seem to contradict this, pay them no heed." We English have this creed too. Says a well-known writer,

"A man is as old as he's feeling;
A woman as old as she looks."

Delphine Gay was the daughter of Mdlle. Lavallette, who married a M. Gay, a French official in one of the departments. This Madame Gay was herself the author of a number of works, both in poetry and prose; so her daughter, after, as it is said, having been baptized at Aix-la-Chapelle on the tomb of Charlemagne, was, in the words of some poetaster,

"Cradled by rhythm, and taught,
While quite a child, to twang the lyre."

An anecdote is told of this Madame Sophie Gay, which will be interesting to us who have so recently witnessed the sudden shiftings of feeling and unaccountable moods in the minds of the Parisians. Sophie Gay was one of those who applauded the downfall of the first Napoleon, and might have been seen with her friends at the head of those Parisian ladies who advanced in front of the Duke of Wellington and offered him bunches of violets. "Ladies," said he to them with dignity, "if the French were entering London, all the English ladies would be in mourning." But Madame Sophie had a private grievance against the government. A witty sally of hers against a prefect of the department had deprived her husband of an official position which he enjoyed under the victim of his wife's satire; and so her pique seems to have affected her politics.

Delphine Gay was brought up in the society of the large literary circle in which her mother moved. Chateaubriand was a constant visitor; Horace Vernet and Talma would accept the invitations of the queen of the *salon*, and Béranger might be seen there occasionally. There was plenty of chatting, plenty of laughter, plenty of dancing. Then would come a game of cards, and after that they would read verses. Such an atmosphere would be a very stimulating one for a precocious child. And Delphine Gay, being at fourteen *radiuse de beauté*, doubtless attracted much attention.

We notice we have called her plain "Delphine;" had we lived a little earlier, we might have been called over the coals for this breach of ceremonial. The writer who was found fault with for so doing, answered that if his critics ever wrote the history of poetesses, he should expect to see Mdlle. Corinne, or Miss Sappho. We will take shelter under his target.

In the portraits of Delphine Gay we see large soft eyes, and what appears meant for a fine complexion; but she must have been beautiful exceedingly if we are to believe what is told us. At the time of the appearance of Victor Hugo's romantic drama of "Hernani," when the theatre would be filled with the enthusiastic crowd of young *romantiques*, and the advocates of the old classicism were try-

ing to stem the torrent, we could scarcely expect that there would be any applause to spare for a mere spectator in a box. But when Delphine Gay entered hers, there came from the tumultuous assemblage a tripple salvo of applause—"not a manifestation in very good taste," says M. Théophile Gautier in describing it; but then it must be remembered that the pit was full of poets, sculptors, and painters, intoxicated with enthusiasm about "Hernani," and more attentive to their feelings than to the cold laws of society. And she must have made an imposing picture as she sat there—her magnificent blonde hair being knotted on the top of her head in a large silver comb till it formed a crown like a queen's, and "vaporously" crisped, shaded off into a golden haze the contour of her cheeks, whose hue her admirers could liken to nothing but rose-colored marble. *Radieuse de beauté*, as we have shown, exclaims one biographer in an ecstasy; *Bellessa folgorante*, exclaims another with similar enthusiasm. Browning's words might perhaps have suited her:

"Her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth
on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier
than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's
rose-misted marble:
Then her voice's music . . . call it the
well's bubbling, the bird's warble!"

At all events, she makes a pretty picture in the centre of her crowd of admirers. In this England which amuses itself so sadly, we have no society such as Delphine Gay reigned over. Men talk of the past glories of the circles at Holland House, and relapse into their melancholy solitude. Our men of letters go into society to be respectable, and put off their easy wit with their easy coats. The Parisian *littérateurs* made a society of their own, and remained Bohemians to enjoy themselves. There is doubtless much to be said for that kind of decent respectability which conducts itself with propriety on a crowded staircase or landing for a number of hours, professes to have enjoyed itself, and styles the entertainment not humdrum, but "kettledrum." And what proper-minded person, on the other hand, could say a word for a gathering where, in the midst of dancing and cards, men would now and then sing their own songs, and

ladies would now and then fail to resist the temptation of a cigarette? But the Parisian exquisites thought no evil of such doings, and probably rather enjoyed them. Did not the handling of the dainty cigarette afford many an elegant *pose* to the white arm and neck of the coquettish belle; and did not the pale blue cloud of smoke form a miniature heaven for her starry eyes to gleam through? And what a provoking curl the lips would take as they emitted their tiny puffs! What dull folk we English are: we have not a tithe of the sentimental play of the Parisian's fancy. On the other hand, perhaps we do not make ourselves quite so childishly ridiculous as he does about trifles.

While yet very young, at the age of eighteen in fact, Delphine Gay gained a special prize from the Academy, for a poem. Soon after this she traveled for some time in Italy, where she was received with adulations, and with the advances of many an opulent swain. All these she rejected for love of France.

"Non, l'accent étranger le plus tendre lui-même
Attristerait pour moi jusqu'au mot: Je vous aime,"

says she, in a poem entitled "Return." At Rome, she was conducted in triumph to the Capitol, where she recited some verses in the presence of an enthusiastic crowd. And after her return to Paris, she went through a similar ovation, on the occasion of the completion of the frescoes of the Panthéon by Baron Gros. This period of her life is described as a perpetual joy, a poetic *fiête* of every day and every hour. "Marriage alone," says the chronicler, "could make her know at a later time chagrin and prose." Although we might imagine her to have been a queen of enjoyment at this period, yet her maxim was "to suffer is to deserve;" and Balzac considered her to have approximated more closely than any one else to his ideal of what a woman's life should be. "To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself," says mournfully the great master of realism, "will always be the text of woman's life."

Delphine Gay married the busy and quarrelsome journalist, M. Emile de Girardin. We hear but little of him in gay company; while artistic and literary society is always most enthusiastic about his wife. There was a doubt as to who was his mother, as there had been some curious

juggling or kidnapping at his birth. This mystery soured his temper, and he appears to have been undesirable as an acquaintance. He was the founder of an important newspaper, and well-known for his extreme views and violence of language.

For art he cared nothing. In the circle in which his wife moved there were included all shades of literary character, excepting the particular elements of which his life was composed. There was politics *plus* art, as represented in the persons of Victor Hugo and others. There was criticism in the person of Sainte-Beuve, upon whom our authoress made the rather ill-natured remark, that whereas he had once produced great work, it was because he was then under Victor Hugo's influence. "He was only," said she, "a stove supplied with fuel by Hugo; and the latter having left off putting wood on, M. Sainte-Beuve had fallen to his proper mediocrity." The great critic was for a long time a frequenter of the *salons* where the friends of whom we are speaking met together, but he appears to have grown unpopular among them by degrees. His nature was doubtless too cold for the ardent enthusiasts of the romantic school. In this coterie, too, there was art *minus* politics as represented by Théophile Gautier, who takes refuge in the doctrine of art for art's sake, by reason of utter pessimism and want of faith in progress, and finds the beauty of poetry and painting a satisfying haven, apart from the worries and weariness of political conflict. Balzac, too, entered not at all into politics, being wholly occupied with the dream world of his romances. But politics *minus* art—this appears to have been inadmissible as qualification for the refined society in which Delphine was queen. Her husband was voted a nuisance, and lived always in his own set of ultra-reformers.

M. de Girardin was not Delphine Gay's first love. This explains something of the want of harmony between them. She had made selection from amongst a crowd of admirers of M. le Baron de la Grange; and rings of betrothal had been exchanged between the pair. But all at once, without any warning, the engagement came to an end. And, alas! the fault, or the misfortune, lay with the lady's mother. Madame Sophie Gay coming as a guest to a drawing-room where, at the time of her arrival, a number of people had already as-

sembled, chose for some unaccountable reason to make her entrance singing a light little song, and dancing the *chassé* step of the *gavotte*. This procedure was amusing but queer. The servants had just announced her by name, in the usual sonorous fashion, and the idea of so lively a mother-in-law proved too much for the nerves of M. le Baron de la Grange. He beat a retreat, and left the field open to M. Emile de Girardin. The journalist and the "tenth muse" were married in 1831. M. de Girardin was but moderately well off; but this fact did not prevent his purchasing a magnificent mansion wherein to receive his bride. Delphine Gay, doubtless, seemed to need a princely establishment to set off her beauty. M. de Girardin, senior, came to pay the young couple a visit soon after their marriage; he saw the buhl and the paintings, and the damask, and he shrugged his shoulders thereat. Delphine was ashamed and stammered, "It is Emile who desired all this; I did not ask for it, I declare to you. Such like frivolities add nothing to happiness. Emile and a garret, that is enough for me!"

"A garret," said the old gentleman, who went away grumbling, "that will come, madame, that will come."

This grumpy father-in-law was a general, a great hunter, and a bachelor; he had, however, recognized his son, but only when he was grown up. His predictions about the mansion of the young couple—his son was the younger of the two—were soon realized. It had to be sold, and Delphine and her husband took a part of the house inhabited by the latter's partner and co-editor in the *Presse* newspaper. When they gave a party, the door of communication between their portion of the house and that of the co-proprietor was opened: he was sent from home for the day, and the house appeared to be a large one. So they avoided the appearance of retrenchment, a vice which the world is vastly ashamed of being suspected of. For a time the young wife manifested the influence of her husband in her writings which deteriorated correspondingly. But after a while she escaped into her own true self again, and began to write novels. Her husband, whose literary pursuits were all philosophical, speculative, and quarrelsome, disapproved of her compositions, and when she had sold one of her books for fifteen hundred francs, quietly pocketed the

money, hoping so to disgust her with her pen. But it did not produce the effect expected; she only wrote the more after this little episode. Soon she had a series of papers appearing in his own journal which attracted a good deal of attention. She had been encouraged to the composition of these "Lettres Parisiennes," by her husband's fellow editor, who conducted the literary department of the journal, while M. de Girardin had charge of the political department. These letters, and some novels which appeared afterwards, were published under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. One of these latter was a four-in-hand affair, in which the three others concerned were Théophile Gautier, Méry, and Jules Sandeau. It is entitled "La Croix de Berny," and might have been purchased in London for about fourpence a few months ago when the book-stalls were swamped with some thousands of small Brussels editions of French poems and romances. It is well written and worth reading, being quite a model of finished French style.

There are some charming bits of conversation to be found in our lady's books. Here is an example: "How do you pass your time?" says one friend to another. "Can you find amusement in this lower world?" "Oh yes, I keep an existence to myself; I sail in a boat with people of spirit over an ocean of imbeciles." "You do," was the reply—"take care! a tempest of imbeciles would be dangerous." This little puff is scarcely meant to apply to herself, yet the crew with whom she was associated was a very distinguished one. They did not, however, meet in a boat rocking upon an ocean of imbeciles, but in Madame de Girardin's bedroom. "And here," says one of them, when describing these reunions, "let English prudishness refrain from taking umbrage or crying out against impropriety: you might be a long time in the room without discovering the bed under the fold of its curtain." Here were to be found, between eleven o'clock and midnight, the following celebrities, some on one day some on another. There came often, Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Méry, Théophile Gautier, Eugène Sue; and now and then Alfred de Musset would turn up. The lady, we learn, was very proud of her friends; they were the luxury of her life. She had discovered that no *fête* with ten thousand

candles, a forest of camellias, and the sparkle of all the diamonds of Golconda, was worth these three or four easy chairs filled with the friends who shared her sympathies and tastes. One of her sayings—"It's the husband's fault," first uttered, probably, at one of these gatherings, became proverbial. A friendly biographer, in concluding his memoir, says, he knows not of a single fault which she possesses. Then he suddenly thinks of one. What is it, asks the indiscreet reader. It is her husband! Poor man, he inhabited his own rooms and never joined the brilliant company which filled those of his wife. She sometimes met him at dinner, and was always at hand to aid him when he was in any difficulty or danger. He narrowly escaped being shot several times, owing to his mode of delivering his opinions, and on account of his general quarrelsomeness. He may have been a good man in spite of his temper, but two persons could not have been united in marriage of more opposite natures than he and his wife. Bind up a sheet of his newspaper with a piece of his wife's music, and the result could not be more incongruous than the pair themselves.

Delphine Gay sat at the feet of Balzac, and was one of the most constant listeners to his vertiginous conversations. At one time, Balzac had been studying very intently the occult sciences, chiromancy, cartomancy, and the like, and had heard a story of a most astonishing sybil, a more weird and wonderful witch than all the examples recorded, the witch of Endor included. Of course he expatiated volubly on this living example, for every subject grew in size under his hands. Of course, too, he made the party he was addressing share his convictions. It consisted of Théophile Gautier, Méry, and Delphine Gay; and they were all prevailed upon to accompany Balzac on a voyage of discovery in order to find the pythoness. She lived at Auteuil, but in what street is not recorded; but, as it turned out, that mattered little, for the address given was a false one. They came upon a family of honest people, living in country sojourn—a husband, his wife, and old mother. Balzac, perfectly convinced, would have it that this old crone had a cabalistic air. But the good woman was scarcely flattered at being taken for a sorceress, and began to grow angry. The husband took them for practical jokers

or pick-pockets; the younger woman burst out laughing, and the maid-servant made haste to lock up the silver for precaution's sake. They had to retire with shame, but Balzac maintained the truth of his assertions, and when he was in the carriage again, grumbled out between his teeth the injuries received from the conduct of the old woman. "Screech-owl, harpy, magician, vampire, hag, ravenous fish, lemur, ghoul, juggler," he cried, using the strangest terms that came into his head. "Well, if she is a sorceress, she has a very good idea of hiding her game," said one of his friends. Still, Balzac's suspicions were not allayed. They tried, however, some more places for the sybil, but without success, and Delphine pretended that the whole affair was a make-believe of Balzac's in order to get taken out in a carriage with agreeable companions. They must have made a jolly company. None could be otherwise where Balzac, master of weird drollery, was king.

Delphine Gay seems to have inspired the admiration of men of widely different dispositions, for Lamartine, than whom there could be none less like Balzac, loved her from the first moment of their meeting. If we give the account of this meeting in the words in which we find it described, we shall afford a good example of the faculty which a writer of the French school possesses, of making the descriptions of actual persons and places read like pages of a romance. A little imagination, a little extra color, a good deal of sentiment, and we have a young lady transformed into a goddess, and this plain earth of ours transmogrified into a heaven for her. Perhaps Delphine Gay was not quite the ordinary young lady of the period, but for a rapturous description of an angel commend us to her picture as she is made out to have appeared to Lamartine. The poet was visiting the cascades of Terni. As the story runs, "Slowly he ascended to the parapet formed by the rocks, that from thence he might gaze on the cascades below; and great was his astonishment when he reached this height to behold there, though at first unseen by her, a young and beautiful girl reclining against the trunk of a fallen tree, and looking down with a sort of fascination upon the waters rushing and roaring beneath her feet. It was Delphine Gay, the improvisatrice of France." Then follows a very rhapsody of romance. "The

background of dark rock and foliage helped to define the graceful outline of her tall, elastic form, clothed in white; her arms, which were of extraordinary beauty, were bare; her left hand supported her head, the long golden curls of which floated in the breeze; her blue eyes were fixed on the torrent; tears of ecstasy were on her pale cheeks, and on the long, dark eyelashes, which when she closed her eyes in silent contemplation, rested on them. To his poetic imagination, she was a sybil, a goddess." Every detail in this picture is so deftly adjusted to the sentimental aspect most proper to it, that we ought surely to have been favored as well with the impression made upon young Lamartine, by the nose, the chin, the ears of his charmer, as well as by her white arms, her golden hair, her ecstatic tears, her drooping long eyelashes, her hand poised as for a photograph. May we not add that her ears were catching poetic murmurs in the foaming strife of the cascade, murmurs unheard by any other mortal, save, shall we say, by Lamartine? That her nose, unspoiled by the manufactured perfumes of Paris, was taking deep breaths of unsophisticated Italian fragrance. That her chin—well, this French art of description is easy enough, and might be prolonged for ever. The weakness of it is, that any such description could, with a few slight changes of color and size, be made to fit any pretty woman. A curious feature in this hallucination of Lamartine's, was, that he could not endure the laughter of his charmer. And yet, we are told, she was a lovely laugh, having an exquisitely formed mouth and perfect teeth. But alas! Lamartine had deeply loved and deeply suffered, and looking to Delphine for consolation and sympathetic sighs, he found her gayety discordant. When she laughed, it seemed to him "a defect of youth, ignorant of destiny." Verily, is not this sentimentality carried to the verge of the ridiculous and the puerile? Byron, who pretended he could not bear to see a woman eat, was probably laughing at his own sentimentality all the while. But a man, who, because he has, like most other people, passed through sorrows, is so woe-begone as to be insensible to the beauty of a young girl's laugh, is surely made of very poor stuff indeed. Lamartine enjoys a fitting acknowledgment of his poetic merits. He is read at girls' schools more than anywhere else.

Madame de Girardin's plays are now and then brought forward upon the English stage, and are deservedly popular. The writer chanced to see one little piece of hers twice over. On one occasion, at a Manchester theatre, he enjoyed a hearty laugh at a brisk after-piece, entitled "Betty Martin." Some months afterwards, at a theatre in town, he elected to sit out a farce, called "The Clock-maker's Hat," wherein the vivacious Miss Farren was to appear. Soon after the commencement of the performance, a feeling stole over him that he was on familiar ground, but the name of the piece was quite new to him. "One form of many names," the Greek poet says; and so it was in this instance. "Betty Martin"—a most un-Parisian appellation, by the way—and the "Clock-maker's Hat," are one and the same, the double title being a deception. The piece is an adaptation from the "*Chapeau d'un Horloger*" of Delphine Gay.

At such tiny comedies, little laughing scenes, with delicate play of character, touching passages, and exquisite morsels of wit, she is highly successful, but is of far too light-hearted a nature for sombre tragedy, or for any thing requiring solemnity of treatment or great force of passion. But she has pathos and tenderness, and for calling for the gentle tears as well as lively laughter, she has scarcely a rival. But a short time ago there was acted, at one of the London theatres, a comedy of hers, "*La Joie fait peur*," by which the hard-hearted critic of one of the morning papers alleged himself to have been moved to tears. The subject of this comedy is so natural and pleasant that we wonder it has not been utilized more frequently upon the stage. The story runs as follows: News is brought home of the death of a young naval officer who is engaged on foreign service. His family—his mother, his sister, and his betrothed, go into mourning for him. The evil news chances to have arisen out of a mistake. The youth arrives home whilst the mourners are still in the depth of their grief. The first person he meets is an old servant of the family, who informs him of the unexpected position of affairs, and cautions him of the danger of sudden good news, for joy, like grief, will sometimes kill. Old Noel promises himself to communicate the glad tidings gently to the sad-hearted ladies in black. The various delicacies of stratagem by which

this is attempted to be effected in each case, form the chain of the story of this pretty comedy.

A quotation from one of Delphine Gay's "*Parisian Letters*," will show the lively style of her composition. It is a comparison between the walking-dancing as practiced in the present day, and the real dances of an expiring era. "A very pretty young lady said to us the other day, 'My mother told me that, at my age, nothing amused her more than dancing; but, as for me, I confess it does not amuse me at all!' 'You know nothing of it,' we answered her; 'you have never danced!' 'How—but yesterday.' 'Oh! you call that dancing; to walk three steps forward with the feet turned in, the back crooked, and the shoulders rounded; then shuffle to the right, again to the left, without lifting your feet from the floor during the solemn scene; after this, you may hazard crossing sides, but with the same, always the same slow step, or you would be taken for a woman of forty years.' At a ball, the age is known by the feet more than by the face; a woman who dances with the feet turned out, acknowledges to thirty; she who wheels round in the figure avows herself forty; whoever is nimble of foot, and dances with zeal, confesses to fifty; and she who hazards the Zephyr motion betrays herself sixty, if she is capable of performing it. You walk in measure; you do not dance, and can not know if you love dancing. Formerly, the dance was an exercise, for that was required to accomplish the steps; now exertion is scorned. Dancing was also a pleasure, because it gave hopes of success. A young girl who could dance had a future. Matches were made at balls; a *solo* well performed was worth a dowry." At the time when this was written, there must indeed have been a dancing decadence in Paris.

Delphine Gay's "*Parisian Letters*" are considered to afford a perfect picture of French society from 1836 to 1848. But she worked under difficulties. There is an amusing passage relative to these in the preface to her novelette entitled "*Balzac's Walking-stick*." This will give us some idea of the incongruity between a wife who writes upon artistic and romantic themes, and a husband immersed only in political journalism of the hardest, most logical, and least genial kind. It can be no other than he who acted as critic of "*Balzac's Walk-*

ing-stick," while he ought to have been especially merciful, seeing that the book was written soon after he had lost much money in speculation. His wife's humorous complaint runs as follows:

"Once upon a time there might have been found in this romance——"

"But it is not a romance."

"In this work——"

"But it is not a work."

"In this book——"

"Still less should it bear the title of a book."

"In these pages, in fine, once upon a time, there was a somewhat piquant chapter entitled 'The Council of Ministers.' But somebody said to the author, 'Be careful, this is personality—these personages will be recognized: do not publish the chapter.' And the obedient author canceled the chapter accordingly. There was another chapter, entitled 'A dream of Love.' It was a rather tender love-scene, as a picture of passion ought to be in a romance. But somebody said to the author, 'It is not proper on your part to

bring out a book of which passion occupies so great a portion. This chapter is unnecessary; strike it out.' So the frightened author suppressed this chapter also. Once upon a time, too, in these pages were two morsels of verse. The one was a satire, the other an elegy. But somebody decreed that the satire was too pungent, and the elegy too melancholy. So the author gave them up, but this conviction she keeps, That a woman who sees the world ought to refrain from writing, since she may bring to the light nothing but what is perfectly insignificant."

Poor Delphine Gay! We know not whether "to love, honor, and obey," formed one of the promises of her marriage ceremony; the fulfilling it, however, seems to have been somewhat hard for her. Yet, when her ungrateful husband was in prison on account of his political views, she underwent all sorts of dangers for him. This sentimental poetess and lively novelist was certainly not a bad specimen of a woman.

[From *London Society*.]

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

ASTRONOMERS have seldom reaped a more abundant harvest of facts during a total eclipse (making hay, after their fashion, when the sun is not shining) than they did during the eclipse of December 12th last. To say that the anticipations which they had formed were amply fulfilled, would be to say far less than the truth. Although all hoped that important facts would be discovered, few expected so complete a success as has actually been achieved. Then, for the first time, the wonderful complexity and magnificence of the solar surroundings were clearly revealed.

Of the actual nature of that intensely hot and brilliant surface which the sun presents to our study, we can say but little. Astronomers are not certain even whether it is liquid or gaseous, and at present their ideas respecting the intensity of its heat are in most unsatisfactory disagreement. On the one hand, we have a theory by Father Secchi, the eminent Italian astronomer, according to which the heat of the sun's surface is certainly not less than ten

million degrees centigrade, or some eighteen million degrees of the common thermometer, (in which 180 degrees above freezing represents the heat of boiling water.) On the other hand, we have a theory maintained by Faye, St. Claire Deville, Fizeau, and many others, according to which the sun's heat does not greatly exceed that obtained in the electric light, and is certainly comparable with the heat obtained in many processes of manufacture. Indeed, according to some of the most satisfactory investigations which this subject has received, the actual heat at the sun's surface does not very greatly exceed that at which iron melts; while St. Claire Deville even asserts his belief that a degree of heat not greatly beyond that which our physicists have obtained can not possibly be exceeded under any circumstances, either in our own sun or in any of his fellow suns.

Above the glowing photosphere, or light surface of the sun, there extends to a depth of several hundred miles the most wonderful atmospheric envelope known to astrono-

mers. In dealing with this envelope, we are touching on the work of the recent eclipse, because, although the envelope had been recognized theoretically two years ago, and its existence demonstrated during the eclipse of December, 1870, yet doubts had continued to be entertained by a few respecting the reality of this relatively shallow atmosphere. We can now, however, speak of it unquestioningly, since scarcely one of those who sought for it during the late eclipse failed to recognize its existence.

In the lower part of our own air there is always present, in greater or less quantities, the vapor of water. This vapor rises from wet earth, from rivers, lakes, and seas, and from the wide expanse of ocean, and occupies a certain portion of the lower atmospheric strata. Thus these lower strata form as it were a more complex atmosphere than those above them. Close by the earth there is air and aqueous vapor, while in the higher regions there is air alone;* that air being, as we know, composed of a certain admixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. Now in the case of the sun, a somewhat similar arrangement exists. The lower regions of the solar atmosphere are at all times occupied by certain vapors, which ordinarily do not range to any considerable elevation, simply because they can not remain in the form of vapor except close by the sun. But these vapors are such as we should be rather startled to find in our own atmosphere. We breathe the vapor of water without inconvenience, unless it is present in too great quantities; but if we could imagine for a moment that there were breathing creatures on the sun, these must be able to inhale without injury the vapor of iron, copper, zinc, and others of our familiar metallic elements. For the solar atmosphere, to a depth of a few hundred miles, is loaded with these vapors, all glowing with intensity of heat.

Now Father Secchi announced in 1869 that he had detected traces of just such an atmosphere. For when he examined with his spectroscope the very border of the sun, he found that the dark lines could no longer be seen; as though the light of the glowing vapors themselves,—which exam-

ined alone, could show bright lines precisely where the solar dark lines appear,—sufficed exactly to fill up the gaps caused by the absorptive action of those vapors. Secchi reasoned in this way: If we examine the intensely bright light of the sun shining through these vapors, we see that this light is deprived of certain rays, and so dark lines appear; but if we could examine the light of the vapors themselves we should see that this light is composed of these selfsame rays, and so bright lines on a dark background would appear. Now the latter we can not do on account of the extreme shallowness of the complex atmosphere; we can, however, by examining the very edge of the sun, obtain light so combining the two kinds, that there will neither be dark lines on a bright background nor bright lines on a dark background, but a continuous rainbow-tinted streak produced by combination of the two.

It seemed to Professor Young, of America, that during eclipses something more might be achieved. For at the very moment when the moon has just concealed the true solar disk, the light of the shallow atmosphere must be shining alone. During the eclipse of December, 1870, he had his telescope directed (and kept directed by clock-work) toward the point where the moon would obliterate the last fine edge of direct sunlight. And he prepared an ordinary telescope for the use of Mr. Pye, (a young English gentleman residing near the place where Professor Young's party were stationed,) and instructed Mr. Pye what to look for. Both observers found that as the rainbow-tinted streak forming the solar spectrum faded away at the instant of totality, there sprang into view a myriad-lined spectrum—the spectrum, in fact, of the sun's true atmosphere now for the first time recognized.

During the recent eclipse, Colonel Tennant, Captain Maclean, and several other observers, saw the beautiful bright line spectrum of the sun's glowing atmosphere. One or two observers failed to do so; but it need hardly be said that these failures prove nothing except the extreme delicacy of the observation. The positive results, which need alone be considered, prove decisively that next above the sun's light surface there lies an exceedingly complex, but relatively shallow, atmosphere, loaded with the glowing vapors of all those elements—

* Here we are considering only the main constituents of the atmosphere. Relatively minute quantities of other gases are ordinarily present in the upper as well as in the lower regions of the air.

metallic or otherwise—to which the dark lines of the solar spectrum are known to be due.

Next in order comes the sierra, or red envelope, sometimes called the chromosphere, (or more correctly the chromatosphere.)*

The sierra is a far more extensive atmospheric region than the complex atmosphere of Young and Secchi. Its average depth is probably about five thousand miles. Its chief constituent is glowing hydrogen, but it contains other elements, and is indeed far less simple in constitution than was supposed a year or two since. That this is so, is proved by the fact that Professor Young has counted one hundred and twenty lines in the spectrum of this red atmosphere.

Above the red sierra, and reaching even beyond the loftiest prominences, lies yet another atmospheric envelope, the inner corona, as it has been called.

The consideration of this important solar envelope leads us to one of the most important of the discoveries made during the late eclipse. It had long been recognized that the solar corona appears to consist of two portions distinct from each other. The inner portion received (from the Astronomer-Royal, we believe,) the name of the ring-formed corona, because not marked by any noteworthy indentations, gaps, rifts, or the like, but presenting the appearance of a somewhat uniform ring of whitish light around the black disk of the eclipsing moon. It was to this corona that some of the observers of the eclipse of December, 1870, mistakenly supposing its recognition at that time to be a real discovery, proposed to assign the name leucosphere. The term was intended to indicate the apparent whiteness of the inner corona. But under favorable circumstances the envelope presents a slightly ruddy tinge, with traces of green.

Astronomers had begun to recognize the fact that the inner ring-formed corona must be a solar appendage, whatever may be thought of the fainter radiated corona which surrounds it. The light of the ring-formed corona had been examined with the spectroscope, and appears to resemble in some respects that of the aurora borealis,

insomuch that some astronomers expressed their belief that this envelope is a perpetual solar aurora. The startling nature of this conception will be realized when it is mentioned that at a moderate computation the ring-formed corona has a depth exceeding twenty times the diameter of the earth on which we live, while the actual portion of space occupied by these auroral lights (if the theory be true) must exceed the volume of the earth more than fifty thousand times. Besides such displays as these, the most glorious auroras that have ever illuminated terrestrial skies sink into utter nothingness.

But some difficulty was experienced in demonstrating that the spectrum on which these ideas had been based belonged in reality to the ring-formed corona. The study of the sun's surroundings by spectroscopic analysis is not free from certain causes of perplexity. To show how these may arise, we need only consider a case which any one possessing a small spectroscope (one of Browning's miniature spectroscopes, for instance,) can readily test for himself. If such a spectroscope be turned (with suitable precautions) towards the sun, we see the principal solar dark lines, and we know that those lines teach how the sun's light is partially absorbed by the vapors of certain elements existing in his atmosphere. But if next we direct the instrument towards the sky, we see precisely the same spectrum, only reduced in splendor. Yet the vapors of iron, copper, zinc, and so on, do not exist in the sky. The fact really is, that we receive from the sky reflected sunlight, and therefore we can trace in the spectrum of skylight the dark lines belonging to sunlight. And in exactly the same way, the sky during total eclipse, though not very brilliantly illuminated, is nevertheless lit up to some extent by the corona, prominences, and chromatosphere, and therefore the sky-light must supply, however faintly, those bright lines which belong to the spectrum of the gaseous solar surroundings. How is the observer to tell, when he obtains these bright lines from any given part of the corona, that they actually belong to that part of the corona and not to the light of the sky?

Now Professor Young, in December, 1870, dealt with this difficulty in a very subtle and masterly manner. There are two different ways in which spectroscopic analysis can be applied. In one we are

* Strictly speaking, the word chromosphere is as incorrect as phography would be for photography, chronic for chromatic, or (*vice versa*) chronatic for chronic.

analyzing the light from a considerable range of space, in the other we study only that light which comes from a certain definite direction. Professor Young, who had applied both methods to the shallow complex atmosphere, applied both, with similar success, to the inner corona. Let us suppose that by the former method the whole of the region of sky occupied by the inner corona was supplying light for the spectroscopic to analyze; and that by the latter only a fine linear strip from the brighter part of the inner corona was being analyzed. Then clearly and without entering into niceties of detail, if the bright line spectrum we are considering belongs in reality to the inner corona, we should find the true coronal lines relatively much brighter by the former method than by the latter. For in the former there is the great extent of the inner corona to compensate the feebleness of its inherent luminosity, in the latter there is no such compensation.

Carefully studying the relative brightness of the suspected coronal lines, when the two methods of observation were applied, Young inferred that a certain green line belongs unquestionably to a region of luminous matter not less extensive than the inner corona. It appeared tolerably safe to conclude that the inner corona was the actual source of this peculiar light. And if the resemblance between this light and that of the aurora borealis were admitted, it appeared reasonable to infer that the inner corona is a perpetual solar aurora, as had been suggested in 1869.

But although the reasoning of Professor Young was so conclusive that he must be regarded as in effect the discoverer of the important facts just mentioned, yet it seemed desirable to astronomers to endeavor to obtain even more convincing evidence. They had hitherto dealt with the spectral line or lines of the inner corona. Those lines are in reality colored images of the slit through which the spectroscopist admits the light which he proposes to examine; and therefore their *shape* can teach him nothing about the source of light, their *position* (or which is the same thing,* their color,) being all that the spectroscopist con-

siders. But suppose he uses no slit, then instead of a series of images of a slit he will have a series of images of the source of light. If the source of light is the sun or any object shining with all the colors, the different images will overlap and he will see simply "Newton's spectrum," a rainbow-tinted streak of extreme beauty and splendor, but nevertheless what the spectroscopist describes as an "impure spectrum," because in it a multitude of overlapping images are present. If, however, the source of light emits rays of certain colors only, then there will be separate images of these colors, each clearly discernible in all its details. For example, let us suppose that in a little conical flame of great heating power but small luminosity, a chemist places a small quantity of sodium and lithium. Then when he looks at the flame through a spectroscope without using a slit he will see a little conical yellow flame, and close by it a little conical and rather faint orange flame, and farther away a little conical red flame; whereas if he had had a fine slit in his spectroscope he would have seen three fine lines, a yellow one due to the sodium, and two lines, one orange and the other red, due to the lithium.

Now if the reader has followed this brief but necessary explanation, he will see that the astronomer possesses the means of at once solving the difficulty of the corona. So long as he used a slit he obtained a bright green line which might not come from the corona, but from the illuminated sky in the same direction; but if he removed the slit and then saw a green *image* of the corona, he would no longer be in doubt. For the illumination of the sky could not form an image of the corona, any more than the sky we see in the daytime forms images of the sun, though shining with solar light. If the observer examining the corona with a suitable spectroscope not provided with a slit saw a green image of the corona, it could only be because the green light came from those parts of the sky where the corona was actually seen, and from no other parts.

Now this experiment was precisely what Respighi, the eminent Italian astronomer, determined to attempt. He had an instrument (made for him in 1868) which seemed to him admirably adapted for the purpose; and accordingly he took this instrument with him to India; and stationed

* Because a bright line corresponding to any position along the rainbow-tinted spectrum has the color proper to that position. Spectroscopists indicate the position of a line by reference to color—saying a line in the red, or in the blue green, or the like.

at Poodocottah, he successfully applied it to the solution of the problem which had so long perplexed astronomers. His observations involved results of interest, relating to the colored prominences, since these as well as the inner corona were presented in spectrally shifted images.

"At the very instant of totality," he says, "the field of the telescope exhibited a most astonishing spectacle. The chromosphere at the edge which was the last to be eclipsed, surmounted by two groups of prominences, one on the right, the other on the left of the point of contact, was reproduced in four spectral colors, with extraordinary intensity of light, and the most surprising contrast of the brightest colors, so that the four spectral images could be directly compared and their minutest differences easily made out. All these images were well defined, and projected in certain colored zones, with the tints of the chromatic images of the corona. My attention was mainly directed to the forms of the prominences, and I was able to determine that the fundamental form, the skeleton or trunk, and the principal branches, were faithfully reproduced or indicated in all the images, their extent being, however, greatest in the red, and diminishing successively in the other colors down to the indigo images, in which the trunk alone was reproduced. In none of the prominences thus compared was I able to distinguish in the yellow image parts or branches not contained in the red image.* Meanwhile the colored images of the corona became continually more strongly marked, one in the red corresponding with the red line of

hydrogen, another in the green," (corresponding with Professor Young's green line,) "and a third in the blue, probably corresponding with the blue line of hydrogen."

Thus not only has the fact been proved that the light producing the green lines comes, as Young had reasoned, from the inner corona, but also that this corona consists in part of glowing hydrogen. And when we say "in part," we do not mean that throughout a portion of its extent the corona consists of hydrogen; but that one of the elements of which the corona is formed is the familiar gas hydrogen. It appears from the sequent remarks of Professor Respighi that the hydrogen extends as far, or very nearly so, as the matter, whatever it may be, which produces the green light of the corona. Before quoting his words, we remind our readers that what Respighi saw was three pictures of the corona in three different places—one picture produced by the red part of the corona's inherent luminosity, another by the green part, and another by the blue part of that luminosity. The three zones he speaks of are not three distinct envelopes, but three pictures of one and the same element. Just as the spectroscopist in the case of our imaginary experiment with the lamp-flame could not infer that there were three small conical flames, because he saw three images of the single small conical flame, so Respighi knew that the three rings of light which his telescope (spectroscopically armed) presented to his view, were spectral images of one and the same object, the inner ring-formed solar corona.

"The green zone surrounding the disk of the moon," he says, "was the brightest, the most uniform, and the best defined. The red zone was also very distinct and well defined; while the blue zone was faint and very indistinct. The green zone was well defined at the summit, though less bright than at the base; its form was sensibly circular and it sheight about six or seven minutes," (corresponding to a real depth of from 160,000 to 185,000 miles.) "The red zone exhibited the same form, and approximately the same height as the green; but its light was weaker and less uniform. These zones shone out upon a faintly illuminated ground without any marked trace of color. If the corona contained rays of any other kind, their inten-

* The interest of the question whether such differences would be perceived resides in the fact that the red, green, and indigo images are all due to hydrogen, but the yellow to another element, present in the prominences; and Respighi hoped to ascertain whether this element extended beyond or not so far as the hydrogen. For our own part we are disposed to place very little reliance on some of the facts observed in this particular part of Respighi's work. With the red and yellow images shining in full splendor he would naturally be unable to see the fainter parts of the indigo images; but these darker images are probably at least as extensive as they are certainly as well defined as the others. For Secchi, in studying the prominences by the spectroscopic method, selects the indigo images for the purpose, because he has found that *ceteris paribus* the indigo images appear the most complete. In Respighi's work other things were not equal. Similar remarks apply to the apparently inferior extension of the blue green image of the inner corona.

sity must have been so feeble that they were merged in the general illumination of the field."

"Soon after the middle of the totality," he proceeds, "there appeared on the sun's eastern edge a fine group of prominences formed of jets, rather low, but very bright, some rectilinear, others curved round the sun's limb, and exhibiting the intricate deviations and all the characters of prominences in the neighborhood of solar spots. The brightness and color of these jets were so vivid as to give them the appearance of fireworks. The spaces between some of the jets were perfectly dark, so that the red zone of the corona appeared to be entirely wanting there." (It will be remembered that the red images of the prominences, and the red image of the corona, were necessarily accordant in position, since they were produced by the same kind of light, the red hydrogen rays.) "Perhaps, however, this was only the effect of contrast due to the extraordinary brightness of the neighboring jets. I have thought it right, however, to refer to the peculiarity because the appearance of interstices or double spaces, between prominences of considerable brightness, is often observed by means of the spectroscope independently of total eclipses. The green and red zones of the corona were well developed on the western as well as on the eastern edge of the sun, while the blue remained faint and ill defined."

It seems tolerably clear that Respighi saw, in the green image, the full extension of the inner corona; for the edge of that image was well defined, as it would certainly not have been if the observed extension had depended only on the observer's power of recognizing faint luminosity. In the latter case there would have been a gradual fading off, precisely as in the case of the blue image. It is important to notice this point; because Mr. Lockyer (probably observing under less favorable conditions) could only trace the green image of the inner corona to a height of about two minutes, or less than one third of the height observed by Respighi; and we might be led to infer that as Respighi saw the green coronal image extending so much farther from the sun than as observed by Lockyer, so under yet more favorable circumstances the image might have appeared higher still. The well-defined outline recognized by Respighi renders

this inference inadmissible; and we may in fact regard the extension of the inner corona as definitely determined by his observations. On the other hand, the relatively small extension of the blue image does not necessarily prove that the blue light does not emanate from the whole of the inner corona, since the ill-defined nature of the image affords reason for believing that its observed extension was merely a question of eyesight.

We have then—and the result can not but be regarded as one of the most important ever established during eclipses—the conclusion that surrounding the sun to a depth of nearly two hundred thousand miles, there is an envelope of hydrogen mixed with an element capable of emitting the green light so often referred to in the above description.

But we are led to pause in order to inquire what element it is which supplies the green light. Now here we have a most interesting question to consider. For the light of our own auroras shows this very green line. Professor Young has tested the matter in a way which prevents all possibility of doubt. Using a spectroscope of almost unmatched power, he could recognize no difference of position between the green line of the aurora, the green line of the inner corona, and a green line seen always in the spectrum of iron. But of all elements in the universe iron seems to be precisely the element which ought not to be present, either in the regions whence comes the light of our auroras, or in the inner corona of the sun. Iron in the solid state might indeed be present from time to time in the upper regions of our air, because iron is nearly always present in meteorites, and meteorites are always passing through the upper regions of the air in greater or less numbers. But the green line, if it in truth appertains to the iron spectrum, implies the existence of the glowing vapor of iron; and heat of great intensity is required to vaporize iron. It is, however, possible that electrical discharges may be in question. We know, indeed, that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon, although we do not as yet know exactly how the electrical action is caused, or what its nature may be. We should certainly find many difficulties obviated if we extended the same explanation to the solar corona, since many of the phenomena which it presents

are strikingly suggestive of electrical action. Viewing the green light in this way, and not venturing at present to determine the precise manner in which electrical action is excited, we should be led to recognize the presence of iron in the corona, the iron not being in the state of vapor, but giving the vapor spectrum of iron on account of the electrical discharges continually taking place between the particles of solid or liquid iron. It might even be that the hydrogen lines from the corona may be referred to electrical action, and not to the actual heat of the hydrogen present throughout the inner corona. In this way we may obviate a difficulty referred to above when the sierra was described. We may regard the sierra as the region where the sun's hydrogen atmosphere actually glows with the intensity of its own heat; and the inner corona as the region where the same atmosphere is traversed by continual electrical discharges, which cause the bright lines of the hydrogen to be recognized by our spectroscopists, though not with the same brightness as from the region of actually glowing hydrogen.*

A difficulty remains in the fact that the spectrum of iron contains upwards of four hundred and fifty bright lines, and that the green line in question is not even the most conspicuous of these. Nor, indeed, is it absolutely certain that this particular line, though always seen in the spectrum of iron, belongs actually to that metal. At present, however, the most probable conclusion appears to be that which has been presented above; and we may suppose either that the other lines of iron are really present, but too faint for recognition, or that their absence is due to the special circumstances under which iron exists in

the upper regions of our own air and in the rare hydrogen atmosphere of the sun.

In our journey outwards from the sun's light surface, we have now approached the inner boundary of the most interesting of all the solar surroundings, the outer radiated corona, the reality of which had been so long disputed. Respecting this appendage—occupying a space enormously greater than any structure known to astronomers—the recent eclipse observations have supplied most interesting information.

Let us in the first place consider the actual appearance of this object as seen under the favorable circumstances of the late eclipse. The following description is taken from a series of interesting letters which appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*:

"There in the leaden-colored utterly cloudless sky," he writes, "shone out the eclipsed sun! a worthy sight for gods and men. There, rigid in the heavens, was what struck every body as a decoration—one that emperors might fight for—a thousand times more beautiful than the Star of India (even where we are now)—a picture of surpassing loveliness, and giving one the idea of serenity among all the activity that was going on below; shining with a sheen as of silver essence, built up of rays almost symmetrically arranged round a bright ring, above and below, with a marked absence of them right and left, the rays being composed of sharp radial lines, separated by furrows of markedly less brilliancy."

It is very interesting to notice the greater extension of the corona above and below. For at Bekul where the observations were made the sun was close to the horizon, and his equatorial zone was nearly upright or vertical, so that the observation shows that the extension of the radiated corona is greatest opposite the sun's equatorial regions. It is worthy of notice that Father Secchi had considered this fact to be apparent in the photographs which he obtained during the eclipse of the sun in 1860.

Let us next consider the work of a practiced draftsman, Mr. Holiday.

"This gentleman," says the *Daily News* correspondent, "proposed to sketch with his right eye while the left was at the eyepiece of the telescope; and more than this he did it. . . . On the appearance of Baily's beads," (that is, at the mo-

* It should be explained that if an electrical discharge passes from iron to iron through hydrogen, the observed spectrum is a combination of the iron spectrum and the hydrogen spectrum. Now the actual brightness of light in this case is not inferior to that of hydrogen glowing with intensity of heat; but the total quantity of light is less than that which would be obtained if the whole of the hydrogen in the tube were so glowing. In like manner, the supposed electrical discharges in the sun's hydrogen atmosphere would produce a light as intense in itself as that of the sierra; but as the discharges would cause portions only of the inner corona to glow with this light, the total luminosity would be far inferior to the luminosity of the sierra, where all the hydrogen is aglow with its own heat.

ment when the last fine sickle of direct sunlight broke up into small arcs of light,) "he removed the dark glass from the eyepiece of his telescope, but replaced it instantly, finding that even the feeble light was still too strong for the eye that had firmly resolved to note each delicate feature of the corona. Still, the time was not lost, for in that momentary glance he saw doubtless what have been called the 'rays before totality,' which he at once recognized as the two great lines which marked the limits of the advancing shadow. After a few seconds the glass was removed, and there in all its glorious beauty was a grand corona of the most fantastic type, not unlike the one given by Liais. To outline this was the work of a few seconds. Curiously enough there are points of difference and points of agreement between this drawing and the photographs, which will, doubtless, when the time comes, undergo the most searching examination. After the middle of the eclipse another drawing was made, showing that the corona had become much more diffuse than at its first appearance, and maintained the same form nearly till the re-appearance of the sun."

It is to be noted, as respects this account, that the picture by Liais of the corona as he saw it during the eclipse of 1858, is one which has been ridiculed as altogether a work of the imagination. It presents the corona with peculiarities of detail so remarkable, that if we regard them as real, they dispose finally of the theory that the outer corona is merely due to the illumination of our own atmosphere. Accordingly, the advocates of the atmospheric theory had scouted the pretensions of Liais's picture; and even many who regarded the corona as a solar appendage, could scarcely believe that some of the strange figures shown in the picture were not to some extent idealized. Here, however, we have such figures reproduced by a gentleman whose skill in draftmanship will hardly be questioned, and who has not advocated any theory of the corona. We venture to take exception to the remark that the corona had *become* more diffuse by the middle of the totality; for, it is to be remembered that, with the progress of totality, the observer's power of appreciating faint light would naturally increase, and that accordingly he would be enabled to recognize those outer and

fainter parts of the corona which had in the first instance escaped his notice.

The consideration of circumstances such as these causes us to attach so much the more value to the photographic records of the eclipse, which are not liable to be affected by physiological peculiarities. From the moment when totality begun, the photographic plates were set one after another to record the aspect of the corona, without any fear that the plates exposed earlier or later would be more or less sensitive to the influence of the corona's very delicate light. The photographs represent the corona as unchanged in form throughout the totality, with persistent rifts, extending to a great distance from the sun. This is, in effect, decisive. There was room for a shadow of doubt (at least in some minds) when, in December, 1870, Mr. Brothers obtained, in the last eleven seconds of totality, a picture showing well-marked rifts in an extensive corona,* for there were no sufficient means of proving that the same rifts existed at the beginning of the totality. But now all doubts of that sort are finally disposed of; and since radial beams in our own atmosphere, or produced by the passage of the sun's light past the irregularities of the lunar surface, must inevitably have changed markedly in position during the progress of totality, we have decisive evidence against the two theories urged against the existence of the outer solar corona as an objective and circum-solar reality.

But the recent eclipse has also supplied instructive evidence respecting the nature of the outer radiated corona.

Mr. Janssen's remarks on this point are not wanting in definiteness; and they are particularly valuable because he observed the corona from a station raised far above those denser atmospheric strata which are most effective in concealing the more delicate details of the coronal structure:

"I have mounted the central ridge of the Neilgherries," he wrote, "which has

* Mr. Brother's picture showed the corona widest on the west, whereas a picture by Lord Lindsay seemed to show the corona widest on the east; and great importance was attached to the circumstance. But on a careful examination of the prominences shown in the two pictures, it became clear that one of the pictures had been by some accident inverted. So soon as the pictures were so placed that the prominences were brought into agreement, the corona was found to extend toward the same side in each.

summits of nine thousand feet in height, and whence, according as we turn to east or west of the ridge, we see the Carnatic plains on the Coromandel Coast, or the plateau of Mysore, as far as the Ghausts."

At this fine station, Janssen was favored with weather of exceptional clearness; and altogether it is probable that never since eclipse observations began, had the corona been studied under such favorable circumstances. In the following sentences Janssen presents the results of his general observations:

"Nothing could be more beautiful or more luminous; with special forms excluding all possibility of a terrestrial origin. The result of my observations at Sholor," he says, "indicates without any doubt the solar origin of the corona, and the existence of substances beyond the chromosphere. I think the question whether the corona is due to the terrestrial atmosphere is disposed of, (*tranchée*), and we now have before us the prospect of the study of the extra-solar regions, which will be most interesting and fruitful."

In the spectroscopic study of the corona Janssen achieved a noteworthy success. Hitherto astronomers had failed in recognizing on the faint rainbow-tinted spectrum forming a background, as it were, to the distinctive bright-line spectrum of the corona, those dark lines which are seen in the spectrum of solar light. The inference was that very little or none of the coronal light is reflected sunlight. Janssen, however, besides detecting several bright lines which had not hitherto been recognized, saw also the chief solar dark lines. Strangely enough, he appears to infer from their presence that the corona exercises an absorptive effect on light which would otherwise produce a rainbow-tinted spectrum unstreaked by dark lines. To us, the more natural explanation appears to be that a portion of the coronal light is due simply to the reflection of sunlight from the cosmical matter undoubtedly surrounding the sun. Janssen himself recognizes the existence of such matter, since in his remarks on his observations he says, "Besides the cosmical matter independent of the sun, which must exist in his neighborhood, the observations de-

monstrate the existence of an excessively rare atmosphere, mainly of hydrogen, extending far beyond the chromosphere and prominences, and deriving its supplies from the very matter of the latter, matter projected (as we daily witness) with such extreme violence."

The eclipse revealed nothing, directly, respecting matter outside the coronal radiations. But indirectly, it gave important evidence respecting a solar appendage which attains a far greater extension. We refer to that strange object, the zodiacal light, emitted by a region which surrounds the sun on all sides, to distances exceeding the orbit-ranges of the planets Mercury and Venus, even if this region do not reach far beyond the orbit of our own earth. It happens, by a strange chance, that the astronomer Liais, whose long-doubted observations of the corona have just been so strikingly confirmed, has but now announced his discovery of the fact that the zodiacal light, when analyzed with the spectroscope, gives a faint continuous spectrum. It had been asserted that the zodiacal light gives a spectrum resembling that of the aurora; but grave doubts had been entertained respecting the accuracy of the observations on which this assertion had been based. The observation made by Liais would tend to show that, as had been long suspected, the zodiacal light is sunlight reflected from cosmical matter traveling continually around the sun (for we could not expect the solar dark lines to appear in so faint a spectrum.) If this is the case, the radiated corona can not but be regarded as only the innermost part—the core, so to speak—of the zodiacal region. Hence we should be led to recognize the existence of envelope after envelope around the sun, until even the vast distance at which our earth travels is reached or overpast. We need wonder little that under these circumstances our earth should sympathize with the disturbances affecting, from time to time, the great central luminary of our system, or that her frame should be thrilled from pole to pole by magnetic tremors, when his orb is excited either by internal throes, or by external impulses, to intense electrical action.

[From Good Words.

NAPOLEON'S PROJECT OF INVADING ENGLAND.

FOR two reasons we direct attention to the celebrated project which Napoleon formed to invade this country in 1803-5, and to his extraordinary efforts to compass his purpose. In the first place, opinion in England has greatly wavered upon this subject, and at different times has passed from extreme and fanciful apprehension that our shores are easily open to attack, to a state of absolute credulity that our sea defences can be ever forced or that a hostile descent is possible. The more timid yet safer belief is illustrated by the thrill of anxiety which passed over the national mind when the campaign of 1870-1 suggested to thousands the painful reflection whether such calamities could reach ourselves; it was seen in the remarkable success of the "Battle of Dorking" and similar publications; and, we rejoice to say, it has been the impulse which has originated the noble reform by which our army will at last acquire something like its proper strength and efficiency. The opposite conviction, the natural result of our long immunity from invasion, and, in part, of our want of military knowledge, is too commonly in the ascendant, and is largely held by the very classes which, in the case of a hostile landing, would be the first to complain and suffer; and it has lately found a plausible exponent in that literary tribune, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who has satisfied himself that the fleets of England must necessarily be an adequate defence against any conceivable enemy, and that the notion of a descent is a mere chimera. We wish therefore to show how either opinion is rebuked by the practical example of a great master of the art of war; how Napoleon believed that to attack England was a most formidable and perilous enterprise, but was feasible under certain conditions; what combinations and vast preparations he thought necessary to make the attempt; and how nearly, in spite of numberless difficulties, his deep-laid design attained success, and the Grand Army which subdued the Continent was brought within reach of Kent and Surrey. Napoleon's design to invade England, the plans he formed to effect his object, and his marvellous exertions to attain his end, are conspicuous proofs of his genius for war, of the peculiarities of his daring strategy, of

his great skill in deceiving his enemies and masking his operations to the last, and of his capacity for military organization and administration on the grandest scale, notwithstanding numerous discouraging obstacles. On the other hand, the entire project reveals the extravagance and overconfidence which often made his conceptions imprudent; it shows how even the highest ability, when removed from the field of its own experience, can fall into errors and miscalculations; and it proves how even the best laid schemes may fail when sufficient account is not taken of the moral differences in discipline, experience, and skill, which have so often turned the scale of fortune in operations at sea and on land. It illustrates, also, in our judgment, a marked quality of Napoleon's mind, and one that not seldom led him astray: his absolute and contemptuous disbelief in the possibility of national resistance under any circumstances, to regular armies; an opinion which recent events in France have confirmed in the eyes of careless observers, but of which the unsoundness might have been shown by a memorable example had the French crossed the Channel in 1803-5.

The rupture of the short-lived Peace of Amiens arrayed England, alone and unaided, for the first time since the beginning of the war, against the power of revolutionary France. Either belligerent, long before this event, had acquired a decided superiority on the element which seemed especially its own; and while France had overrun the Continent, had annexed Belgium, Holland, and Savoy, and ruled Italy to the Adige, England had swept her enemies' flags from the seas, had greatly enlarged her colonial empire, and was absolutely and easily supreme on the ocean. The other Powers of Europe, taught by the experience of many years of reverses, or adhering to a policy of isolation, stood aloof from the impending conflict; and if Austria, and even Russia, wished well to the cause of their ancient ally, although not actively interfering, Spain and Prussia, either through fear or interest, inclined to the side of the terrible republic which two coalitions had failed to subdue. The antagonists, therefore, so to speak, stepped into the lists of battle alone; and the prize

of the contest seemed destined to fall to the one who should bring its peculiar force to bear decisively upon the other, and so strike it down in mortal encounter. This, however, was difficult on either side; for if England could master the French fleets, and wrest from France her remaining colonies, attempts of this kind were of little avail against the gigantic military power which already swayed nearly half the Continent; and if France could with ease repel any hostile demonstration on her coasts, she could hardly expect to throw her armies upon the territory of her adversary, while England retained her naval ascendancy. Could the Channel, however, be once crossed, the power of France for attack was greater than that of England could possibly be; and if a French force of imposing strength could be safely landed upon our shores an opportunity seemed afforded of delivering an overwhelming blow which might be expected to close the struggle. In this state of things the extraordinary man to whom France had committed her fortunes, resolved, true to his characteristic strategy, to aim straight at a decisive point, and to invade England with such a host, that, if the descent could be accomplished, resistance, he thought, would be impossible. Yet when, in the spring of 1803, Napoleon formed this daring design, the difficulties in his way would have seemed insuperable to any less eager and aspiring genius. The first and obvious condition of success was the command of the sea to effect the passage; and how could this be reasonably hoped for in the state of the naval resources of France compared with those of her powerful enemy? The fleets of France and of her dependencies could hardly muster, even on paper, more than half the ships of the English navy; they were very inferior in organization and armament; the crews that manned them were largely composed of landmen and raw military conscripts; and their officers and commanders were generally inexperienced, and demoralized by continual reverses. On the other hand, though necessarily disseminated to guard our numerous colonial provinces, the fleets of England were masters of the sea; their numerical force and thorough efficiency made them absolutely without a rival; and they were commanded by men of whom Nelson was only the most conspicuous figure, and, who, to perfect profession-

al skill, added the self-confidence and moral ascendancy acquired by a long series of victories. In these circumstances how was it possible to obtain that control of the Channel which was requisite to lead an army across and to attempt the invasion of England?

Such were the conditions under which Napoleon resolved to risk a descent on our coasts and to stake the fortune of France on the venture. There is clear proof that he was fully aware of the great hazard of such an enterprise; indeed he had avowed to Lord Whitworth that it might determine in his destruction; and there is reason to believe that he would have preferred not to have renewed the war in 1803, and to have waited until his marine was able to cope on better terms with the far more powerful one of his enemy. Nor was he ignorant of the immense inferiority, not only in numerical strength but in all that constitutes real worth, of his fleets to those of Great Britain; though, spoiled by his wonderful military successes, he never made sufficient allowance for one chief cause of his naval weakness—the practical inexperience of his seamen and the moral discouragement of his admirals. Nevertheless he persisted in his resolution; and, notwithstanding the obstacles in his path, the plan he formed and fully matured was well nigh attended with success, so far as regards the making the landing; and its ultimate failure, it must be acknowledged, was due far more to the errors of those who were intrusted with carrying it out than to any inherent defects in it, or to the ability or the perception of English naval officers and statesmen. This project, in its final development, was founded upon the double principle of openly concentrating in view of our coasts means apparently sufficient to effect the descent, deceiving the enemy, in this way, as to the true nature of the intended operation, and throwing him partly off his guard, and then of collecting from a distance and moving to the decisive scene of action a preponderating force, which for a time would command the sea at the point of passage and open an avenue for the invaders. For this purpose an immense flotilla was to be drawn together from the ports of France, and made capable of holding an army of from one hundred and forty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand men, with its guns, horses, and other appliances; and it was to

be placed in the narrowest part of the Channel, and to receive on board the formidable host which, marched from the interior to the sea, was to cross over and effect the descent. The flotilla and the accompanying transports were to be armed with heavy guns, in order, partly, to repel attack, but principally to conceal the real design; and it was to be ostentatiously proclaimed that this armament was more than equal to the task of ferrying the invaders over. By this expedient Napoleon calculated that the English Admiralty would be induced to suppose that small vessels only were to be employed in the attempt to get the French across; that accordingly the defence of the Channel would be left principally to similar craft, and that an opportunity would thus be given him for accomplishing the great operation which was the main feature of the entire project. This operation was, to combine a powerful fleet from a variety of points and to bring it suddenly into the Channel, when, being for the moment in overwhelming force, it would without difficulty put down all resistance, and so effectually cover the flotilla and make the way for the invaders secure. Great as was the inferiority of the French navy, Napoleon believed that it was not impossible to effect a concentration of this kind, and experience showed that his calculations in this respect were not ill founded, and very nearly turned out correct.

This was the memorable design for the invasion of England, which Napoleon characterized as one of the most profound which he conceived in his wonderful career. The ability of the plan consisted evidently in the notion of leading the enemy to believe, by the formidable armament of the flotilla, that the passage was to be made with this force alone, and in the project of collecting a fleet and covering the descent at the decisive point, the English being there comparatively weak. Napoleon's matchless skill in stratagem and his capacity for grand combinations were here illustrated in the highest degree; nor was his scheme of attacking our country unworthy of the great master of war who had executed the Alpine march to Marengo. We think however that, as in 1800, Napoleon underrated the strength of his foe. Had his project succeeded in every particular, we can not believe that a French army of a hundred and fifty thou-

sand or a hundred and sixty thousand men could have completely subdued England; and his calculations, as the event showed, did not take enough into account the disorganization of his naval forces. In the summer of 1803 the First Consul, already wearing the shadow of an imperial crown, applied himself with characteristic energy to the carrying out of his bold design. His first care was to combine the elements of the force which was intended to carry his army across "the *fosse* of the Channel," but which as yet was wholly unprepared. Orders were given for the building of boats and flat-bottomed vessels of different sizes, in all the French ports, from Brest to Antwerp, then recently added to the republic; and the inland districts of France were urged to coöperate, as light craft of this description could be made to descend to the sea by the rivers which on all sides ran down to the coast. It is unnecessary to notice with what minute care Napoleon superintended this work, through the able officials intrusted with it; what numberless experiments were made to determine the type and character of the constructions best suited for the intended purpose, or with what alacrity France lent her aid to second the aims of her chief; suffice it to say that, within a few months, the means of carrying a great army across the Channel were fully completed, though as yet not organized or concentrated. By the beginning of 1804, considerably more than two thousand craft of the requisite quality and dimensions had been finished, and were scattered along the French seaboard at many places, from Ushant by Dunkirk and Ostend to Antwerp. This force, divided into two great sections, the flotilla proper, intended to carry the soldiers of the invading army, with field artillery and the necessary horses, and the transports, designed to follow with the heavier *matériel* and *impedimenta*, now awaited only the skillful direction of the First Consul to be brought together and aggregated on the scene of action. Each unit of the flotilla, according to the original plan, was heavily armed; and these small vessels, when united, bore three thousand cannon of large calibre, besides an immense number of small pieces.

While the means of bridging over the Channel were being thus actively prepared, arrangements were made for the concentration of the flotilla upon the points

of embarkation, and for moving to them the invading army. The reach of coast from Cape Grisnez to Etaples, had been selected by the First Consul as the base from which to operate the descent; and Boulogne and the small adjacent harbors were chosen for the reception of the immense collection of armed vessels and warlike arrays which were to land on the shores of England. Nothing that industry and forethought could do was spared to render these places fitting to be the starting points of the enterprise, and extraordinary exertions were made to accumulate the requirements needed for the expedition. The beds of the little tidal rivers that flow into the sea through this tract, were enlarged, deepened, and turned into roadsteads; and the Liane and the Canche were made real harbors, capable of holding the main contingents of the flotilla. Meantime batteries were raised on the coast to keep away the enemy's cruisers; Boulogne, Etaples, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse, the points designated for embarking the army, were protected by hundreds of heavy guns, of which the fire defied an assailant; and vast establishments were created for the encampment and support of masses of troops along the immediately adjoining coast and for facilitating their transport to sea. We have no space to describe how miles of temporary huts and barracks were thrown up, how stores, ammunition, and all kinds of *matériel* were brought down, in prodigious quantities, to lines of quays constructed in haste as landing places for the flotilla; how, in a word, nothing was left undone to provide for the embarkation of the force intended to fall upon our shores; and for these details we must refer our readers to the Correspondence of Napoleon himself, a monument, in this as in other instances, of his great capacity for military administration. Meanwhile the army designed to strike the blow that was to overwhelm England had been gradually drawn together, and was being moved to the sea-coast and made ready for the great venture. That army, the flower of the soldiery of France and the best that Napoleon ever led, had been raised by assiduous care to the highest state of efficiency for war; and, filled with confidence in itself and its chief, and admirably disciplined, trained, and organized, it was certainly capable of great exploits. It was now divided into three

masses; and by the early spring of 1804, each of these had taken its appointed station along the seaboard of Artois and Flanders, awaiting only the signal to cross the channel. The left, forming a wing under Ney, was encamped in the neighborhood of Montreuil, and was intended to embark at Etaples; the centre, with Soult, lay around St. Omer, its destination being Boulogne; and the right wing, commanded by Davoust, filled the country between Ostend and Bruges, its point of departure being Ambleteuse, could that port be reached by the flotilla in the Scheldt. The whole force, with its reserves, placed at various distances in the rear, numbered 132,000 men, with 15,000 horses, and 400 guns; and Napoleon intended that it should be seconded by 20,000 or 24,000 additional troops on board his fleets, at Brest and the Texel, thus making up the 150,000 which, he calculated, would suffice for the enterprise.

The next problem for the French to solve was the collection of the flotilla from points at wide distances along the seaboard, and its concentration in the neighborhood of Boulogne. This seemed a task of great difficulty, for small craft would be necessarily exposed to the fire and shock of the enemy's cruisers which hovered menacingly along the coast, and Napoleon reckoned on considerable losses before his squadrons should be united. The concentration was, however, effected with more facility than had been expected; for the flat-bottomed constructions of the flotilla were usually able to cling to the shore, and keep out of the range of the English vessels, in most instances of too great draught to be efficient for this service; their fire had proved far from contemptible; and at spots where a serious attack was probable they were covered by heavy land batteries, and even by powerful flying columns told off for this purpose by the First Consul. Though more or less harassed upon the passage, the entire flotilla, with the exception of that in the Scheldt under Admiral Verhuel, as yet only at Dunkirk and Calais, was congregated between Boulogne and Etaples in the summer of 1804; and it was confidently anticipated that the difficulty of weathering the headland of Cape Grisnez, which alone retarded Verhuel's contingent, would be surmounted in a few weeks. In this way, within a few months from the

the time when he had formed his design, Napoleon had created and brought together, in spite of the naval superiority of England, the means of crossing the narrow seas; and he had collected and held in his hand a magnificent army in formidable strength, which only awaited the word of its chief to occupy that accumulation of transports, and renew, as it hoped, the Norman Conquest. But though every thing seemed ready, the great combination on which the success of the enterprise hung had not been matured; and Napoleon kept his armament in its positions, resolved not to run the risk of passing until the presence of a covering fleet in the Channel should render the transit certain. The intervening time was meanwhile spent in assuring the safety of the flotilla, and in completing the details of the expedition; and these arrangements were carried out with admirable forethought, energy, and skill. Fresh batteries were piled along the coast line, and the harbors in which the flotilla was moored were made inaccessible to attack or insult. The army and the flotilla were so connected that every regiment and company had its allotted place in its set of transports; and the soldiery were trained to sea exercises, to rowing, working at naval guns, to embarking and disembarking in haste, and to forming, even at night, in order, under the fire of a supposed enemy on land. Such perfection was attained by constant practice that more than one hundred thousand men, the *impedimenta* of the army having been put in previously, were able, it was found, to be on board within half an hour from a given signal; and two hours only were required for the embarkation of seven thousand horses. In twenty-four hours the entire flotilla would be fairly in the open Channel, and it might be expected that within forty-eight it would have made good its way to our shores.

The gathering of this vast cloud of war had been viewed by England with mingled feelings of scorn, contempt, and angry apprehension. The Admiralty, confident in our naval superiority and relying on their ancient traditions, declared that a descent was impossible, or could be attempted by a small force only, inevitably doomed to destruction or capture; and they ridiculed the notion that Napoleon would deliberately risk a desperate venture. The cari-

catures and light publications of the summer of 1803 abound in illustrations of the absurdity of imagining that, except as prisoners, the French could ever be seen among us, and the First Consul and his impertinent efforts were satirized with general self-complacency. The enterprise was considered a foolish boast, and especially it was proved to demonstration that no flotilla of sufficient strength to convey an army could be brought together while our cruisers held the command of the Channel. This over-confidence had caused the ministry to neglect the precaution of providing small craft in sufficient quantities to attack vessels of light draught in shallow waters, and, as we have seen, the immense armament in which Napoleon intended to cross had suffered comparatively little loss when being concentrated around Boulogne. This unpardonable omission, which facilitated the enemy's operations beyond his hopes, had been properly condemned by Mr. Pitt and contributed to the fall of the Addington government; but even for a time after that event the nation was disinclined to believe that an invasion in force was really imminent. At last, however, when thousands of transports lay bristling with guns in the roads of Boulogne, and when the smoke of the vast French leaguer could be seen from our shores on a clear day, the gravity of the danger was felt, and England rose to a man in arms, in one of those grand national movements which form the glory of free countries, and have so often baffled the calculations of her foes. The army, more than a hundred thousand strong, and composed of the men who in a few years were to march from the Tagus to the Garonne, was seconded by a reserve force and by the militia, amounting together to fully a hundred and fifty thousand men; and more than two hundred thousand volunteers started into existence to lend the arms of brave and true men to repel the invader. Admitting all that French historians have fairly said as to the inexperience of a considerable portion of these arrays, and as to the inferiority of their commanders to the great genius opposed to them, we can not believe that on their own soil they would have been struck down at a blow by the relatively small numerical force which alone they would have had to encounter; and Napoleon, we think, immensely underrated the mili-

tary resources of his adversaries. At the same time vigorous preparations were made for the defence of our coasts. Batteries were thrown up at accessible points, signals were established for the rapid concentration of troops to prevent a landing, and swarms of frigates and light vessels held armed and constant watch in the Channel. The Admiralty, however, had not seen through Napoleon's design. As he anticipated, they believed that he would cross, if at all, with the flotilla alone; and accordingly they thought it enough to oppose rather small craft to much smaller constructions, and they did not provide for the contingency of a powerful fleet protecting the passage. The Channel remained comparatively unguarded; at no time, it would appear, were more than five or six sail of the line in the narrow waters before Boulogne.

While France and England were thus in arms, each watching the other across the Straits, Napoleon was tasking his powers to the utmost to arrange and complete the combination on which he had staked the success of his project. Great as was the inferiority of his naval power, three circumstances concurred in his favor which he calculated might give him the brief ascendancy at the decisive point for a few days, which was all he asked or expected from Fortune. In the first place, the enemy evidently had no conception of his real design; they had made no preparations against a covering fleet, and they had left the Channel comparatively open. In the second place, he knew generally what he was about to do and how to attack, whereas the English Admiralty would be obliged to resist his movements in uncertain haste, and to stand doubtfully on the defensive. And in the third place, the fleets of England were necessarily scattered all over the ocean, protecting a vast colonial empire, whereas those of France could be concentrated; and this largely contributed to solve a problem which was, not that of general superiority at sea, but that of being able for a short time to be in commanding force in the Channel. These were the data on which Napoleon reasoned, and it is idle to say that they were baseless, though, in our judgment, he greatly underrated in some respects the difficulties in his way. During 1803 he had pressed forward the construction and equipment of his fleets, and by the spring

of 1804 he had arrayed a force which, on paper at least, seemed equal to any likely to oppose it, and which certainly was by no means contemptible. In the summer of 1804, when the mass of the flotilla had reached Boulogne, and just after his victorious soldiery had saluted him Emperor with acclamation, he gave the first orders for the naval operations which were to second and cover the descent. At this juncture he had eight or nine sail of the line at Toulon, one at Cadiz, five or six at Ferrol, about an equal number at Rochefort, twenty or twenty-one in the roads of Brest, and a Dutch fleet of great force in the Texel, intended to carry over, if possible, the extreme right wing of the invading army. These squadrons had been as yet blockaded by fleets of nearly the same numerical strength, but very superior in quality and power; and in England it was generally believed that they would not venture to leave their harbors. But in those days blockades were extremely precarious, ships being at the mercy of the winds; and Napoleon's project was not hindered by an obstacle at the outset which, at this time, under similar conditions, might be insuperable. Acting on the ordinary experience of years, he directed La Touche, his most trusted admiral, to put to sea with the Toulon fleet whenever a storm should blow off Nelson, in watch for the Frenchman in the Gulf of Lyons, and then, making for Gibraltar, to rally the single ship at Cadiz, and, avoiding Ferrol, to drive away the weak English force before Rochefort, and combining with the friendly squadron at that place, to advance resolutely into the Channel. Meanwhile Ganteaume, with the Brest fleet, was to engage or detain Cornwallis, who observed the roads with a British squadron; and as Ganteaume's force was exceedingly powerful, it was expected that he would at least accomplish this object and keep the passage for La Touche open. In this way the Emperor calculated some fifteen or sixteen sail of the line would effect their junction with the flotilla about the first or second week of October; and this force, being more than sufficient to overpower the enemy in the Channel, would enable the French army to make the descent.

This plan which, if dangerous in some respects, was certainly not without promise, was never attempted to be executed,

La Touche, the chief of the Toulon fleet, having suddenly died when about to set sail. A delay of several weeks ensued, and Napoleon formed a new combination, founded on the experience of the weather prevailing in the now advanced season. The regular blockade of the French ports, especially of those on the Atlantic seaboard, being impossible in the storms of winter, he ordered Ganteaume to leave Brest, and thence to proceed into the Channel, the Toulon and Rochefort squadrons having previously sailed for the West Indies to threaten or ravage the British colonies. The decisive movement was, in this way, to be made by the fleet nearest to Boulogne; but the attention of the enemy was to be diverted by demonstrations which, it might be assumed, would mask the attack, for a time at least, and would probably draw off a considerable force to defend our endangered colonial possessions. This scheme, however, proved also fruitless; for though Missiessy, in the first days of 1805, put out to sea and escaped pursuit with the Rochefort squadron, Villeneuve, the new commander of the Toulon fleet, after getting safely into the Mediterranean, returned, with characteristic indecision, and this detained Ganteaume in port, his orders being not to leave Brest until Villeneuve had passed Gibraltar. A new project was therefore required; and Spain having declared war against England at this conjuncture, and the Spanish fleets, still powerful in numbers, having been added to those of France, and given to the daring and original genius whose destiny it was to be our foe, Napoleon resolved to make use of this hardly-expected accession of force, and to give ampler scope to his naval operations. His plan was grand and able alike, and, notwithstanding all that has been urged by national vanity, it might have been realized. The principle of this scheme was to collect a great naval force at a distance from our shores, to draw off a part, at least, of the English fleets, in order to observe or attack it, and then, returning quickly to Europe, to rally any friendly aid in the way, and to appear in irresistible strength in the Channel. For this purpose Villeneuve, whose fleet had been increased to eleven sail of the line, was to elude Nelson, who had only nine, to rally the French ship left at Cadiz, to join at that port a Spanish squadron of six sail of the line under Admiral Gravina, and

then to make for the West Indies, where Missiessy, who, as we have seen, had got out to sea in the first part of January, would be, it was thought, cruising with the Rochefort squadron. Meantime Ganteaume, with twenty-one sail, was to watch his opportunity, to set out from Brest, and, avoiding Cornwallis, who had about nineteen, to effect his junction in the far Atlantic with Villeneuve, Gravina, and Missiessy; and the four squadrons, which, when combined, would form a fleet of about forty-four sail, were either to make direct for Boulogne, or else to unite with the Ferrol squadron, now raised to fourteen sail of the line, and then to proceed into the Channel. In this way Napoleon conceived a force ranging from forty to fifty sail of the line, allowing for losses and contingencies, would be concentrated at the decisive point in the summer of 1805; and as, if it were combined, it would be greatly superior to any thing which could be arrayed against it, and as, besides, it was reasonable to suppose, that the English fleets would, in part at least, be drawn away and rendered useless, he reckoned with confidence on success.

In compliance with the imperial project Villeneuve set out from Toulon with his eleven ships and six fine additional frigates on the 30th of March, 1805. Nelson, who supposed that Egypt was the real object of the French fleet, was cruising to the south of Sardinia, and the French admiral met no enemy on his way through the western Mediterranean. He passed the Straits of Gibraltar on the 9th of April, was off Cadiz the next day, and on the 11th was in the open Atlantic, having rallied the French man-of-war at Cadiz, and the greater part of Gravina's squadron. After a voyage of little more than a month, the combined fleet of Villeneuve and Gravina, eighteen sail of the line and seven frigates, reached Martinique on the 14th of May; and though the condition of the crews and the ships was far from good in many respects, Napoleon's plan had so far succeeded; for Nelson had been completely eluded; he was being drawn off from the European seas, and the first main division of the French squadrons was at its destination in the West Indies. At Martinique, however, news arrived which shook the vacillating spirit of Villeneuve, already discouraged by the evident want of efficiency in the combined squadrons, and already an-

icipating some unknown disaster, though as yet he had been remarkably fortunate. Instead of remaining in these latitudes, Missiessy had returned to Rochefort, and thus his contingent of five or six sail was absent from the general place of meeting, and could not be expected to make its appearance. The fine weather, too, of an exceptional spring had permitted Cornwallis to maintain the blockade of Brest without interruption; Ganteaume had not been able to get out; and accordingly it was more than probable that the second main division of the combined fleets would not be able to obtain the West Indies. Villeneuve began to fear that the dreaded Nelson would attack and crush him off Martinique, though the force commanded by our great admiral was numerically less by a third than his own and he was still hundreds of miles distant; and he was already meditating a return to Europe, when fresh orders came to confirm his purpose. Napoleon, informed of the immobility of Ganteaume, had modified his project in part, and dispatching Admiral Magon with two sail of the line from the Rochefort squadron to Martinique, he directed Villeneuve to steer homewards, and with his fleet, now of twenty-seven ships, including large and small vessels, to raise the blockades of Ferrol, Rochefort, and Brest in succession, and rallying the squadrons in those ports, and overpowering the enemies in his way, to appear off Boulogne in irresistible force. Villeneuve, too glad to avoid Nelson, left the West Indies on the 10th of June and on the 30th was off the Azores, with his whole fleet, as yet intact, on his straight course for the Bay of Biscay. Had he, acting on his own responsibility, now made at once for the Channel and Boulogne, it is difficult to see how the French army could have been prevented making the descent. For during the whole of June, and for weeks afterwards, Nelson and his fleet were far away; Cornwallis and his nineteen or twenty ships, the only force that could have interfered, was held in check by Ganteaume off Brest; the Channel was guarded chiefly by light vessels; and the way to the flotilla, accordingly, lay almost open to the French admiral. But Villeneuve could not take the bolder course; obeying the letter of Napoleon's orders, he prepared to try to reach the Channel by combining his fleet with the squadrons of his colleagues blockaded

in those ports; and he made for the coast of Spain and Ferrol.

Meanwhile Nelson, deceived at the outset as to the destination of Villeneuve's fleet, had been pursuing the French admiral with extraordinary but fruitless energy. Suspecting that Egypt would be the point of attack, he had remained for some time in the Mediterranean, after the departure of the French fleet from Toulon; and it was not until the 11th of May, when Villeneuve was at the other side of the Atlantic, that, with his squadron increased to ten sail of the line, he resolved to set off for the West Indies. Had he been aware of Napoleon's project he would doubtless have made for the Channel, to strengthen Cornwallis off Brest, and to interpose between Villeneuve and Ganteaume; but though he seems to have thought that Ireland might possibly be the enemy's object, he had no conception of the deep-laid scheme of a concentration of hostile force in the Channel. On the 2d or 3d of June he had reached Barbadoes, his well-manned and well-sailed vessels sailing much quicker than those of his foe; but, misled by false information, he turned away from the Channel of Martinique, and steered southwards to the mouths of the Orinoco. Apprised of his error he retraced his steps, and on the 10th was at the island of Grenada, with a fleet numbering twelve sail of the line, two under Cochrane, having joined him, and about five or six frigates; and with this comparatively small force he hastened to attack Villeneuve, however numerically superior in strength. But Villeneuve had already left the West Indies, and in a few days was far out of reach; Napoleon's scheme having in this respect been as yet carried out with complete success. Nelson, eager, anxious, but still ignorant of the real aim of the French Emperor, now decided on returning to the Mediterranean, thus abandoning wholly the track of Villeneuve; but feeling uncertain as to the enemy's object, he, with rare forethought, took precautions which, in the event, proved of the greatest importance, though they would almost certainly have been fruitless had Villeneuve steered from the Azores to the Channel. When setting out for the Spanish coast, Nelson dispatched a fast-sailing brig, the "Curieux," with a recommendation to the Admiralty to be on their guard against the French; and this vessel having arrived at

Portsmouth on the 7th of July, immediate orders were given for a new disposition of the English squadrons, though no English officer, with the exception of the able and ingenious Collingwood, had as yet a suspicion of Napoleon's design. Admiral Stirling, who had been blockading Rochefort, and Sir Robert Calder, who had been blockading Ferrol, were directed to draw off from these ports, and look out for a French fleet at sea, the Admiralty's purpose being, it would seem, to keep the enemy away from Ferrol or Brest, and not contemplating an attack in the Channel. This move, however, had great results, though, but for the indecision of Villeneuve, these might have been of little importance. On the 22d of July the united squadrons, under the chief command of Sir Robert Calder, fell in with the fleet of the French admiral, long delayed by contrary winds on its course; and although Calder had only fifteen sail of the line against the twenty of Villeneuve, he did not hesitate to attack. The action was warm but indecisive, the French and Spanish crews, now some months at sea, having improved greatly in training and discipline; and though Villeneuve lost two ships, he easily made good his way to Ferrol.

Villeneuve had already missed a great opportunity by not making direct from the Azores to the Channel when Nelson was on his way to the Mediterranean. In this, however, he was only conforming to the positive orders of Napoleon, who enjoined him to rally his blockaded colleagues before attempting the decisive movement, though unquestionably he had a latitude of choice which a great commander would have turned to account. But after the action of the 22d of July his conduct hardly admits of excuse, and his irresolute timidity mainly contributed to the failure of Napoleon's design, though the chances in his favor were not so good as they had been when he was off the Azores. He reached Ferrol on the 2d of August with his fleet reduced to fifteen sail of the line—besides the two captured by Sir Robert Calder, three had been left to refit at Vigo—but he found fourteen sail of the line at Ferrol, for the most part in very fair condition; and the Rochefort squadron, now under the command of Lallemand, a good officer, had put to sea and was in the immediate neighborhood. Had Villeneuve,

therefore, as Napoleon has remarked, left Ferrol at once with his twenty-nine sail of the line, rallied the five which comprised the Rochefort squadron, and made straight for Ganteaume at Brest, he would either have avoided Calder, or, probably, have overpowered that admiral, who had not more than fifteen sail of the line, more or less injured by the fight of the 22d; and in either event, Villeneuve and Ganteaume would have opposed fifty-five sail of the line to Cornwallis, who had not more than twenty, and would hardly have failed to reach the Channel. But Villeneuve, though as yet fortunate, delayed irresolutely at Ferrol; he believed that Nelson, Calder, and Cornwallis were awaiting him in the Bay of Biscay, with their squadrons united, to overwhelm him; and he was unnerved by the dread of a disaster hardly, at this moment, possible. For during the first ten days of August, Nelson was far away from the theatre of action; he had reached Gibraltar about the 23d of July, and had then stood out to sea in search of the enemy, of whose position he remained ignorant; and Calder was in the Bay of Biscay, in communication with, but not united to, Cornwallis off Brest; and the French squadrons, therefore, were immensely superior in force to any which here might have met them. Pressed by the imperious commands of Napoleon, who, with true insight, perceived the situation, Villeneuve at last put out, on the 13th of August, his fleet numbering twenty-nine sail of the line, which, by the junction of Lallemand's contingent, could be increased at once to thirty-four, not to speak of eleven or twelve frigates. Had the French admiral, as he had been advised, and as he wrote to his master when setting out, now steered for Brest with his powerful armament, he might still, perhaps, have accomplished his mission, though his opportunity was not as good as it had been on two previous occasions. For by this time Nelson had joined eight ships of his squadron to that of Cornwallis—the great seaman had gone with the rest to Portsmouth—and this considerable addition of force reduced greatly the disproportion between the French and English squadrons, and diminished accordingly Villeneuve's chances. Yet as Cornwallis, with what Napoleon has characterized as "playing into the enemy's hands," about the 16th or 17th of August divided his

augmented fleet into two parts, and sent Calder, with nineteen or twenty ships, in search of Villeneuve in the Bay of Biscay, retaining only eighteen or nineteen himself, the French admiral, if he had sailed for Brest, might still have attained decided success had he been seconded by good fortune. Advancing with his thirty-four sail of the line, he might either have missed Calder or have fought and defeated that admiral, whose force was so inferior to his own; and in that case he might have reached Brest, and having effected his junction with Ganteaume, been at the head of a fleet altogether superior, in numbers at least, to any adversaries. Instead, however, of taking the bold course, Villeneuve, upon hearing, when out at sea, a false report that a British fleet of twenty-five sail of the line was near, renounced the attempt to carry out the great service for which he had been designed, and turning southerly made for Cadiz, thus completely frustrating Napoleon's project and rendering all his exertions useless. The unfortunate Frenchman did not conjure away the evil fate which he apprehended: he was yet to see the day of Trafalgar.

Meanwhile the Emperor had arrived at Boulogne, and had placed himself at the head of his army. Verhuel's contingent had long before doubled Cape Grisnez and reached Ambleteuse; the entire flotilla, with its *matériel* on board, was kept in readiness to put to sea; the Texel fleet rode at single anchor, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand men, strung to the highest pitch of enthusiastic daring, awaited only the signal to embark. Napoleon's correspondence during the few days from about the 12th to the 20th of August, 1805, when he thought that Villeneuve and Ganteaume would make their appearance in the Channel, breathes exultation and proud self-confidence; and as we read how, in letters throbbing with passion, he tells his lieutenants that "if they can give him the command of the Channel for twenty-four hours the existence of England will be a thing of the past," all doubts disappear of his conviction that a vast triumph was within his grasp. But the expected sails were awaited in vain; and when at last the dispatch arrived that Villeneuve had baffled his calculations, and "had *slunk*," as he bitterly exclaimed, "into Cadiz," he at once renounced the entire enterprise, and, fortunately probably for

his fame, turned away from Boulogne to design the march which terminated in the glories of Austerlitz. Trafalgar was in a few weeks to crush his naval power for the rest of his reign, and he never had another opportunity of renewing the scheme of 1803-5. Yet the victory of Nelson ought not to blind us to the imminent peril incurred by England, or make us imagine that a kind of destiny preserves necessarily our shores from invasion. Napoleon felt the difficulty of attempting the descent; but, notwithstanding the inferiority of his strength at sea, his deep-laid project well nigh succeeded; his flotilla and army were brought together; the Admiralty did not see through his purpose, and left the Channel dangerously exposed; Nelson was drawn away from the sphere of operations, and Villeneuve had more than one good chance of completely realizing his master's orders. Had Villeneuve made from the Azores to Brest, had he after the action of the 22d of July left Ferrol at once with his squadron at that port, he would probably have rallied Ganteaume; and if so, it is difficult to see how he would not have had for a few days that mastery of the Channel which was all that Napoleon required to transport his army. Yet though, as a mere strategic conception, Napoleon's project was worthy of his powers, and though, so far as regards a landing, it was more nearly fulfilled than we like to allow, it rested, we think, on miscalculations which rendered it ever liable to fail, and in its ultimate results, we are convinced, it must have ended in complete discomfiture. The French Emperor, sated with victory, and accustomed to the ascendancy of success, would never sufficiently take into account the moral depression of his admirals and the essential inferiority of his naval forces; he forgot that Villeneuve was to Nelson what Alvinzi and Melas were to himself; and, as actually happened, it was always probable that, whatever might be the strength of his fleets, timidity, inexperience, and irresolution would render his combinations fruitless. Considering too the armed force possessed by England in 1805, and that, even if it had effected the descent with not more than the inevitable loss, the French army must in a few days have lost its communications with France, and could not possibly have been reinforced, we are satisfied that Napoleon wholly underrated the

military power required for the expedition; one hundred and thirty thousand or one hundred and forty thousand Frenchmen might have marched to London and ravaged Kent and Sussex; but they could not possibly have subdued England. On

this, as on other occasions, Napoleon held his enemies too cheap, and his landing in England, we firmly believe, must have led to his ruin and that of his army.

[From *Temple Bar*.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to our present number, was born on the 24th of February, 1824, at Providence, Rhode Island. When he was fifteen years old, his family removed to New-York, where he entered upon his business career in the counting-house of a dry-goods importer. He remained in this position only a year, however, and in the year 1842, in company with his elder brother, went to Brook Farm, where he identified himself with that most famous of American socialistic experiments. He spent a year and a half at Brook Farm, engaged in study and agricultural labor, and then passed another eighteen months with a farmer at Concord, taking part regularly in the ordinary work of the farm.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis went to Europe, and after a year of travel in Italy, entered the University of Berlin, where he stayed a few months, and witnessed the revolutionary scenes of 1848 in that city. The two following years he passed in traveling through central and southern Europe, and especially in Egypt and Syria. The fruit of this latter was a book called "Nile Notes of a Howadji," which he published on his return to the United States in 1850. The book met with sufficient success to encourage the young author, and it was followed by the "Howadji in Syria," published in 1852. In the meantime, he had found a place on the editorial staff of the New-York *Tribune*, and his third book was a volume entitled "Lotus-Eating," and made up of a series of letters, which he wrote to that journal from the various watering-places.

When "Putnam's Monthly" was started

in 1852, Mr. Curtis became one of the original editors, and held the post until the publication of the magazine was suspended, several years later; and from that time to the present, he has been constantly connected with the best journalism of the country, making for himself a reputation which is higher probably, and at the same time more purely literary, than that of any other man in the profession. As the amiable and cultivated occupant of the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Monthly*, as the letter-writing Bachelor of *Harper's Bazar*, and especially as the editor-in-chief of *Harper's Weekly*, he has exercised an influence upon the reading public of America, which, if it has not been profound, has certainly been genial, elevating, and refining. There are few men in America, who when they take up their pens can be sure of reaching so wide an audience; and there is scarcely another who, having written so much, can look back over the record and find so little to regret.

Mr. Curtis's labors, however, have not been confined to journalism. He is always in great demand at college and other literary celebrations, and as a lyceum-lecturer, there are only one or two in the country who surpass him in popularity. He commenced his career in this latter field as early as 1853, and though he has not made a business of it, has generally found time in the midst of his other duties to address the people on the great questions of social and political reform.

Mr. Curtis is now forty-eight years old, in the "heyday and prime of life," and will apparently for many years to come occupy the position which at his death will be extremely difficult to fill.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTICES.

THE *Historische Zeitschrift* pronounces Fontane's "Der Deutsche Krieg von 1866," the best history of that war.

A LETTER from London says that two manuscripts by Thackeray have been discovered, and will soon be published.

MR. MORLEY says Voltaire is the most trenchant writer in the world, yet there is not a sentence of strained emphasis or overwrought antithesis; he is the wittiest, yet there is not a line of true buffoonery.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, whose death is announced, was the editor of "Good Words," and well known as a theological leader, and the author of "Parish Papers," "Eastward," "Character Sketches," etc.

SEVERAL HIGH personages of Rome have urged the municipality to grant the title of Roman citizen to Allessandre Manzoni, Gino Capponi, and Terenzio Mamiani, whose writings have contributed to the glory of Italy.

THE FIRST volume of the poems of the Polish poet, Theophilus Lenartowicz, has been published at Posen, with the title of "Echa Nadwislanskie," or "Echoes of the Vistula." The poems are all patriotic and national in character.

THE CONDUCTORS of the *Anglo-American Times* announce their intention of starting, in London, a magazine made up of selections from American periodicals, after the manner of our eclectic publications, provided enough subscribers are secured to encourage them in their enterprise.

A NEWSPAPER has been established in Florence, entitled the *Cornelia*, under the editorship of the well-known authoress Signora Aurelia Cinimo Folliero de Luna. Its aims are the advocacy of women's rights, and the promotion of the education of Italian women.

A NEW Library Edition of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "History of William Penn," founder of Pennsylvania, in 1 vol., demy 8vo., is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, London. The work, it is said, has been almost re-written, and will be substantially a new book.

THE FIRST BOOK printed on English paper was "Bartholomæus de Glanville," (1495,) translated into English by John Trevisa, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, at Westminster. The paper was made by John Tate, at Hertford, the first paper mill having been set up there in the reign of King Henry VII.

MORE than twenty American and English publishers have sent letters to Dr. Livingstone, offering to bring out the record of his last explorations. One publisher had his letter lithographed and sent copies to Gondokorn, Khartoun, Zanzibar, Magdala, Sierra Leone, Cape Town, Gambier,

Aden, Simanli, and every other point, which it was thought might be reached by the great explorer in his long seclusion.

THE LONDON *Times*, reviewing Mr. James T. Fields's "Yesterday with Authors," says: "The description of the death and burial of Hawthorne in this volume is one of the most affecting passages in English literature, and will take the rank in pathos with Lockhart's account of the last days of Sir Walter Scott."

IN A LECTURE by Father Hyacinthe, delivered recently in Rome, he surprised those who heard him by the length to which he went in denouncing several of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome, such as the invocation of saints; and he attacked also the celibacy of the clergy, and spoke of the doctrine of the Real Presence as Paganism.

THE TOTAL number of works published in Germany during the past year was 10,669, being an increase of 611 upon the preceding. The classes of literature most numerously represented are— theology, with 1362 publications; jurisprudence and politics, with 1052; education, with 1059; *belles-lettres*, with 950; and history, including biography, with 891.

THE NUMBER of periodicals published in the Italian Kingdom on December 31, 1871, was 805, being an increase of 82 on the previous year. Of these 94 were published in the province of Milan, 78 in that of Florence, 70 in that of Turin, 65 in that of Naples, and 53 in that of Rome. Nine provinces have but one journal each; two, the two divisions of the Abruzzo Ulteriore, having none. Sixty-one of the 805 journals have a semi-official character, from the insertion of Government advertisements.

LORD DALLING (Henry Bulwer) left the "Life and Letters of Lord Palmerston" in a more perfect state than might have been expected, when we remember the state of his health during the last year of his life. Down to 1848, the work is in type, and the portions relating to the events of 1851 and 1852 are complete in manuscript. He had also finished the better part of the Essay on Sir Robert Peel; which, with a sketch of Lord Brougham's career, was to form a part at least of a second volume of "Historical Characters."

LITTRÉ's great French Dictionary has reached its twenty-seventh part and the title *tendre*. Of the author himself, Philareté Chasles gives this for a pen portrait. Quite a Benedictine of the oldest school, visiting no drawing-rooms, no parlors, no *salons*; the chief of an atheistical Positivist coterie; learned, most precise and conscientious in his studies, harsh and inelegant in his style; uncompromising in his opinions; more like the Scioppiuses and Lipsiuses of the six-

teenth century than our own *savans*; a very unobtrusive, equitable, kind, but acrid and self-willed Holofernes.

ACCORDING to the English *Western Daily Mercury*, considerable light has lately been thrown upon the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian creed by a discovery recently made in Venice. There has been discovered in St. Mark's Library in that city a copy of this creed, which is believed to be the oldest in existence, and the damnatory clauses are nowhere to be discovered in this version. A correspondent of one of the leading English Nonconformist journals says he believes the creed to have been written by an Arian, who, being imprisoned for his opinions, produced it as a satire on Trinitarian doctrine, and owed his liberty to the circumstance, since the authorities took the squib for a recantation, and released him accordingly.

THOMAS CARLYLE, Kinglake, and Froude have written notes in favor of the Canadian copyright plan. Mr. Carlyle writes to Mr. Trevelyan: "Some weeks ago, I signed a petition drawn up by Huxley, which probably you have seen, accepting cheerfully the American offer to English authors, and leaving English publishers entirely to their own devices in the matter—which latter class of persons, as you justly urge, should never have been imported into the discussion at all! This Huxley petition, I have heard somewhere, is not to be granted; whereupon I gladly fall back on your proposal; and, indeed, from the first should have preferred it as the really practical method. If you can push forward this proposal of yours to a victorious issue, I shall, out of public spirit, have a true satisfaction; though, for my own poor share, taking little or no interest in the question for a good while past."

SOME GERMAN professors have perpetrated an elaborate practical joke at the expense of France, by starting the theory that their own *Kutschkelied* is not only Indo-European, but Semitic, and more. They have, accordingly, produced a number of originals (that is translations of the German) in other languages—Icelandic, Lithuanian, Sanscrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Ethiopian, etc., and in cuneiform characters and hieroglyphics. The French *savants* of the *Revue Critique* have taken the joke in good part, but have pointed out to their Teutonic brethren that before professors translate a jocose poem into any language, they ought to know that language, and that—to pass over mistakes in French, Provençal, Sanscrit, etc.—the way to compose in Egyptian is not to find the equivalents of some German words in Egyptian, and write them down in the German order. That a line of the Germano-French version of the poems means exactly the opposite of its original, is also looked on as an error of judgment.

EVERY COLLECTION of English verse, made within the last quarter-century, has contained a

certain poem on the birth of Christ, through which runs the refrain:

In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Thirty-five years ago, its author, Alfred Domett, gave a royal entertainment to his friends; left them, leaning on Robert Browning's arm; left him, and vanished. Many years after, he was seen, in a boat manned by savages, off the coast of New-Zealand, but this was the only glimpse vouchsafed his friends. He was long ago given up for dead. Browning's poem of "Waring" is founded on this strange career. Recently the supposed dead man came back, wearied with wandering, to tell the story of a life spent in ruling the barbarians, among whom he had hidden himself from civilization. He has brought with him the fruit of thirty-five years' practical solitude, in the shape of a poem of 14,000 lines, which is soon to be published. Its author's life will be an advertisement, such as no book has ever had before.

THE FIRST newspaper published in France was founded by Renaudot, physician to King Louis XIII., and took for title *La Gazette de France*. Renaudot, coming from Loudun, which was the native town of Cardinal Richelieu, obtained chiefly on that account the extraordinary privilege of founding the *Gazette de France*, which has existed ever since as a kind of Court Circular. It is curious to observe the ludicrous timidity of primeval journalists. In his first number Renaudot announced that he did not intend to meddle in the least with what was going on in France; he published regular news from Vienna, Constantinople, St. Petersburg; but the prudent doctor seemed to ignore what was going on at the Court of Saint Germain, where he was. Cardinal Richelieu often sent articles to the *Gazette*, and these specimens of the redoubted Minister of Louis can still be seen in the old copies of the paper. Richelieu, however, often suppressed the numbers which displeased him, and rehandled the articles himself just as he would have liked to rehandle Corneille's tragedies. Louis XIII. himself wrote occasionally in Renaudot's paper, on "The Art of taking Citadels."—From "*The Week*."

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the *Trade Circular* writes: "The question of what constitutes plagiarism has been very categorically settled of late on the occasion of a lawsuit between Mr. Porchat's and Mademoiselle de Bray's publishers. Mr. Porchat published, some years ago, in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, a little story entitled 'Trois mois sous la neige,' which story was subsequently gathered into a children's book, which was crowned by the Academy, and obtained a very legitimate success. A short time after the publication of 'Trois mois sous la neige,' appeared a work by Mlle. de Bray, (*nom de plume* of Mlle. Davigny,) under the title of 'Robinson des Neiges.'"

"Although Mlle. de Bray acknowledged her

indebtedness to Mr. Porchat for the idea, the publishers of Mr. Porchat's work sued the author of the 'Robinson des Neiges' and her publisher for the sum of 10,000 francs, which sum was, however, reduced by a final decision of the court to 1000 francs and damages. Meanwhile plagiarism was brought within the following rules: 1st. It is the invention that constitutes the principal merit of all literary works, and there is plagiarism when a book, in respect to invention, is only the reproduction of a former work, with the same place of the scene, incidents, and personages. 2d. The fact of having developed certain situations, and having in some instances departed from the subject of the author, far from exonerating the plagiarist, only puts the delinquency into stronger light by the effort made to conceal the imitation. 3d. When the plagiarism extends over all the parts of the work, it is not enough to require portions to be cut out, but the whole of the counterfeit work must be suppressed."

SCIENCE.

DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.—We have mentioned one precautionary measure adopted by the ancients. The notion that lightning does not penetrate the earth to any considerable depth, was in ancient times a wide-spread one. It is still prevalent in China and Japan. The Emperors of Japan, according to Kämpfer, retire during thunder-storms into a grotto, over which a cistern of water has been placed. The water may be designed to extinguish fire produced by the lightning; but more probably it is intended as an additional protection from electrical effects. Water is so excellent a conductor of electricity, that, under certain circumstances, a sheet of water affords almost complete protection to whatever may be below; but this does not prevent fish from being killed by lightning, as Arago has pointed out. In the year 1670, lightning fell on the Lake of Zirknitz, and killed all the fish in it, so that the inhabitants of the neighborhood were enabled to fill twenty-eight carts with the dead fish found floating on the surface of the lake. That mere depth is no protection is well shown by the fact that those singular vitreous tubes, called fulgurites, which are known to be caused by the action of lightning, often penetrate the ground to a depth of thirty or forty feet. And instances have been known in which lightning has ascended from the ground to the storm-cloud, instead of following the reverse course. From what depth these ascending lightnings spring, it is impossible to say. Still we can scarcely doubt that a place underground, or near the ground, is somewhat safer than a place several stories above the ground floor. Another remarkable opinion of the ancients was the belief that the skins of seals or of snakes afford protection against lightning. The Emperor Augustus, before mentioned, used to wear seal-skin dresses, under the im-

pression that he derived safety from them. Seal-skin tents were also used by the Romans as a refuge for timid persons during severe thunder-storms. In the Cevennes, Arago tells us, the shepherds are still in the habit of collecting the cast-off skins of snakes. They twist them round their hats, under the belief that they thereby secure themselves against the effects of lightning. Whether there is any real ground for this belief in the protecting effects due to seal-skins and snake-skins, is not known; but there can be no doubt that the material, and color of clothing are not without their importance. When the church of Château-Neuf-les-Moutiers was struck by lightning during divine service, two of the officiating priests were severely injured, while a third escaped—who alone wore vestments ornamented with silk. In the same explosion, nine persons were killed, and upwards of eighty injured. But it is noteworthy that several dogs were present in the church, *all of which were killed*. It has also been observed that dark-colored animals are more liable to be struck (other circumstances being the same) than the light-colored. Nay, more; dappled and piebald animals have been struck; and it has been noticed that, after the stroke, the hair on the lighter parts has come off at the slightest touch, while the hair on the darker parts has not been affected at all. It seems probable, therefore, that silk and felt clothing, and thick black cloth, afford a sort of protection, though not a very trustworthy one, to those who wear them. The notion has long been prevalent that metallic articles should not be worn during a thunder-storm. There can be no doubt that large metallic masses, on or near the person, attract danger. Arago cites a very noteworthy instance of this. On the 21st of July, 1819, while a thunder-storm was in progress, there were assembled twenty prisoners in the great hall of Biberach Jail. Amongst them stood their chief, who had been condemned to death, and was chained by the waist. A heavy stroke of lightning fell on the prison, and the chief was killed, while his companions escaped. It is not quite so clear that small metallic articles are sources of danger. The fact that, when persons have been struck, the metallic portions of their attire have been in every case affected by the lightning, affords only a presumption on this point, since it does not follow that these metallic articles have actually attracted the lightning-stroke. Instances in which a metallic object has been struck, while the wearer has escaped, are more to the point, though some will be apt to recognize here a protecting agency rather than the reverse. It is related by Kundmann that a stroke of lightning once struck and *fused* a brass bodkin worn by a young girl to fasten her hair, and that she was not even burned. A lady (Arago tells us) had a bracelet fused from her wrist without suffering any injury. And we frequently see in the newspapers accounts of similar escapes. If it is conceded that in these instances the metal has

attracted the lightning, it will, of course, be abundantly clear that it is preferable to remove from the person all metallic objects, such as watches, chains, bracelets, and rings, when a thunder-storm is in progress.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A NEW MILL.—Most people are aware that it is exceedingly difficult to reduce to powder any stiff or sticky substance. Superphosphate of lime, an artificial manure, is one of these substances; and in consequence of the difficulty, Mr. T. Carr, of Bristol, England, designed a *disintegrating flour-mill, and machine for pulverizing minerals without grinding, crushing, or stamping*. The principle of this machine may be familiarly described: A lump of sticky material thrown into the air, and struck with a stick, will fly to pieces; so Mr. Carr constructs cylindrical iron cages, with sticks or beaters whirling round therein, and with a contrivance for driving through the material to be crushed, in such a way, that the lumps are struck by the sticks and reduced to any required degree of smallness, or even to powder. The flying lumps offer but very little resistance, consequently, there is but little friction, and the power of the beaters is not impeded, as it would be by the passing through a mass of lumps at rest. And thus it is found in practice, that clays, ores, and other minerals can be granulated or pulverized at pleasure.

But, perhaps, more important is the adaptation of the machine to a flour-mill. In this case it is not lumps of clay or iron ore, but grains of wheat that are struck by the beaters, which are driven round at a speed of about four hundred revolutions a minute. So effectual is the process, that the grains are instantaneously reduced to meal; this meal is removed in the way usually adopted in flour-mills, and the bran and flour are separated. The quantity of flour yielded is the same as from mill-stones, but the quality is far superior. The reason for this is easily seen: the flour has not been pressed or squeezed, and, to use the miller's term, is not "killed," but is delivered in a finely granular condition, whereby it absorbs more water when used. Bread made from this flour is lighter, and will keep better than ordinary bread; and another point worth attention is, that, as the bran is beaten off the grains in comparatively large flakes, there is a more perfect separation of bran from flour than in that ground by mill-stones.

Two mills of the construction here described have been in work at Edinburgh more than a year. Each one disintegrates twenty quarters, or one hundred and sixty bushels of wheat an hour; as much as could be produced by twenty seven pairs of ordinary mill-stones in full work. And in actual practice, the difference in value on sixty-eight sacks of flour is five and a half per cent in favor of the new mill, which, at the rate of twenty quarters an hour, would produce a large sum in the course of a year.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.—The most recent theory concerning the heat of the sun is, that it is caused by the shrinking of the sun's own mass, and some of our astronomers and physicians are discussing the question. Of course, a mass so enormous will give out an amount of heat enormous in proportion; but the shrinking goes on so slowly that many ages must elapse before any diminution in the amount of the sun's heat will become perceptible. In the last number of the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society, calculations are given of the rate and quantity; and the author remarks, in conclusion, that the application of this theory to other bodies is almost without limit: "the earth has contracted, and has stored up a corresponding amount of heat in the non-conducting rocks and soils; the stars, by their intrinsic brilliancy, indicate the operation of the force of gravity upon contracting matter; the nebulae afford examples of the commencement of this operation; and periodical variations in light now become perturbations; and all these phenomena are subject to the great principle known as the conservation of energy."

The nebula in Argus has been observed recently in Tasmania, where it is always visible. The foregoing views acquire importance, from the fact that the light of this nebula has largely increased, while the whole form has changed its appearance. Grand changes are going on in those far remote regions of the sky.

AN AUSTRALIAN TELEGRAPH LINE.—By recent advices from Australia, we learn that the line of telegraph which is to cross that great country from north to south is nearly complete, and that the colonists look forward eagerly to the day when they shall send a message direct to England. The entire distance is seventeen hundred miles, and of this more than fourteen hundred miles are finished, so that intercommunication will not be much longer delayed. When we remember that the interior of Australia has always been regarded as a howling desert, this enterprise appears the more remarkable, and one of its immediate effects has been to make known the fact, that the interior is not a desert, but presents a vast expanse suitable for grazing and agriculture. There are, however, no great rivers, and the sea-board is distant, so the colonists propose to construct a narrow-gauge railway, at a cost of about three thousand pounds a mile, supplemented by grants of land, by the side of the telegraph, which shall be to settlers what rivers or the sea are to other places. What a field this will open for industry and enterprise! As an instance of the unconcern with which a journey through the interior is now regarded, we mention that the superintendent of the telegraph is to drive in an American buggy down the whole distance of seventeen hundred miles, to see that the line is in working order.

ANTS AND THEIR FOOD.—Some naturalists have questioned the fact, that ants store up seeds or

grain to be used as food, and other naturalists have set themselves to observe, with a view to settle the question one way or the other. The last part of *Transactions of the English Entomological Society* contains a few notes from an observer at Mentone, which support the popular view. He dug deep into the sandstone slopes till he came to the extremity of the ants' nests, and there he found a chamber filled with grass seeds. He had seen the insects dragging the same sort of seeds outside; and to test further, he strewed millet and hemp-seed about the entrance, and these were carried in. At the end of a fortnight they were brought out again, the explanation being, that they had begun to germinate; and by watching, he saw that the ants gnawed off the radicle from each seed, (which would prevent further growth,) and then dragged them once more into their granary. The species of ant here concerned is that known to entomologists as the *Aphenogaster*. This statement of their habits seems to settle the question; but the same observer will extend his observations, so as to ascertain whether other species have the same habit.

A SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—The English government have undertaken to send out a ship for a three years' voyage round the world, entirely in the interests of science, but chiefly in relation to zoology and natural history. Dredging operations will be carried on in every latitude, and at every possible depth, and careful observations will be made of ocean-currents. So much may be accomplished in three years, that we may hope, when the vessel returns, to find our knowledge of the physical geography and of the animal life of the sea largely extended. The Admiralty promise that the ship shall be ready next autumn; and when we mention that Professor Wyville Thomson, of Edinburgh, is to have charge of the scientific staff, readers may feel assured as to the success of this interesting expedition. Besides this, the government of India are supporting a project, set on foot by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, for deep-sea dredging in the Indian Ocean. Money has been allotted for the purpose, and the Royal Society, who are the scientific advisers for all the world, have been requested to select the requisite apparatus. Thus there will be three expeditions at work at the same time, and the life of the globe will be investigated and illustrated in a way never before equalled.

ENGLISH WEATHER-CHARTS.—For some time past, the Meteorological Office has published a daily weather-chart, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, most of the subscribers resident in London receive a copy, showing what was the state of the weather at eight o'clock in the forenoon in Great Britain and Ireland, in Norway, and over a large part of France. It is obvious that many persons besides meteorologists are interested in knowing what weather prevailed over

great part of Europe six hours ago, and the weather-chart tells them day after day of all changes of wind and weather, of rain and shine, and heat and cold, and whether the sea was rough or smooth. A tourist about to cross the Channel might lay aside his misgivings if he saw that the sea had been smooth or moderate at eight o'clock A.M. A similar record is shown for the Irish Sea; and if any one is curious even about the Bay of Biscay, he can satisfy his curiosity with the daily weather-chart.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MORTALITY AS AFFECTED BY MARRIAGE.—In a paper read by M. Bertillon before the Academy of Medicine of Paris, the author—using as evidence the statistics of France, Holland, and Belgium—strongly maintained the healthful influences of conjugal association as compared with that of celibacy. The figures show that, between the ages of 20 and 35 years, 1000 married men furnish six deaths; 1000 bachelors, 10 deaths; and 1000 widowers, 22 deaths. From 30 to 35 years of age, the same classes, respectively, furnish 7.11 and 17¼ deaths. From 35 to 40 years of age, the mortality is 7½, 13, and 17½ per 1000 respectively. And so on in a series of tables for all ages, the married man has greater longevity than the single man. The same advantage of the married state obtains in the case of females, though up to the age of 30 the difference is not so apparent as in the other sex. From 30 to 35 the mortality is 11 per 1000 for single women, and only 9 per 1000 for married women, and this difference increases up to the age of 55. Thus from 50 to 55 years of age, 1000 wives furnish only 15 or 16 deaths, while as many single women or widows furnish 26 or 27. This advantage remains very notable beyond that age, diminishing but little. In France, however, under 25, and in Paris, under 20 years of age, marriage is far from favorable, but even injurious, as also in the case of males. The mortality of unmarried girls of from 15 to 20 is 7.53 per 1000; the mortality of wives of the same age being 11.86. The mortality of girls from 20 to 25 is 8.32; of wives of the same age, 9.92.

SAND-ENGRAVING.—Glass-engraving and the shaping of stone by means of a jet of sand, of which we have given particulars in a former number, has been tried with success at Paris. Any pattern on the glass may be produced at pleasure, or, if required, the whole surface may be ground or deadened. The cutting force of sand is such, under the influence of the blast, that it will pierce the hardest substances, even a steel file. A diamond loses weight if exposed to the jet for one minute; and in the same time a topaz entirely disappears. But to engrave glass, the pressure need not be great; and it is found in practice that glass may be engraved if the sand be driven by no greater power than the wind from an ordinary blow-pipe. On the other hand, it is remarkable that little or no effect is produced by the full blast

on soft substances, such as caoutchouc, paper, and the gelatine used in photography.

A POPULAR FALLACY.—In an article on Longevity, Professor Owen has explained how it is that aged persons are said to have cut new teeth late in life. Many readers will remember to have heard or read of such occurrences, which are regarded as extraordinary. The facts are these: it often happens that teeth break or decay, and leave a stump in the gum. The gum closes over the place, and the incident is forgotten. As years go by, the jaw and the gums shrink; the long-buried stump is in consequence laid bare, and is hailed as a new tooth, and is sometimes mentioned in the newspapers as a kind of wonder. Thus a "fact" is shown by competent authority to be an error; and it is always well for public opinion to get rid of an error.

ART.

OLD MAPS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The rarest gems of cartography in the Museum are those with which Mr. Major has connected his own name by making out of them important new history in connection with our knowledge of the progress of geographical discovery. For example, among the manuscript maps in the Museum we have the Dauphine mappemonde, undated, but about 1530, the mappemonde of Jean Rotz of 1542, and that of Pierre Desceliers of 1550, from all which Mr. Major has demonstrated that Australia was discovered (though by whom not known, but he thinks probably, and almost certainly, by the Portuguese) before 1530. There is also in the collection an anonymous manuscript map, not original, but which Mr. Major has found to be a copy of Teixeira, on which is laid down Australia with a legend on the north part showing that it was discovered in 1601 by a Portuguese named Manoel Godinho de Eredia, a date earlier by five years than the earliest authenticated discovery previously known, namely, that by the Dutch ship, the *Duyfshén*, in 1606. Mr. Major's notice of this transferred the honor of the discovery from Holland to Portugal, and the late King Dom Pedro V., who had been intending to give him a decoration in recognition of his previous work on "Early Voyages to Terra Australis," then said, "Now Mr. Major shall have the Tower and Sword," that being the highest Order the King had to confer; and accordingly he bestowed on him the Knighthood of that Order. There is also in the Geographical collection a photograph copy of a famous atlas made at Venice in 1436 by Andrea Bianco, who afterwards was employed on Mauro's map. One of the points of interest in this atlas is, that it is the earliest that contains the full delineation of the island of Antillia, supposed to have been America. There has recently been added to the collection a photograph facsimile (made expressly for the Trustees) of the *Portulano Medicco* in the Laurentian Library at

Florence. It is of the date of 1351, and is the earliest collection of maps known which throws any light on the history of mediæval geographical discovery. From this rare and curious collection, combined with collateral documents, Mr. Major has for the first time shown that the Madeira Islands, which had previously been supposed to have been first discovered by Prince Henry's navigators in 1418-20, were discovered, together with the Azores, a hundred years earlier, by Portuguese ships under Genoese captains.—From "*Memories of the British Museum*," by Robert Cowtan.

DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Ever since the death of Sir Christopher Wren, there has been more or less talk in England about completing St. Paul's Cathedral; but it is only within a month that the subscriptions to the "restoration fund" have reached a figure which justifies a controversy. Of course there was a committee, and of course an architect had to be appointed, and hereupon arose the question whether he should be a Mediævalist or a Classicist. Owing to the absence from the committee meeting of one Classicist who had neglected to "pair off," the Mediævalists carried the day, but a protest from the minority promptly followed, and it has since turned out that Mr. Burges, the architect-elect of the majority, is possessed of highly irreverent views concerning Sir Christopher's work, and proposes to introduce the Persian, Cumæan and other sibyls in the interior decoration of the great Protestant Cathedral, placing them in juxtaposition with "angels clad as deacons," with martyrs, with Holy Innocents, and with Edward, surnamed the Confessor. Inasmuch as the author of *Dies Ira* is, perhaps, the highest authority for ranking the sibyl with the prophets and martyrs, many Churchmen object to this arrangement, and at latest advices the discussion was waxing warm. It is at least natural that a large proportion of the lay element should object to the revival, nowadays, of a style of ecclesiastical art which originated at a period at best half pagan, and although the choir may very probably chant "*Teste David cum Sibylla*," poetical license is one thing and decorative license is decidedly another. At any rate, Mr. Burges and the Dean of St. Paul's, who is reported to be in sympathy with him, are "catching it" at the hands of high-art critics all over the United Kingdom. The *Pall Mall Gazette* detects in the division the old controversy between the clerical order and the secularizing tendencies of the age. The clergy are for the Gothic because it seems to them to symbolize the sacerdotal theory, though their better taste should have opposed its use when forbidden by consistency and uniformity.—*Christian Union*.

A DISTINCTION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE.—The late Patrick Park modeled in Edinburgh a gigantic undraped statue, 18 feet high, of the great Scottish patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace.

A friendly critic remonstrated against the nudity. The sculptor defended it. "Wallace," he said, "though he was once a man, has become a myth, and as a myth he does not require drapery." The reasoning would have been correct if the fact had been true. Wallace is a great historical character and not a myth; but if the sculptor had called him Hercules the plea would have been allowed, and the nudity would have excited no unfavorable comment. In consequence of the mistake in which the sculptor persisted, he could induce no one to support him in the design of erecting it in Scotland. It excited the laughter of many, and the reprobation of more, until in a gust of passionate disappointment he seized a hammer and dashed his work to pieces. On a smaller scale, and as the representative of a personage in Greek mythology, the work would have excited universal admiration. In like manner, the sculptor who executed a nude statue of the Great Napoleon, which long stood, and perhaps still stands, at the foot of the staircase in the Duke of Wellington's London residence, committed a grave error. The naked portrait of a man who lived so recently is an offence not only against the principles of high art, but against decency, as perhaps the great Duke of Wellington would have himself admitted, if any sculptor had been daring enough to model a nude statue of Arthur Wellesley.

A GREAT NUMBER of gothic designs have been sent in to the Berlin Architectural Competition for the new houses of Parliament, and it is said that among the jury there are a considerable number of Gothicists who hold that any design not based on a mediæval type would be inconsistent with German architectural history. The Cathedral at Berlin has not yet been commenced, because of the conflicting opinions as to the propriety of erecting a Gothic building between the Museum, by Schinkel, and a royal palace of modern classic style. The same views are held in the case of the present competition, by those who regard the erection, in Berlin, of a Gothic design for the new houses of Parliament as a mistake.

MR. RUSKIN, the great art-critic, has recently put forth the following card for correspondents: "Between May and October, any letters meant for me should be addressed to Brantwood, Coniston; between October and May, to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. They must be very short, and very plainly written, or they will not be read; and they need never ask me to do any thing, because I won't do it. And, in general I can not answer letters; but for any that come to help me, the writers may be sure that I am grateful. I get a great many from people who 'know that I must be good-natured' from my books. I was good-natured once; but I beg to state, in the most positive terms, that I am now old, tired, and very ill-natured."

THE OTHER DAY, at Rome, a boy was amusing himself by digging up earth with a sharp stone on

the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, looking toward the Colosseum, when, at the depth of a few centimeters, he came upon a large piece of porphyry. He informed a workman at the near excavations of the Palace of the Cæsars of his discovery; and, upon further research, were found three beautiful fragments of porphyry columns.

M. GUSTAVE DORE is about to challenge the opinion of the world of art on a grand scale. He has just finished a picture, 30 feet long by 20 wide, at which he has been working pretty constantly for about four years. The subject of this large composition is "Christ leaving the Temple," and it contains about 400 figures. This picture is to be shown for a few days in the painters' studio in Paris, and to be sent to London for public exhibition.

A FRENCH critic on art, M. Louis Tiardot, says the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, on the Marble Arch, London, resembles Punch mounted on Balaam's ass.

VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THE OCEAN.—"Upon the Isle de Chaussy," says that distinguished anatomist, M. de Quatrefages, "the wandering Annelids occupied my special attention. Hitherto I had only known this numerous family of sea-worms through engravings; and although I had formed a tolerably exact notion of their structure, I had not the slightest idea how many points of interest attached to them. When I had once surprised within their secure retreats the Polynoe with its lucid scales; the Phyllodoce with its hundred bright green rings; the Eunice with its purple crest; the Terebella surrounded by a crowd of innumerable living cables, which serve it in the place of arms; when I had seen displayed before my eyes the rich fan of the Sabella, and the enameled collar of the Serpula, I no longer smiled, as I had done before, at the thought of the naturalist having conferred upon them the most charming names he could think of. These despised creatures seemed to me no less worthy of a naturalist's homage than the most brilliant insect or the fairest flower. Let no one prate to me any more about the violet as a pattern of modesty. The coquette! See how she shows from far her fresh turf of green leaves, and scatters abroad the perfume that invites you to approach. More skillful than her rivals, she knows that mystery is the greatest of all attractions, and that the rose herself loses by displaying her charms in broad daylight; therefore it is that she seeks the obscurity of the woods and the shelter of the hedge-side. But look at the Annelids! what do they lack when compared with the most splendid inhabitants of earth or air? Yet they shun the light, they withdraw themselves from our view, but with no design to attract; and the naturalist alone knows

where to seek the strange wonders which are hidden within the recesses of the rock, and beneath the sandy beds of the ocean. You may smile at my enthusiasm, but come and judge for yourself. All is prepared! Our lamp gives a light almost equal to a jet of gas, while a large lens, mounted upon a movable foot, receives the rays of light, and concentrates them upon our field of view. We have just placed upon the stage a little trough filled with sea-water, in which an Eunice is disporting itself. See how indignant it is at its captivity; how its numerous rings contract, elongate, twist into a spiral coil, and at every movement emits flashes of splendor in which all the tints of the prism are blended in the brightest metallic reflections. It is impossible, in the midst of this tumultuous agitation, to distinguish any thing definitely. But it is more quiet now; lose no time in examining it. See how it crawls along the bottom of the vessel, with its thousand feet moving rapidly forwards. See what beautiful plumes adorn the sides of the body: these are the branchiæ, or organs of respiration, which become vermilion as they are swelled by the blood, the course of which you may trace all along the back. Look at that head enameled with the brightest colors: here are the few tentacles, delicate organs of touch, and here, in the midst of them, is the mouth, which at first sight seems merely like an irregularly puckered slit. But watch it for a few moments; see how it opens and protrudes a large proboscis, furnished with three pairs of jaws, and possessing a diameter which equals that of the body within which it is inclosed, as in a living sheath. Well! is it not wonderful? Is there any animal that can surpass it in decoration? The corslet of the brightest beetle, the sparkling throat of the humming-bird, would all look pale when compared with the play of light over the rings of its body, glowing in its golden threads.

—From the *Animal Creation*.

A FRENCH JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—The writer of a book called "Men of the Second Empire," gives the following sketch of a French Justice of the Peace: I had often seen this little man strut contentedly out of the mairie at the end of his day's work—that is, toward five P.M.—and wend his way toward his habitual café, where, true Frenchman-like, he spends his hour over a *choppe* of beer, a game of dominoes, and the evening paper. I had frequently admired the shrewd look of his features, the brightness of his gold spectacles, the trim cut of his gray hair, and the dapper neatness of his black clothes. His face was smooth shaven all but a slight rim of whisker; he wore the red riband of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole, and he invariably eschewed absinthe; three things which stamped him at once as an *homme sérieux*, and made waiters speak to him with reverence. I might, however, have passed many days of my life without knowing who he was had it not been for a notable occur-

rence which brought me into close communion with him. My concierge, Alphonse, who brings me up my letters, appeared one morning bearing visible marks of a personal conflict. His left eye was black, and the place where his nose should have been was occupied by a swollen mass, which, as M. Victor Hugo would say, presented the appearance of nothing human. Alphonse was an old soldier, and rather scrupulous about his personal appearance. "What's this?" I asked; "I hope, Alphonse, you have not been getting yourself into any of these election squabbles?" Alphonse approached the looking-glass, surveyed himself grimly in full face and in profile, and then answered with solemn quiet: "C'est mon ami Jules qui m'a arrangé comme cela; mais c'est égal; on valui payer ça plus tard." "What was it all about?" I repeated. "Figure to yourself this," exclaimed Alphonse, gesticulating. "Yesterday evening I go to see my friend Jules to talk about these elections. Says I, 'It's M. Devinck, the chocolate merchant, who's the Emperor's candidate in this district. It's the duty of an old soldier to obey the orders of his chief, so I vote for M. Devinck.' 'No,' says Jules, who's an old soldier too, 'I don't like chocolate. I shall vote for the Emperor.' 'But,' I explained, 'it's all the same thing; the Emperor can't be a deputy himself, so he puts forward M. Devinck; if you vote for M. Devinck you vote for the Emperor.' 'I tell you I don't like chocolate,' cried out Jules; 'if it was a coffee merchant, I don't say; but chocolate doesn't agree with me, so I vote for the Emperor.' 'Then your vote won't count,' I said. 'Ah! the devil it won't,' cried Jules, springing up; 'my vote'll be as good as yours any day,' and, puff, puff, before I could utter a word he gave me a blow in the eye, a blow on the nose, and a kick behind, which sent me rolling outside down the staircase. Mais c'est égal," burst out Alphonse, warming again at the remembrance of his injuries, "I have assigned Jules this morning before the juge de paix, et vous allez voir, il me paiera ça." "I will go with you," I said, "to see the law wreak its vengeance upon Jules. But tell me, how do you obtain an assignation, (summons,) and what does it cost you?" "It costs fifty centimes, (5d.,)" answered Alphonse, "and it is easy to get; all you have to do is to state your case. If Jules is condemned, it is he who will pay the ten sous." "Yes, but what if he should not appear?" "Ah!" cried Alphonse, "then Maltre Robin issues a second summons which costs two francs, and this time Jules pays whether he is guilty or not. If he refuses to come the second time, there is a third summons of five francs, which, as before, he is obliged to pay; should he still refuse to appear, then the juge goes to him and adds for so doing another twenty francs to the bill. This time there is no escape. The juge calls upon him to make his defence. If the decision is against him, he is given so much time to

pay; at the end of the time, if he is not ready with his money, there is a seizure of his property and a public sale." "The chances are that Jules will appear then," I remarked. "Trust him for that," growled Alphonse, and thereupon he departed to make his toilet.

TRUST.

By that strange shadow on your brow
And in your darkened eyes,
I know that you are angry now—
Nay show not such surprise—
Do you suppose that waiting there,
I saw not how you frowned?
I watched your discontented air
Each time the dance came round.
I would not break your gloomy mood,
But let you frown your fill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Have I confessed my love to you,
And hearkened all you said,
For you to doubt me, (as you do,
Although you shake your head,)
Because of each slight foppish thing
That gives me tender looks,
And turns the pages when I sing,
Or finds my music-books?
In your too great solicitude,
I say you treat me ill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Nay, sir; your brows must not be bent;
Don't try to frown me down.
Ah! now I see that you relent;
I will not let you frown.*
Have you forgotten that spring day
When in the lanes we strolled,
And how the twilight passed away
Before your tale was told?
Then trust me, as you said you would—
Ah, yes, I know you will—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

ROUGH DEALING WITH THE JEWS IN POLAND.

—The Imperial ukase prescribing a change of costume to the Jews in Poland has not met with a ready obedience. The long coats have indeed been easily disposed of. Whenever the owners refused to shorten them, the police obligingly took the task off their hands. The curls have undergone similar treatment. But as the myrmidons of the law are not as skillful in handling the needle as the shears, the trousers have for the most part remained as short as before. The provision exciting most resistance is that of ordering the chin to be shaved. Barbers' work seems a ticklish matter for policemen to undertake; the Jews on the other hand venerate their beards almost as a sacred thing. They would as soon think of cutting their throats as their beards. The Warsaw police still allow the latter, shunning an application of

force as likely to produce a disturbance, but in provincial towns a crusade has been opened against them. At Goica, the police began the campaign by an experiment on an old man of about eighty years of age, who was perforce spoiled of his beard in the public market-place. The old man's cries speedily attracted numbers of fellow-creedsmen anxious to rescue their Nestor. No better opportunity could have been desired. As fast as the men arrived they were seized, forced into chairs, and shaved in rather too hurried a manner to be pleasant. The lamentations of the helpless victims are described as most touching.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS OF GERMANY.—The statistics of the religious orders of North Germany have just been published in the *North German Gazette*—Bismarck's official organ. In Prussia, according to these figures, there are ninety-seven orders of men and congregations, numbering in the aggregate 1069 members. The Jesuits and the Redemptorists are the strongest orders, the former having eleven convents with 160 members, and the latter five convents with sixty-nine members. Bavaria has seventy-one convents containing 1045 members, while the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt has four convents with twenty-nine members. The female orders of Prussia number 626, with 5586 members. This is an increase of about 1800 since 1865. The Bavarian nunneries are 188 in number, containing 2533 members. The superiors of the various male convents are mainly Italians, though a few are French.

BROWN WINDSOR SOAP.—The ordinary brown Windsor soap of commerce is not, it is stated, the purified soap, colored with caramel, which made the title famous, but brown and imperfectly defecated bone-grease, which retains its dark color and of which the bad odor is concealed by perfume. A gentleman, writing, says the *British Medical Journal*, under the initials "W. W." gives the following account of its effects: "I have, while using such shaving-soap, thrice suffered from eczema of the face. On the first occasion, I derived no benefit from treatment by the two most celebrated dermal surgeons in London; and at last the disease went away of itself, after giving up shaving for a time. I had by me a quantity of this brown soap, and, through inadvertence, took to using it again, for a time without effect; but when dry and hot weather came, with it came a recurrence of the skin disease, which also again, after some months of discomfort, went away. Curious to make sure whether or not the soap were the real cause, I a third time employed the soap deliberately to see if the eczema were due to it. I was in excellent health, and in about three weeks I found the disease re-established, so that I think the soap must be viewed as found guilty. Good white unscented curd-soap is now my resource, and with no ill effects."

AT DAYBREAK.

ONE little gray bird and a sunbeam
 Rocked on a leafless spray;
 The winds piped eerily up and down,
 And it was the break o' day;
 And out of my narrow window
 I looked with a hopeless sigh,
 "Oh, wide is the world and desolate,
 And the heavens are far and high!"

The gray bird twittered and chirped and sang,
 Keeping her small heart warm,
 While wild and shrill the wind over hill
 Went whistling up the storm;
 And ever the landscape darkened
 As the wan clouds skurried past,
 Slipping the silver leash of the rain,
 At the shout of the summoning blast.

The Morning hid her haggard face
 Low under an ashen hood,
 And the little gray bird, with a frightened cry,
 Fled into the tossing wood;
 But the sunbeam clung like a tender hand
 That is loth to lose its hold,
 When fate o'er shadows some well beloved,
 And the summer is sere and old.

And clinging fast in gloom and blast,
 The glory grew and grew,
 Till the gaunt tree flashed in a robe of gold,
 And the Morn laughed out anew:
 And a glad thought brightened the weary face
 Behind the lattice pane—
 From the sunbeam's lesson a doubting heart
 Drew courage and hope again. E. A. B.

COMETS.—But there are comets and comets, and it may be urged that we can not conclude they are all alike small and gravitationally powerless. Lexell's, however, was, to say the least, a fair sample. When it came nearest to us the measured diameter of its sphere of nebulosity (for it had no tail) was 59,000 miles, or five times the size of the moon. Its nucleus, which was very bright, had a tenth of this diameter, or nearly 6000 miles. The memorable comet of 1858, known as Donati's, vast and brilliant as was its vaporous surrounding, was corporeally smaller than Lexell's. Its solid (?) portion—its nucleus—was measured, and found to be at most only 500 miles in diameter, or about one-sixteenth that of the earth. Its volume would thus comprise sixty-five millions of cubic miles of matter, about one-eightieth of the volume of the moon; and if the comet was not composed of denser or heavier matter than our satellite, its mass or weight would be one-eightieth of the moon's, and its gravitational effect, at the same distance, as small in

proportion. Had either this comet or Lexell's come as close to us as the moon it would scarcely have exercised any appreciable influence on the tides or any other phenomenon or condition which can be affected merely by the mass or gravitational power of a proximate body. Certainly the comet in either case could not have made us its prisoner and carried us away into infinite space, or led us inwards to make fuel for the sun, or to be cindered by close contiguity to the luminary; and this was of old one of the dreaded consequences of a cometary approach. But may not a comet itself be such a fiery furnace as to affect us scorchingly, if it should but pass near us? We are hardly prepared to answer the question, in the present state of our knowledge. If only a good comet would make its appearance, no doubt some information would be speedily acquired concerning its thermal conditions, for in recent years an instrument has been used for measuring the radiant heat of the moon and stars, which no one had thought of applying when last a bearded star visited us. We allude to the thermo-electric pile, the thermometer, for such it is, so wonderfully sensitive that it will detect differences of temperature amounting only to a few millionths of a Fahrenheit degree. If another Donati would but exhibit itself we should doubtless soon have grounds for fairly judging whether a comet be an accumulation of hot combusting matter, or merely a body of cool substance glowing by some such property as phosphorescence. This, however, we have learnt within the past four years, thanks to the revelations of the spectroscope, that the light of several small comets which have appeared within this period has been identical with that emitted by the highly heated vapor of carbon. This shows cometary matter, so far, to be largely carbonaceous. But how comes the carbon into a state of apparently hot vapor? Some comets, it is true, have been known to approach the sun sufficiently near to acquire the fervent heat requisite to vaporize carbon; but this could hardly have been the case with the comets in question. The difficulty is removed if we assume that the carbon exists in combination with some decomposing element, such as oxygen or hydrogen; in this condition it is supposable that a moderate amount of solar heat would set up a combustion and satisfy the observed conditions. In the observations by Dr. Huggins, which revealed this carbon-vapor source of cometary light, the actual identity was established between it and the light of an electric spark passing through olefiant gas. It is open to conjecture whether electricity is in any way concerned in producing the light in the case of the comet.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*



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— DR. DOLLINGER.

